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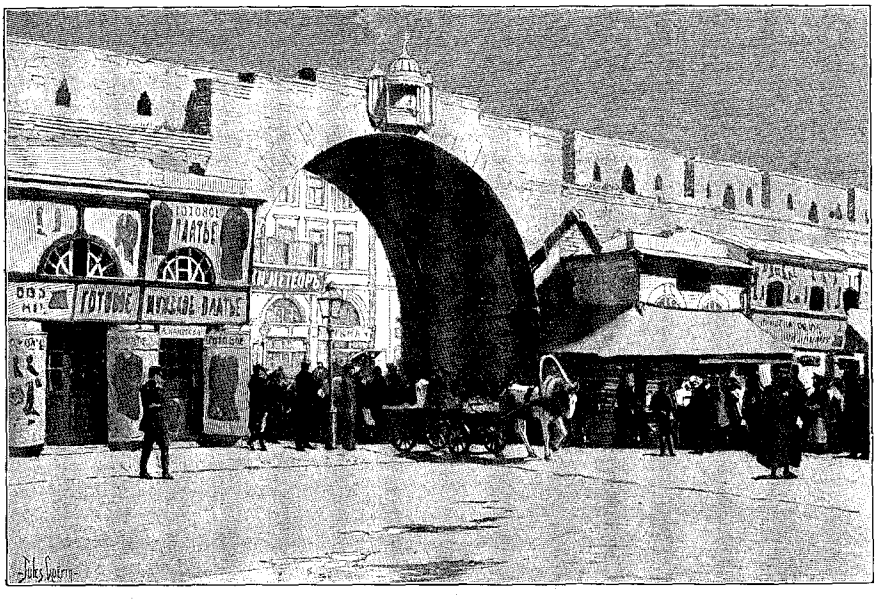

A Gate of the Old City, Moscow.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN

I

THE TWO CAPITALS

RUSSIA!

What a flock of thoughts take wing as the word strikes the ear! Does any word in any language, except the dear name of one's own land, mean as much to-day?

What *is* Russia? The unfettered, irresponsible, limitless, absolute rule of one man over a hundred millions of his fellows—is that it? The *ikon* in the corner of every room where the language is spoken, the blue-domed basilica in every street of great cities, the long-haired priests chanting in deep bass, the pedestrian ceaselessly crossing himself, the Holy Synod, whose God-given task it is to coerce or to cajole a heathen world to orthodoxy—is *that* Russia? Or is it the society of the capital, speaking all languages, familiar with all literatures, practising every art, lapped in every luxury, esteeming manners more highly than morals? Or is it the vast and nearly roadless country, where settlements are to distances like fly-specks to window-panes; where the conveniences, the comforts and the decencies of civilization may be sought in vain outside the towns and away from the lines of railway; where entire villages are the prey of unnamable disease; where seven people

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out of every ten can neither read nor write ?

Siberia is Russia—five million square miles, in which whole countries are a quivering carpet of wild-flowers in spring, a rolling grain-field in autumn, an ice-bound waste in winter, stored full of every mineral, crossed by the longest railway in the world, and chiefly inhabited by a population of convicts and exiles.

Central Asia is Russia—a million and a half square miles of barren desert and irrigated oasis, the most famous cities of Asia and the greatest river, a few years ago the hot-bed of Mussulman fanaticism, probably the cradle of the human race, and possibly the scene of its most fateful conflict.

The Eastern Question is—how will Russia try again to get Constantinople ? The Far Eastern Question is—will Russia succeed in dominating China ? The question of questions for the British Empire is —will Russia attempt to invade India ?

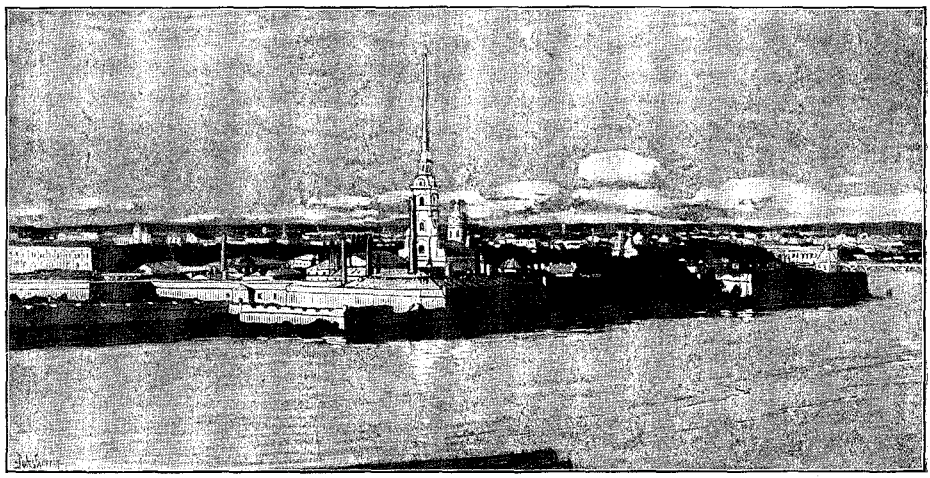
The Triple Alliance is a league against Russia. The Dual Alliance is Russia's reply. Russia called the nations to the Conference of Peace.

It would be easier to say what is *not* Russia. In world-affairs, wherever you turn you see Russia ; whenever you listen you hear her. She moves in every path ; she is mining in every claim. The "creeping murmur" of the world is her footfall—the "poring dark" is her veil. To the challenge of the nations, as they peer from their borders, comes ever the same reply—

"Who goes there ?"

"*Russia !*"

A *troika* dashes down the Nevski Prospect, the horse in the shafts trotting desperately, the others galloping on either side, their heads bent outward. Over the housetops rise the five blue bulbous domes, like inverted balloons, that crown the church now standing where Alexander II. fell. At the corner of the great bazaar is a little votive chapel to the saint who caused people to subscribe so liberally to rebuild the bazaar when it was burned, and as they pass, the well-to-do cross themselves and the poor doff their caps. All these are incongruities. They look as odd as a leather bottél would amid silver and cut-glass. They are bits of real Russia—St. Petersburg is a foreign city, and a hybrid one to boot. Any quarter of it would be at home in Paris or Potsdam or Pesth. Peter the Great built it in the Neva swamps as "a window toward Europe," in Algarotti's memorable phrase ; and that is precisely what it remains. For a long time every educated Russian wished to make his country like western Europe ; he resented above all things being called uncivilized, and civilization meant to him French architecture and English manners. St. Petersburg is the embodiment of this wish. Provincial Russians still hugely admire their capital, but if it were to be re-



The Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg.

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The Nevski Prospect, St. Petersburg.

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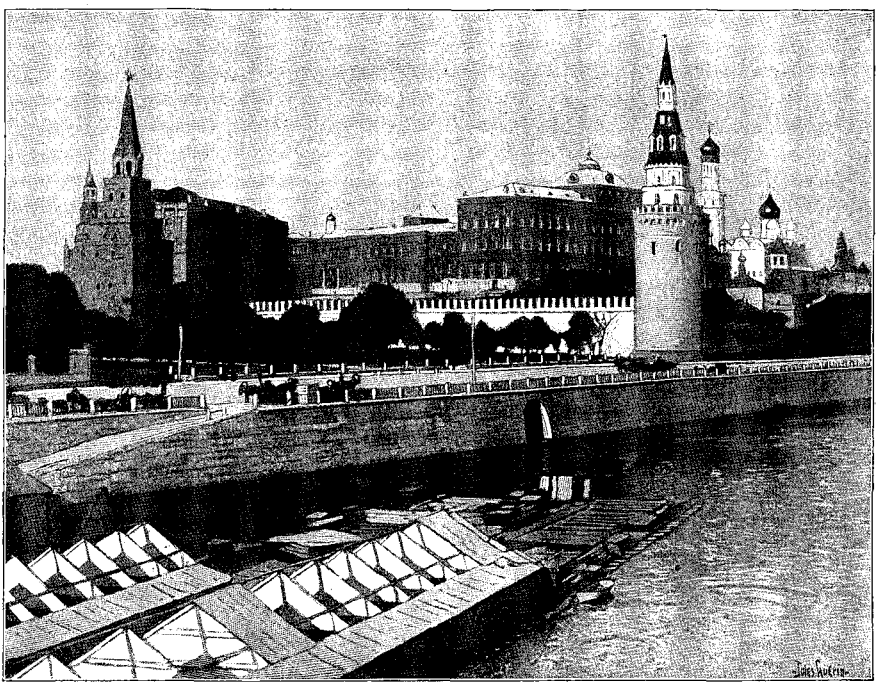

The Kremlin, Moscow, from the Kamenny Bridge.

built now it would resemble Moscow and not Milan. The fashion of imitating the West has passed ; to-day to be patriotic is to be Russian, and so far from following the mode of the outside world, to wait confidently till the outside world shall learn that the Russian mode is better and shall lay aside its heathenism, its parliamentarianism, its socialism, the license it calls liberty, and all its other wickednesses, and walk in the only path of religious truth and social security. So to the Russian, St. Petersburg is no longer Russia, while to the visitor it is cosmopolitan and therefore, as a whole, uninteresting.

I say, as a whole, for the city of Peter the Great and all his successors cannot fail to contain many things to arrest the attention. Its churches, for example, are the most splendid of any modern churches in the world. In other countries cathedrals are magnificent through the faith and the munificence of men of old time ; here our contemporaries have set their creed in gold and gems. St. Isaac's Cathedral, from whose magnificent dome the best view of the city is obtained, whose gloom hides untold wealth upon its altars, whose four sides of great granite monoliths are unsurpassed, and whose pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli are unapproached elsewhere, was consecrated the year in which I was born. A semicircular colonnade leads from the Nevski to the cathedral of our wonder-working Lady of Kazan, where the name of the Almighty blazes in diamonds, where half a ton of silver marks an outburst of Cossack piety, where pearls and sapphires seem to have no value, so lavishly are they strewed, and it dates from 1811. One church only, meagrely endowed in comparison, is profoundly rich in association. A spire like a needle rises almost from the Neva, and at its base are the heavy casemates where the water laps drearily forever at inscrutable dungeons behind. This is the island where Peter first established his camp, and where his original little log cabin, enclosed in protective roof and walls, still stands. The church and the dungeons are alike dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. All you can see of the prison whose name has been made a synonym of horror are the dank walls, the water-gate, and the long row of one-storyed barracks inside. And it is useless to ask questions. Very few people know what passes within, and these few

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never open their lips. But the horror has departed from this place, for nowadays prisoners of State are carried to the fortress of Schlüsselburg, also an island in the Neva, forty miles away. Concerning this prison absolute secrecy prevails. I made the acquaintance of an intimate relation of the Governor, and he assured me that never in the closest family talk had he ever heard a syllable concerning it. So far as silence goes, it is indeed a living grave, the stony replica of the closed lips of autocracy. But all the world may drive through the low red-brick gate of the citadel to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and gaze through its narrow gloom upon all the mouldering flags of conquered enemies and all the rusting keys of surrendered towns. These are but poor things, however, to what lies below them—the long rows of square white marble tombs, where, each under the same gilt cross and with nothing but a name to mark the difference, repose forever all the Tsars, save one, of all the Russias, since Tsars and Russia were.

Of this long line, two only impress their personality in St. Petersburg to-day. One, the first, the great Peter, who did everything, designed everything, foresaw everything. The other, the emancipator, whose blood stained the street nineteen years ago, impressive because of the contents of one little room. At the Hermitage, once Catharine's pavilion, but since 1850 the magnificent home of the world-famous collection of pictures, you may see Peter in his habit as he lived. A life-size wax portrait model, sitting in his own chair, dressed in the very clothes he wore, grasping the sword given to him by that deposed ruler of Poland once called "the strong," shows you his great height and his vigilant black eyes. In a glass case is the yellow charger he rode on that July day at Pultava when he founded Russia upon the ruins of Sweden, and beside it, almost as big—for the moth-eaten handi-

The Kremlin Square and Memorial of Alexander III., Moscow.

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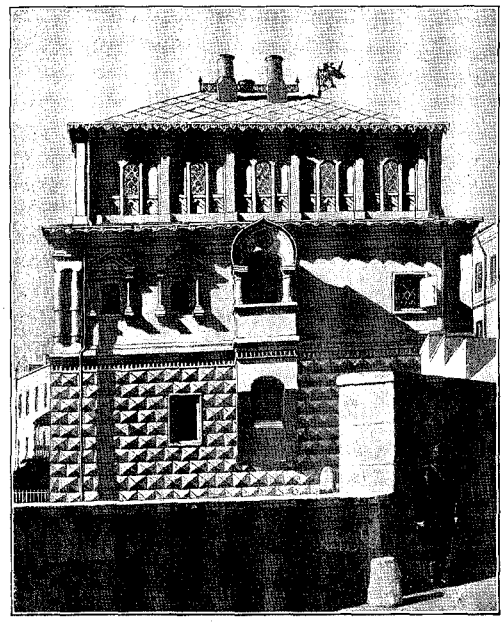
Gate and Chapel of the Old City, Moscow.

work of this early taxidermist must have shrunk pitifully since it bore that royal load—runs his favorite yellow hound. All around are hundreds of his instruments and lathes and tools, and the things those strong busy hands made with them. And an attendant, observing with pleased anticipation your great interest, selects from a group of walking-sticks his heavy iron staff, and catches it as it falls from your unready grasp, and then, placing a tall stick upright beside you, shows you the notch at Peter's height a foot above your head.

Since Peter the Great foresaw so many things, it is possible enough that when he crushed the aboriginal frogs of the Neva marshes beneath his heel he foresaw the Island Parks too. The Neva, with its broad, slow, silver flood, stealing to the sea by many ways, holds netted certain flat islands, called Kamennoi and Yelagin, in its watery strands, and these have been laid out and planted with an art which worked hand in hand with nature. The result is a series of parks, among which summer villas, called *datchas*, nestle and sandy roads wind fancifully, but all with an artlessness of which other European parks have lost the secret. But with what a prodigality it has been done, these smooth roads, these solid embankments to protect the edges of the lagoons, these miles of silver birches and furs and other graceful trees! Indeed, this is a reflection that rises often to one's lips in Russia, meaning not only what money—and money has always weltered forth—but what time, what labor, what tenacious clinging to an ideal seen afar off! Flying along these soft roads come the Russian horses, beautiful black stallions, flecked with white foam, driven with outstretched arms by a coachman of Gargantuan size in his wadded gown of blue cloth. He calls out as he goes, he leans over his beasts, his narrow waistbelt of eastern silk emphasizes his enormous girth, the reins, half of leather and half of blue or orange webbing, flap their buckled sides upon the horses' flanks—he scorns a whip. The master or mistress of all this sits firmly back in the diminutive dark blue or green drosky—a light phaëton with tiny front wheels—and the big Orloff plunges forward, his wooden arched collar framing his proud head, his flowing tail streaming out behind—it is the most familiar sight in St. Petersburg and an exhilarating one.



The Home of the Romanoffs, Moscow.

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The Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatified, Moscow—Sixteenth Century.
Napoleon ordered his soldiers to "destroy that Mosque," but they used it as a cavalry stable instead.

Suddenly, "B-r-r-r!" says the driver, the horse pulls up and you are at the Point, with one of the loveliest water-views in the world before you. From the end of the farthest island you gaze toward Kronstadt down the Neva, so shallow in her vast width that only a few yachts flutter across her breast, for the steamers may not venture out of a dredged channel between close-set buoys. After the green shade of the woods and the little eye-like pools looking out of their seclusion, the open of blue sky seems enormous, the water is a silver floor, and something in this peep into the infinite—it may be the tumble of opalescent clouds piled upon the horizon—reminds you of the other great water-view of Europe, down the Sea of Marmora. To my eye, the island parks of Petersburg—they are within half an hour of the centre of the city—are the most beautiful town drive in Europe.

But though the Neva brings beauty, it brings misery, too. Along its quays in the populous parts of the city are thousands of cellar-dwellings, where the poor live. When a certain wind blows back from the sea the river rises and floods these tenements, and the wretched inhabitants have to forsake them till the water subsides, when they return with their bits of furniture to their reeking homes. A paternal government, however, thoughtfully causes a gun to be fired from the citadel when the river is rising, and its boom across the waters warns the cellar-dwellers to escape. St. Petersburg, it is perhaps needless to add, is an unhealthy place, damp and depressing, and in summer, when water is low and sewage is high, the canals with which it is intersect-

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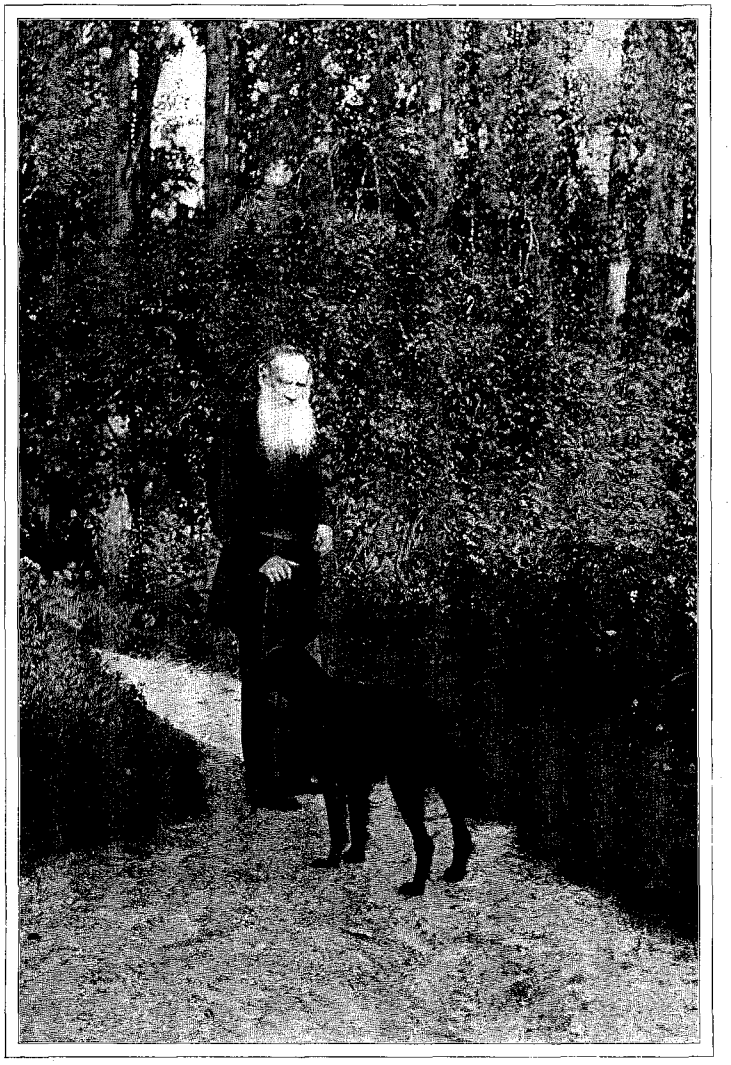
ed smell horribly. Only in winter, when damp and other evil things are frozen solid, is it bracing and clean, and even then, you must remember, that every window in every house is hermetically sealed.

The little room I have spoken of as conveying the impression of the second personality is in the Winter Palace. After endless marchings through the countless chambers, great and small, from the Throne Room to the private apartments of visiting royalties, which seem in almost all the palaces of continental Europe to have been designed by the same architect and furnished by the same upholsterer, the official with you knocks at a door and retires. The door is slowly opened by an old man with many medals. He is the keeper of the private apartments of Alexander II., which have been sacredly preserved exactly as he left them. On Sunday morning, March 13, 1881, the Tsar was writing in his room, smoking a cigarette. It was his custom to inspect some regiment on Sunday mornings, and on this day he was due at the parade of the marines in the Michael Riding School. Five times had the Nihilists tried to kill him, and at least twice they had nearly



Count Tolstoy at Home.

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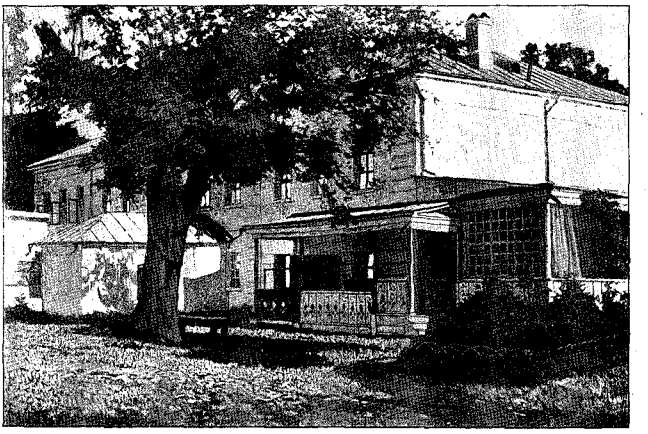
succeeded. They almost blew up the Imperial train, and they actually blew up the guard-room and dining-room of the Winter Palace and failed only because the Imperial dinner had been arranged for half an hour later than usual, in order that a royal visitor, Prince Alexander of Hesse, might be present. The air was once more full of terrorist threats, and the Tsar's son and heir and his most trusted adviser, begged him not to go to the inspection. But Alexander, brave and obstinate and fatalistic, was not to be deterred. He laid his half-smoked cigarette upon an ash-tray, picked up a loosely folded clean handkerchief from the table, slipped his little silver-plated, ivory-handled revolver into his pocket, buckled on his sword and left the room. An hour later he was carried back, fast bleeding to death, one leg shattered to the thigh, the other to the knee, and placed upon the narrow iron bed in the recess, and there he breathed his last.



Yasnaya Polyana, Count Tolstoy's Home (front and back).

As the room was, so it remains. The half-smoked cigarette lies upon the ash-tray in a glass tube. The little revolver lies before the mirror. Upon each of the tables and several of the chairs is a loosely folded clean handkerchief, for it was the Tsar's wish to have one of these always within reach of his hand. Here are his toilet articles—a plain small set of bottles and brushes, from a rusty morocco folding case, evidently bought in England before we invented the modern luxurious dressing-bag. It is all modest beyond belief, and the brushes are half worn. Here was a monarch who did not care to spend any of his incalculable wealth upon personal luxuries. The walls of the room are covered by bookcases, all quite full of books obviously read. Among them, just behind his chair, I noticed the two volumes of Drumont's *La France Juive*, showing signs of much handling. Opposite the foot of the camp-bed hangs a portrait, rather crudely painted, of a little daughter who died, and below the portrait, neatly folded, lies the last frock she wore, which her father kept always by him. It is all extraordinarily affecting. Had he lived, I could never by any chance have thus known his private life and looked at his intimate belongings. He would have been merely the great remote Tsar, the Liberator of the Serfs, the suppressor of Poland, the war-maker against Turkey, the object of the Nihilists' bloodthirsty pursuit. But because he died a royal martyr, I may see him for the man he was, learn his little personal ways, see what he carried in his pockets,

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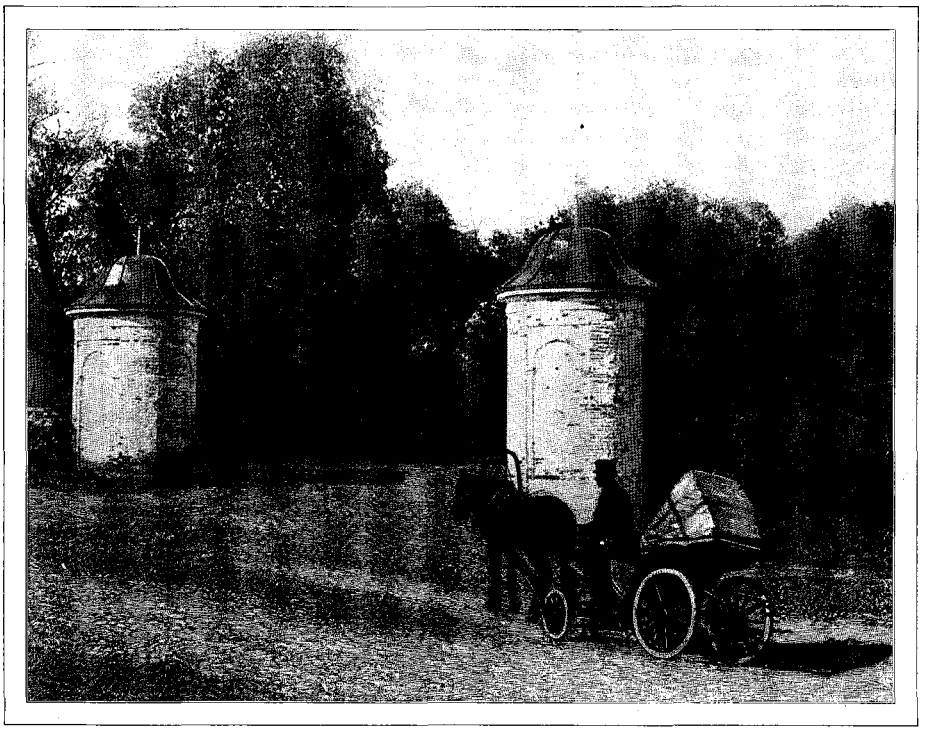

The Gateway of Yasnaya Polyana.

know how simple a life he chose to live inside his outer shell of impenetrable pomp, and be permitted to discern how he worshipped the memory of his little dead child. By more vivid means still, however, is the memory of Alexander II. nourished in St. Petersburg. In three places is his actual shed blood to be seen. As I stood by his bed, my own guide, taking advantage of the old official's back being turned, lifted the coverlet and pointed silently to the broad rusty stain upon the faded linen. The act was an outrage, and I reproved him sharply. Again, in a glass case by the altar of the Cathedral of the Transfiguration is the uniform Alexander wore upon the day of his death, and the scabbard of his sword bears a wide splash of rusty red. Finally, the very paving stones and soil upon which his torn body lay and bled have been preserved and will remain forever in the gorgeous Memorial Church of the Resurrection, built over them. His descendants have indeed determined that here, too, the populace, as Antony would have it do in Rome, shall mark the blood of Cæsar.

St. Petersburg might be anywhere, and without turning one's self into a guide-book (precisely what I would wish to avoid) there is hardly anything in it to describe. My impressions of it have only covered a few pages; but it would be easy to write for a year about Moscow. Here is Russia indeed—every bit of her faithfully represented. The magnificent white railway station, with "God save the Tsar" in permanent gas-letters over the portal, is where the Great Trans-Siberian train starts for Vladivostok and Port Arthur. (We shall steam out of it, together, reader, you and I, before long.) These strange, dark-robed men, sitting by themselves at the bourse, turbaned or fur-hatted, are Russian subjects from Central Asia. (We shall see them at home by and by.) Russia is a great manufacturing country now; Moscow is one of the manufacturing cities of the world, and her cotton-spinning mills think nothing of paying sixty per cent. dividends. Napoleon looms large in Russian history; from those low hills a few miles away he looked down upon the splendid prey he was about to seize;

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through this gate he entered the citadel; in that church his horses were stabled. A Romanoff Tsar rules Russia; this is the house where the first Romanoff to become a Tsar lived, as a simple seigneur; and here are the tombs of all the Ruriks and Romanoffs who ruled when St. Petersburg was a swamp. Russia is a theocracy; Moscow is the holy city, consecrated and consecrating. Under whatever aspect Russia of to-day presents herself to you, in Moscow you may find it embodied, for Russia sprang from Moscow and the Dukes of Muscovy laid her foundation-stones.

It is the most highly colored city in Europe, to begin with, and it displays the quaintest architecture. To me it recalled at once, of course with many differences, Seoul, the capital of Korea. Sometimes, when its old buildings rise above trees, it suggests the embowered eaves and ridges of Peking, seen from the walls. Its many white-washed buildings remind you of the towns of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Its pavement, rough stones on which the wheels make so deafening a noise that conversation is impossible as you drive, is almost as bad as that of Belgrad, where you may quite well fracture your skull in a drive down the main street in a closed carriage. But what you notice first in Moscow and forget last is its ecclesiastical red and blue and green and gold.

The second capital of Russia has a population of a million, it is the commercial centre, and the greatest Russian manufacturing town, and it has four hundred and fifty churches; but to the visitor Moscow is the Kremlin, and the Kremlin is Moscow. The remaining forty-nine fiftieths of the city do not count. The learned have not yet agreed what "Kremlin" means—probably fortress, or Acropolis, or central official quarter, for many other towns have one. Actually it is an isosceles triangle, one side resting upon the river Moskva, and all three marked by enormous pyramidal walls of pale pink brick, broken at intervals by square watch-towers and pierced by five gates. One of these leads from the river—a prison or secret gate—and everybody who passes under another, the Gate of the Redeemer, so called from the miracle-working portrait over it, must remove his hat. The best

Women in the Sunday Market, Moscow.

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The Kremlin, Moscow.

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view is from the Kamenny Bridge, and is shown in my photograph [p. 390]. Without color, however, the Kremlin loses half its charm. Inside the triangle, the visitor is conducted through the arsenal square, past eight hundred and seventy-five cannons of all shapes and sizes which Russia has at one time or another captured from her enemies (Napoleon contributed three hundred and sixty-five); to the top of the tower of Ivan Veliki, otherwise the Englishman, John Villiers, who designed it, whence the multi-colored panorama surpasses anything of the kind you have ever seen or will see; through the Great Palace, built upon the stone basements which are older than Tsars; to the tombs of the Ruriks and Romanoffs; and to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where Tsars first wear their crown. It is an area of infinite interest, and he must be dull indeed who is not brought to a standstill more than once by the pressure of his own reflections. My object in these papers, however, is not to re-describe well-known sights and places, but to seek, in both familiar and unfamiliar scenes, the underlying facts and motives and meanings which go to make the Russia of to-day, and from which the Russia of to-morrow may be inferred. Therefore I leave the Kremlin and old Moscow to the guide-books and many previous travellers, and speak only of the longer thoughts this Holy Mother-City suggests.

Broken Down on the Steppe—Tapping the Telegraph for Help.

The name of Moscow will always bring back to my mind, before anything else, my visit to Tolstoy. And indeed, he is as much a part of Russia, as significant of Russian character, as prophetic of Russian development, as the Kremlin itself. At the bottom of every Russian is a stratum of enthusiastic idealism, of disbelief in the thing that is and belief in the thing that may be. Scratch a Muscovite and you find a transcendentalist. Drop into conversation with your neighbor in the railway carriage and in ten minutes you will be disputing hotly over some purely abstract proposition, connected, nine times out of ten, with the possibility of a perfect social state. With us the classes of those who do things and those who dream them are sharply dissevered; the typical Russian is doer and dreamer in one, and Tolstoy is the dreamer incarnate in every Russian heart.

Tula, "at once the Sheffield and the Birmingham of Russia," as a guide-book pretentiously informs you, is a night's journey from Moscow, and Yasnaya Polyana, Count Tolstoy's estate, is seven miles from Tula. It is a delightful drive in the crisp bright autumn morning; there is actually some good farming to be seen—a rare thing in this country—long plantations of little forest trees, miles of half-grown wood. Then over a hill-top comes an aspect of very modern Russia—the huddle of buildings forming a great ironworks, huge chimneys belching smoke, the clang of the rolling-mill, the enormous slag heaps. An ant-like stream of men pours out, and across the road are the long barracks and the half-underground hovels where they live. They are not attractive men, either, and we are glad to be in the green country once more, with the quiet figures of browsing beasts, the rumble of springless carts jerking along, a peasant asleep, his boots dangling, on each one, the horses with bits beneath their chins, thoughtfully picking their way and giving elbow-room to passing vehicles. For six miles a fair road, then

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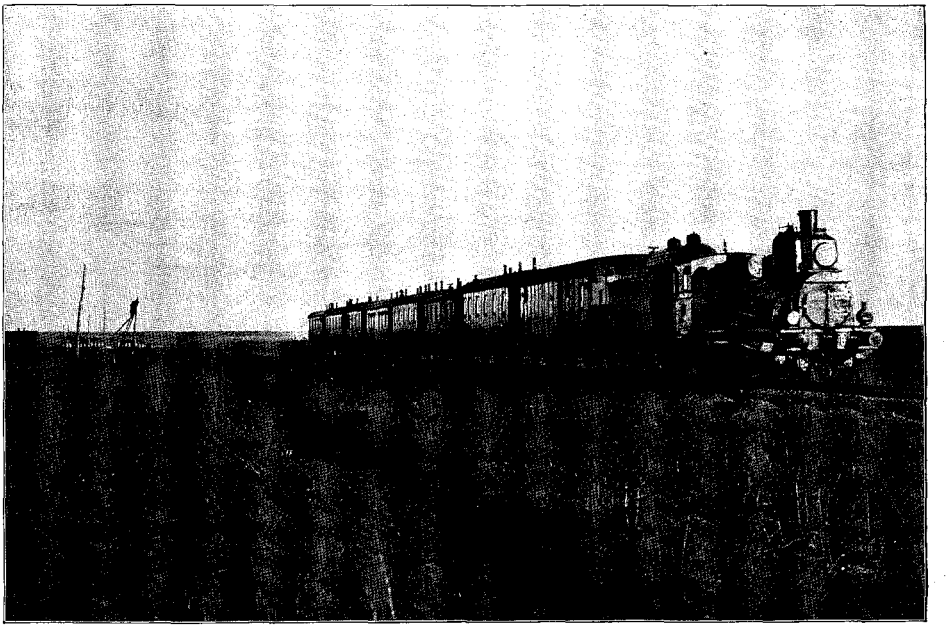

Broken Down on the Steppe.

our driver turns sharply aside into a mere wheel-track and for a mile the little carriage is thrown from side to side as it plunges in and out of the ruts. At last something which at home would be called a village green, and two little white-washed towers forming the end of an avenue of old birches. This is Count Tolstoy's famous place—not, by the way, that he is "Graf Tolstoy," to anybody hereabouts, as I found when I hired the carriage. He is just "Lef Nikolaievitch," Leo, the son of Nicholas. The birches are hoary as is their master's head, and great in stature even as himself, and their way winds upward, past an exquisite willow grove by a lake, till it brings you in sight of a white low-spreading château, with roof painted green, like almost all roofs in Russia, close set round with trees.

Tolstoy works in his room till one o'clock, and nothing is ever allowed by his devoted family to disturb him. Miss Tolstoy, a woman whom it is a privilege to have met even for so short a time, takes us round the farm. It is not like the farms of England, still less like the West; it resembles more the neglected homesteads of New England. The tillage is of the roughest, two ploughs by the barn door might have been fashioned by Tubal Cain, there is no stored wealth in a yellow stack-yard, the fields are deserted. No landowner can live by his land, Miss Tolstoy assures me, and estate by estate is passing out of the hands of those who inherited it from a long line of ancestors, into the possession of the rich merchants and manufacturers of the city, who are careless as to produce and seek only the social prestige that land alone gives in old countries. She is pessimistic this morning, for she goes on to say that even of these, the third generation is always ruined and has to begin again. "No Russian," she avers, "ever 'founds a family,' as you say. A man makes a fortune, his son lavishes it, his grandson disperses it." I suggest modern agricultural machinery, pedigree crops and stock, chemical fertilizers. She shakes her head—"It would never pay here." In his youth, Tolstoy was a mad sportsman, from dawn to nightfall in the saddle, or with gun and hound. Then the estate was watched and cherished for the chase's sake; now he thinks of it but as an appanage of the people which he monopolizes. But here he comes, walking sturdily down the narrow woodway, his dogs leaping joyously about him.

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The photograph reproduced here [p. 394], which he afterward permitted me to take, shows him precisely as he appeared that day. The prophet's brow, the patriarch's beard, the peasant's blouse—they are familiar to all the world. He was wearing an old black cap, round his waist was a leather strap, his shoes were unblacked and split—a strange negligence in practice for the advocate of manual labor, who made himself a cobbler on principle. But the lens cannot portray the infinite sweetness of his expression, nor the pen convey the exceeding gentleness of his words. For him the law and the prophets, the ten commandments and the categorical imperative, are all comprised in the one word—Love. Who has it, has everything—religion, ethics, law, politics; who has it not, has nothing. "Write me as one who loved his fellowmen," would be also Tolstoy's request to the recording angel, if he were not far too modest to wish to be written down at all. And his devotion to the race marks his attitude to the individual. He greets you with genuine pleasure, he asks your opinion almost with deference, he considers your answer with respect. Your personality is evidently a thing he regards as sacred. You struggle in vain to reverse the relationship, but without much success, for his soul dwells apart and you cannot get on the same plane with him—there is so little common ground between you. To your question about his view of some matter of current interest he replies as a mathematician might reply to a question about the rotation of crops. I asked him if he sympathized with M. Witte's fostering of Russian manufactures at the expense of agriculture—that seemed a home-query that he must consider. Vain expectation! He replied that he did not see what difference it makes to the engine that does the work whether it is painted red or green. Not until next day did I interpret that Delphic reply. He meant that in comparison with the question whether the relations of man to man and man to men are inspired by love, all matters of tariffs and bounties are as infinitely irrelevant as the paint on the boiler is to the stroke of the piston. But I ran him to earth, so to speak, over the Dreyfus case, at that moment being reheard at Rennes. And to my unspeakable astonishment I found him a believer in the preposterous "secret *dossier*," a defender of the egregious General Staff, accepting the guilt of Dreyfus as an easier alternative than the conspiracy of his fellow-officers against him.

"The people are hypnotized," he said; "they know nothing and they all shout the same thing. After all, why should I concern myself with Dreyfus—are there no innocent men in the prison of Tula?" He asked me to tell him of the progress of socialism in England, and could not understand my reply that there was no progress at all. "Then what is said now about the Single Tax?" "Nothing is said about it," I replied. "It is very strange," was his comment.

So far as the authorities are concerned, Tolstoy seems to bear a charmed life. The story about the Tsar meeting him at a railway station and holding a long conversation with him, was a pure invention. Indeed when an important official from St. Petersburg came to Tula in the course of certain investigations, and desired to ask Tolstoy's advice, the latter refused to receive him. But except the suppression of some of his writings, the authorities leave Lef Nikolaievitch alone, though his views must seem to them the quintessence of subversive propagandism. "Three things I hate," he said to me: "autocracy, orthodoxy, and militarism," and these are the three pillars of the Russian State. I asked him point-blank, "How is it that the government has never arrested or banished you?" "I cannot tell," he answered, and then, after a moment's pause he added, slowly, in a tone of much solemnity: "I wish they would. It would be a great joy to me." The general opinion among advanced Russians is that the police are restrained in this instance by the world-wide scandal that any harsh treatment of Tolstoy would cause. But I am inclined to think that Tolstoy's influence, which is probably greater out of Russia than in it, being almost confined to the spiritual sphere, is not found running athwart the administration in practical life. How should it? Here, for example, is one of his proposals. "My land here," he said to me, when I pressed

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him for some immediate practical reform, "is worth to me, let us say, six roubles an acre a year. I would have the Government impose upon this land a tax of nine roubles. I could not pay it. Very well, let them take it away from me and give it in cultivation to peasant families in small quantities sufficient to support them. They could well pay the higher rate for it." Such views as this do not endanger the Russian social fabric.

Tolstoy's influence, indeed, is first that of his noble personal character; and second, that of the artist. It is in this latter light that educated Russians esteem him. I have often heard people speak with profound respect of his work as a creative artist, and in the next breath laugh at his theories of reform. What are these, in a word? I tried to summarize them, immediately after my conversation with him, as follows: No more nations and frontiers and patriotism, but the world; no more rulers and laws and compulsion, but the individual conscience; no more multitudinous cities and manufactures and money, but simply the tiller of the soil, eating of the fruit of his toil, exchanging with his neighbor the work of his hands, and finding in the changing round of natural processes alike the nourishment of his body and the delight of his eyes; while, like some directing angel poised above, the law of love, revealed in Christ, lights each man's path, and so illumines the world.

It is, of course, a species of nihilism, for realization of it would mean the annihilation of science, of invention, of art, of literature, but it is the nihilism of the visionary, and has no terrors for the autocrat, the priest, or the major-general.

I have dwelt thus long upon my visit to Yasnaya Polyana, partly because Tolstoy is one of the most striking of living figures, and anything at first hand about him, especially now that we can hardly hope he will be included in this category much longer, is probably of interest, and partly because, in his vague and facile idealism, he is the typical Russian. There are, of course, compact groups of Russian reformers working directly for practical ends which they keep steadily in view. Among these the bimetallists are not the least numerous or energetic. But the vast majority of reformers, so far as I could judge from my own experience, are dreamers. Almost every serious student, for instance, is a socialist, but a pure theorist, seeking the line of development along which human nature can perfect itself. No doubt of this perfectibility ever occurs to him. Half of them label themselves Marxists, and the other half—some local name I have forgotten. When any new solution of the social problem is advocated anywhere, it immediately finds disciples in Russia. Thus during the last American Presidential Election a Populist group of students sprang up, and still exists. As Sir Donald Wallace has pointed out, Russians, having received their political education from books, naturally attribute to theoretical considerations an importance which seems exaggerated to those who have been educated by political experience. "When any important or trivial question arises, they at once launch into the sea of philosophical principles." So far as the students are concerned, the result of this national habit is that they, the best educated and most intelligent class of the community, exert little influence in the direction of change. When the next liberalizing movement comes—and such a movement is being unconsciously prepared from above—not they, but an entirely different class, will have constrained it. This forecast, however, belongs to a later article.

The Russian has an affection for things which are new, therefore when he enters the great Square of the Kremlin his enthusiasm vents itself upon the gorgeous green and gold memorial of Alexander III. The foreigner, on the other hand, though he is charmed with the towers on the wall embowered in trees, delighted with the quaint monastery and the nunnery where the Tsaritsas are buried, dazzled by the treasury, and duly impressed by the Great Palace, is not halted by emotion until he finds himself in the painted gloom and amid the buried patriarchs of the little Cathedral of the Assumption, "fraught with recollections, teeming with worshippers, bursting with tombs and pictures from pavement to cupola," as Dean Stanley said. But his emotion is not for these. Then it is because the Tsar is crowned amid these

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"infinite riches in a little room?" Not at all. It is because the Tsar crowns himself there. He is so incomparably greater than all other men that nobody but himself can hallow and ordain him King. So exalted and remote and sacred is he that not even the chief servant of God is high enough to place the crown upon his brow. Therefore, in the holiest spot of the Holy City, amid all the pomp of the living and all the solemnity of the dead, surrounded by the royalty of the world, while bells clash and cannon roar and multitudes throng without, the hereditary heir of the Romanoffs—though but a trace of real Romanoff blood is left—crowns and consecrates himself Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, and—for the whole list is well worth recalling—of Moscow, of Kiev, of Vladimir, of Novgorod; Tsar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Kherson-Taurida, of Grusi; Gosudar of Pskov; Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Lithuania, of Volynia, of Podolia and of Finland; Prince of Esthonia, of Livonia, of Kurland; of Semigalia, of the Samoyeds, of Bielostok, of Korelia, of Foer, of Ingor, of Perm, of Viatka, of Bulgaria, and of other countries; Master and Grand Duke of the Lower Countries in Novgorod, of Tchernigov, of Riazan, of Polotsk, of Rostov, of Yaroslav, of Bielosersk, of Udork, of Obodsk, of Kondisk, of Vitelsk, of Mstilav, and of all the countries of the North; Master Absolute of Iversk, of Kastalnisk, of Kabardinsk, and of the territory of Armenia; Sovereign of the Mountain Princes of Tcherkask; Master of Turkestan, Heir Presumptive of Norway, and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, of Stormarne, of Dithmarschen, and of Oldenburg. And it is sober truth that to the majority of the people who live in these places the man who thus crowns himself in the House of God becomes thereby something more than human — a semi-divine person. One is reminded of the vigil of Festus:

The Russian Policeman.

—those bright forms
We clothe with purple, crown, and call to thrones,
Are human, but not his; those are but men
Whom other men press round and kneel before—
Those palaces are dwelt in by mankind;
Higher provision is for him you seek
Amid our pomp and glories: see it here!
Behold earth's paragon! Now, raise thee, clay!

There is nothing like it in the world; probably no such claim has ever been put forth elsewhere as is regularly made in this church when Tsar succeeds Tsar—certainly no such claim has ever been so widely and so sincerely allowed. And to understand Russia it is absolutely necessary to appreciate this fact. Unless you realize that in Russia the Tsar is everything, literally everything; that not only is his will law but that it is also heaven-inspired right, that his land and his subjects are his to dispose of wholly as he will—I am speaking, of course, of the masses of the people — you will not grasp the fundamental condition of Russia to-day. In a Russian battle not so long ago, the artillery, urgently needed in front to save the day, was stopped by a deep ditch. The soldiers thereupon flung themselves in until the ditch was full, and the artillery galloped over their bodies. The incident illustrates the relation of the common people of Russia to their Sovereign. As you go higher in the scale the fact remains, but on a different basis. Official rank—*tchin*—is the standard of position —a greater or less *tchin* determines a man's honor and influence, and of course all conceivable *tchin* culminates in the Tsar. If you have not yourself a high *tchin*, you must be "protected" by somebody who has. Officials of high rank will hardly deign to notice you at one minute, and the next they are wholly at your service, if they have learned that you are well "protected." And in the highest society of all, whatever views they may privately hold and express, the Tsar, as the source

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of promotion and the fountain of honors and emoluments, dwells still alone upon the heights.

In material things it is the same. I was once discussing with a Russian administrator the military capabilities of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and I remarked that there would not be rolling-stock enough to convey masses of troops in a short time. "Every engine and carriage in Russia would be put there if necessary," was the reply. "But," I objected, "that would disorganize the whole commerce of the country, and bring tens of thousands to ruin." "You don't understand," answered this official; "if the Tsar gave the word to take every railway carriage in Russia and run it across the Siberian Railway and throw it into the China Sea at the other end, who, I should like to know, would prevent it?" The influence of the throne is increasing rather than diminishing, for I heard many complaints from educated Russians that certain Ministers of State were taking their proposals direct to the Tsar, whose signature made them irrevocably law, instead of submitting them first, as is customary, to the Council of Ministers. The Tsar alone determined to build the Trans-Siberian Railway; it will cost five hundred million dollars. Tradition alone is more powerful than autocracy; if it were not, the world would have even greater reason to admire the aspirations of Nicholas II. He cannot command a policy which no Minister will undertake to carry out; he is unable to control and helpless to set aside a mass of statistics or unfavorable information which they lay before him. Sometimes, as in the case of Alexander III., he is deliberately overwhelmed with details in order that he may not espouse principles. Thus a Tsar might possibly not be able to preserve peace against all the facts and warnings and arguments brought to bear upon him. But he could declare war, by a word, at any time. And it is to the everlasting honor of Alexander III. that he set his face so steadfastly against war, waged either by himself or by others, and of Nicholas II., that his first great act should be to call a Conference of Peace, although his Ministers both by private word and official deed made it almost a mockery.

From ruler to ruled is a natural transition, and especially so in Russia, where there is no middle class in which the two qualities coalesce. Indeed this is the most striking aspect of Russian society: at the top, the imperial family, surrounded by the nobility; at the bottom, the "common people." The development of industrialism, with its rapidly made fortunes, is changing this condition so far as the large towns are concerned, but it still remains true of the country as a whole. What impressions of the Russian people does one gather from several months' travel through the whole empire—a journey of fifteen thousand miles? The first thing that attracts your attention in the two capitals themselves, is a curious detail. All the shops which offer wares to the people do so, not in words, as with us, but with pictures. The provision-merchant's shop is a veritable picture-gallery of sausages and cheeses and bread and butter and hams and everything eatable. The ironmonger hangs out illustrations of knives and forks and scissors and chisels and foot-rules and the like. The tailor shows paintings of coats and trousers. Why is this? Simply because a majority of potential customers cannot read! I noticed the same thing later in going over barracks. In one large frame, for instance, is a series of "penny dreadful" pictures showing all the duties of a sentry—what the good sentry does if a fire breaks out, if a burglar is seen entering a house, if a citizen is attacked, if a sportsman comes shooting birds near a powder-magazine, and so on. Very few of the soldiers can read, and this is the only way to impart information. In a class-room at another barracks was a schoolmaster teaching the letters of the alphabet on a blackboard to a large number of men. "This is the class for me to join," I remarked, to the great glee of these good-tempered grown-up children. The Russian people, then, is illiterate, in the strict sense of the word. And millions upon millions of people who read no books and no newspapers, write and receive no letters, must inevitably be the helpless victims of superstition and prejudice. This is, of course, the fact. Russia is the home of more religious manias and crazy notions than could be enumer-

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ated. Not a month passes without some almost incredible instance of religious fanaticism. The end of the world is a constantly recurring belief. The horrible *skoptsi*, whose practices one cannot more nearly describe than by saying that they carry out literally the exhortation, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," are represented all over Russia, and in spite of the severest measures the police cannot stop their abominable propaganda. A friend told me of a travelling impostor he had seen, who went from village to village offering, for a small fee, to show some hairs from the head of the Virgin Mary. One person at a time was admitted, a small parcel was produced and many wrappings taken off in succession, until in the last paper of all the visitor was invited to gaze upon the miraculous hairs. The paper was quite empty and the peasant would aver that he saw nothing. Then the impostor would sorrowfully explain that the hairs were invisible to sinful eyes, and that only the pious could see them. In order to escape the reproach, his customers would loudly and proudly assert that they saw them clearly, and so he did a brisk trade. The Russian Government is anxious to change its old Gregorian Calendar to that of the rest of the world (the Russian date is now twelve days behind our own), but it cannot do so, because the peasants would be furious if the favorite saints were robbed of their proper birthdays. Sunday, by the way, is a person to the Russian lower classes.

Poverty and illiteracy naturally go hand in hand. In no other great country of the world is poverty—universal, monotonous, hopeless poverty — the national characteristic of the people. The only parallels I know are in some of the Balkan States. At almost any point in rural Russia you might think yourself in the interior of Servia or Bulgaria, except that even in these countries the poor peasant is not quite so poor, and his bearing is more independent. Long train journeys in Russia are depressing experiences. Once past the limits of the towns, every village is the same—a wide street or two—not really streets, of course, but deep dust or mud, according to the season, and from a score to a couple of hundred gray, one-story wooden houses, usually dilapidated, and a church. Russia is still first and foremost an agricultural country; she produces (including Poland) two thousand million bushels of grain, and grain products form more than half her total exports to Europe; therefore at the right season there are great stretches of waving fields, and later the huge mounds of straw, whence the grain has been threshed. But it is in her most fertile districts that the worst famines occur, for famine—a little one every year, a big one every seven years —has now become a regular occurrence. And the country as one flies across it, leaves the general impression of indigence. In sharp and painful contrast with western Europe, there are virtually no fat stack-yards, no cosey farm-house, no château of the local land-owner, no squire's hall—pitiful assemblages of men and women just on the hither side of the starvation line. And, from all one learns, disease is rife. Whole villages, I was told by men who knew them well, are poisoned with syphilis, and the authorities, gravely alarmed at this terrible state of things, have appointed of late several commissions of inquiry to devise remedial measures. Drunkenness, too, is a national vice, the peasant having his regular bout whenever he has saved up a small sum. The new government monopoly of the sale of vodka, which is gradually coming into force over the whole country, will, I believe, exert a beneficial influence in this matter, and much of the denunciation levelled at it is, in my opinion, unjust. Nothing is more common in the towns than to see a policeman drag a sleepy, half-drunken peasant from his cart and set him to walking by the side of his horse. In all Petersburg, however, I never saw anything precisely corresponding to the "saloon" or "bar" of the United States and England. But opposite my hotel was a shop where tobacco and liquors were sold, and on each of the many occasions when I went in to fill my cigarette-case I saw children come with empty bottles, put down a few kopecks, and take the bottles away half-filled with the fiery spirit. The vast void spaces of rural Russia, by the way, may be imagined from the fact that every train carries a ladder and tools and electrical appliances for cutting the telegraph wire and calling for assistance in

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case of accident or breakdown. The lines are, of course, nearly all single ones, so there is no opportunity to stop a train going in the opposite direction. My photographs [pp. 399-400] show how this experience happened to me once on a long journey.

Personally, the Russian common people are attractive. They are simple, good-natured, kindly, very ready to be pleased or to laugh. Nobody can fail to like them. The ordinary Russian policeman—the *gorodovoi*, not the secret police—is the gentlest specimen of his kind I have ever met. And the soldier, typical of his class, is a great child, and is treated as such. Nothing is left to his intelligence or his initiative. Of virtues he has many—he is brave, obedient, faithful; of wits he is not supposed or even desired to show any signs. The very words he is to say are put in his mouth. If an officer asks him a question that he cannot answer, he may not say, "I do not know;" he must reply, "I am not able to know." When his Colonel greets him collectively, he has one answer; when the Tsar greets him he has another—a whole sentence carefully learned by heart and shouted in unison by the whole regiment in a long series of explosive syllables. His pay is about forty-four cents every three months. From the point of view of the military martinet, he is ideal *Kanonenfutter—chair à canon*. To his number there is no limit.

To this general characterization of the Russian populace I must add one important qualification. The extraordinary—the almost incredible—growth of industrialism in Russia is bringing about a great and vital change in the masses of the people. The peasant who works with hundreds or thousands of his fellows in a mill or factory soon becomes a different being from the peasant toiling on his bit of village land and migrating hither and thither, in seasons of agricultural work, for employment. This, to my thinking, is by far the most significant and important aspect of Russia of to-day, and I shall have much to say about it hereafter. In this place I have only endeavored to show the two great characteristics of the Russian social fabric, without an appreciation of which no Russian question or prospect can be intelligently judged—autocracy, the semi-divine, unquestioned, unbounded authority at the top; its counterpart, illiterate, superstitious, brute-like dependence, automatonism, at the bottom. But Russia is the land of paradox, and though all this would seem to show that Russia is poor and weak, I shall have to point out, in another connection, that it would be far truer to say she is in reality rich and strong.

I must turn back for a moment to old Moscow, before leaving the two capitals of Russia, and their associations and suggestions. In a crowded street of banks and merchants' offices, in the "Chinese City"—all foreigners in Russia used to be called "Chinese," just as to-day they are called "Germans"—stands a little mediæval house, skilfully and sympathetically restored—the home of Michael, the first Tsar of Romanoff race. And within the Kremlin stands the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, the mausoleum of all the Ruriks and Romanoffs till Peter built his city on the Neva and laid him down forever in its island fortress-church, to be followed by all the Tsars unto this day. In the one place you see the little, low, many-colored rooms (much like the old royal apartments in the Kremlin palace), the narrow bed, the modest clothes-chest, the great wooden *kvass* bowl, the green leather boots with their pointed spur-heels, of Michael Romanoff; the night-dress and the needles and the flat-irons of his wife; the cradle and the playthings of his children. In the other place he lies beneath a wine-red velvet pall, and six and forty of his race, similarly habited for eternity, are his silent companions. When one thinks of what these Romanoffs were, what they are, what they desire to be, and what are the colossal and ever-growing forces they control, at the motion of a single will, to turn their all-embracing and fanatic desire into fact, I know of few more impressive spots on modern earth.

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THE LAST DAYS OF PRETORIA

By Richard Harding Davis

THE night we started for "the front," the front was at Brandfort, but before our train drew out of Pretoria station the arrivals from Johannesburg told us that the English had just occupied Brandfort, and that the front had been pushed back to Winburg.

Captain Losberg of the Losberg Artillery, who was guiding me through the Free State, explained that Brandfort was an impossible position to hold anyway, and that we had better leave the train at Winburg. We found some selfish consolation for the Boer repulse in the fact that it had shortened our railroad journey by one day. The next morning when we awoke at the Vaal River Station, the train despatcher informed us that during the night the "Roorineks" had taken Winburg and that the Burghers were gathered at Smaaldel.

We agreed not to go to Winburg but to stop off at Smaaldel. We also agreed that the British advance was only what might have been expected and that Winburg was an impossible position to hold. When, at eleven o'clock, the train reached Kroonstad, we learned that Lord Roberts was in Smaaldel. It was then evident that if our train kept on and the British army kept on there would be a collision, so we stopped at Kroonstad. In talking it over we decided that, owing to its situation, Smaaldel was an impossible position to hold.

Kroonstad, like most of the towns and small cities of South Africa, is unfinished, very much out of doors, and unhomelike. They all bear the same resemblance to the towns on our eastern seaboard which a barbed-wire fence bears to the gray, lichen-covered stone walls of New England, or to the thick, flower-scented hedges of old England. Personally, I cannot understand why the South African Colonial should prefer a barbed-wire fence and all that it entails, to a stone fence or a hedge and all that goes with them. But then, it is difficult to understand the point of view of the South African Colonial on any subject.

At the time of our arrival, Kroonstad was the capital "once removed," of the Orange Free State, and the head-quarters of the Government were situated in Hermann's Hotel, which it had "commandeered." But in spite of the fact that everyone in the Government service was balanced on one foot and poised for instant flight, he attended to his duties as calmly and discreetly as though he were the perpetual secretary of the French Institute. In what had been the public rooms of the hotel were huge heaps of official documents; requisition papers, orders to commandos, passports, proclamations, and Government notices, and in strange contrast to these were the furnishings and decorations of the hotel itself; the tariff of meals, the rules for billiards, and the illustrated advertisements of ales, Cape wines, and Scotch whiskies; and the gaudy chromos of the Imperial family of Germany and of the Queen of Holland, who looking down on the fallen Republic, driven for refuge to the smoking-room of a hotel, might have held their crowns less airily and shown a little confusion at their neglect of her.

The Sand River which runs about forty miles south of Kroonstad was the last place in the Free State where the burghers could hope to make a stand; and at the bridge where the railroad spans the river, and at a drift ten miles lower down the Boers and Free Staters had collected to the number of four thousand. Lord Roberts and his advancing column, which was known to contain 35,000 men, was a few miles distant from the opposite bank of the Sand River. There was an even chance that Lord Roberts would attempt to cross at the drift or at the bridge; but as Von Losberg's Artillery was at the drift we had no choice but to go there. We stopped on our way for the night at Ventersburg, a town ten miles from the river.

The original Jones, the proprietor of Jones's hotel at Ventersburg, had fled when the war began. The man who succeeded him was also a refugee and the present

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manager was an American from Cincinnati. He had never before kept a hotel; but he said it was not a bad business, as he found that one made a profit of a hundred per cent. on each drink sold. The night we arrived he was making no profit, as Hassell's American Scouts had stopped in the village, and he was showing his sympathy for the cause by giving them drinks free. The proprietress was a lady from Brooklyn, her husband, another American, was a prisoner with Cronje at St. Helena. She was in considerable doubt as to whether she ought to run before the British arrived or wait and chance being made a prisoner. She said she would prefer to escape; but what with standing on her feet all day in the kitchen preparing meals for hungry burghers and foreign volunteers, she was too tired to get away. War close at hand consists so largely of commonplaces and trivial details that I hope I may be pardoned for recording the anxieties and cares of this lady from Brooklyn. Her point of view so admirably illustrates one side of it. It is only when you are ten years away from it, or 10,000 miles away from it, that you forget the waste places, and only the moments loom up which are terrible, picturesque, and momentous.

We have read in "Vanity Fair," and lately seen in a play, something of the terror and the mad haste to escape of the people of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. That is the obvious and dramatic side. That is the picture of war which you will remember and which people prefer. They like the rumble of cannon through the streets of Ventersburg, the silent, dusty columns of the reinforcements passing in the moonlight, the galloping hoofs of the aides suddenly beating upon the night-air and growing fainter and dying away, the bugle-calls from the camps along the river, the stamp of spurred boots as the general himself enters the hotel and spreads the blue print maps upon the table, the clanking sabres of his staff, standing behind him in the candle-light, whispering and tugging at their gauntlets while the great man plans his attack. You must stop with the British army if you want bugle-calls and clanking sabres and gauntlets. They are a part of the panoply of war and of warriors. But we saw no warriors at Ventersburg that night; only a few cattle-breeders and farmers who were fighting for the land they had won from the lion and the bushman, and who stopped to rest their ponies and to smoke a pipe on the vine-covered stoop of Jones's Hotel, and with them a mixed company of gentlemen-adventurers; American cowboys, Russian princes, Swedish miners, and officers of the French and German armies gathered around a table discussing other days in other lands. The picture of war which is most familiar is that one of the people of Brussels fleeing from the city with the French guns booming in the distance, or, the one seen in "Shenandoah," where aids gallop on and off the stage and the night-signals flash from both sides of the valley. But the other side of war is the night before the battle at Jones's Hotel; the landlady in the dining-room with her elbows on the table, fretfully deciding that after a day in front of the cooking-stove she is too tired to escape an invading army, declaring that the one place at which she would rather be at that moment was Green's restaurant in Philadelphia; the heated argument that immediately follows between the foreign legion and the Americans as to whether Rector's is not better than the Café de Paris, and the general agreement that Ritz cannot hope to run two hotels in London without being robbed. That is how these men talked and acted on the eve of a battle. We heard no galloping aides, no clanking spurs, only the click of the clipped billiard-balls as the American scouts (who were killed thirty-six hours later) knocked them about over the torn billiard-cloth; the drip, drip, of the kerosene from a blazing, sweating lamp, which struck the dirty table-cloth with the regular ticking of the hall-clock; and the complaint of the piano from the hotel-parlor where the correspondent of a Boston paper was picking out "Hello, my baby," laboriously, with one finger. War is not so terribly dramatic or exciting—at the time; and the real trials of war—at the time and not as one later remembers them—consist largely in looting fodder for your ponies and in bribing the station hands to put on an open truck in which to carry them.

The next morning we rode out to the Sand River to see the Boer positions near the drift and met President Steyn in his

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Cape cart coming from them on his way to the bridge. Ever since the occupation of Bloemfontein the London papers had been speaking of him as "the late President," as though he were dead. He impressed me, on the contrary, as being very much alive and very much the President, although his executive chamber was the dancing-hall of a hotel and his roof-tree the hood of a Cape cart. He stood in the middle of the road and talked hopefully of the morrow. He had been waiting, he said, to see the development of the enemy's attack, but the British had not appeared, and, as he believed they would not advance that day, he was going on to the bridge to talk to his burghers and to consult with General Botha. He was much more a man of the world and more the professional politician than President Kruger. I use the words "professional politician" in no unpleasant sense, but meaning rather that he was ready, tactful, and diplomatic. For instance, he gave to whatever he said the air of a confidence reserved especially for the ear of the person to whom he spoke. He showed none of the bitterness which President Kruger exhibits toward the British, but took the tone toward the English Government of the most critical and amused tolerance. Had he heard it, it would have been intensely annoying to any Englishman.

Poultney, Chief of Commissariat. President Steyn. Captain Losberg.

President Steyn on his Way to the Sand River Battle.

"I see that the London *Chronicle*," he said, "asks, if, since I have become a rebel, I do not lose my rights as a barrister of the Temple. Of course, we are no more rebels than the Spaniards were rebels against the United States. By a great stretch of the truth, under the suzerainty clause, the burghers of the Transvaal might be called rebels; but a Free Stater—never. It is not the animosity of the English which I mind," he added, thoughtfully, "but their depressing ignorance of their own history."

"I can do nothing with Lord Roberts," he said again, as though the English Commander was a disobedient child. "I wrote him calling his attention to the fact that his troops were burning the houses in the Free State, and that such an act was contrary to the usages of civilized war. He replied that my charges were not sufficiently specific; so I wrote again specifying eighteen houses that had been burned and supplementing my charges with affidavits. His reply was that he was too busy to attend to such details." The President shrugged his shoulders and laughed as much as to say "What can one do with such a man." His cheerfulness and hopefulness, even though one guessed they were assumed, commanded one's admiration. He was being hunted out of one village after another, the miles of territory still free to him were hourly shrinking; in a few days he would be a refugee in the Transvaal; but he stood in the open veldt with all his possessions in the cart behind him, a President without a Republic, a man without a home, but still full of pluck, cheerful and unbeaten.

The farm-house of General Andrew Cronje stood just above the drift and was the only conspicuous mark for the English guns on our side of the river, so in order to protect it the General had turned it over to the ambulance corps to be used as a hospital. They had lashed a great Red Cross Flag to the chimney and filled the clean shelves of the generously built kitchen with bottles of antiseptics and bitter, smelling drugs and surgeons' cutlery. President Steyn gave me a letter to Dr. Rodgers Reid, who was in charge, and he offered us our choice of the deserted bedrooms. It was a most welcome shelter and in comparison to the cold veldt the hospital was a haven of comfort. The Boer laagers stretched for a mile in front and behind the farm-house, and from the

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yard we could smell the smoke of their camp-fires and hear the chanting of many hymns, some of them sung to the tunes familiar in the service of the Episcopal Church, so that it sounded like a Sunday evening in the country at home. Hundreds of cooing doves, stumbling over the roof of the barn helped to fill the air with their peaceful murmur. It was a strange overture to a battle, but in time I learned not to listen for any more martial prelude. The Boer does not make a business of war, and when he is not actually fighting he pretends that he is camping out for pleasure. In his laager there are no warlike sounds, no sentries challenge, no bugle calls. He has no duties to perform, for his Kaffir boys care for his pony, gather his wood and build his fire. He has nothing to do but to wait for the next fight and to make the time pass as best he can. In camp the burghers are like a party of children. They play games with each other and play tricks upon each other, and engage in numerous wrestling bouts, a form of contest of which they seem particularly fond. They are like children also in that they are direct and simple and as courteous as the ideal child should be. Indeed, if I were asked what struck me as the chief characteristics of the Boer I should say they were the two qualities which the English have always disallowed him, his simplicity rather than his "'cuteness," and his courtesy rather than his boorishness.

British Troops Entering Pretoria, Tuesday June 5, 1900. Late prisoners of war cheering them.

When morning came to Cronje's farm it brought with it no warning nor sign of battle. We began to believe that the British army was an invention of the enemy. So we cooked bacon and fed the doves and smoked on the veranda, moving our chairs around it with the sun, and argued as to whether we should stay where we were or go on to the bridge. At noon it was evident that there would be no fight at the drift that day, so we started along the bank of the river, with the idea of reaching the bridge before nightfall. The trail lay on the English side of the river, so that we were in constant concern lest our white-hooded Cape cart would be seen by some of their scouts and we should be taken prisoners and forced to travel all the way back to Cape Town. We saw many herds of deer but no scouts nor lancers nor any other living thing; and, such being the effect of many kopjes, lost all ideas as to where we were. We knew we were bearing steadily south toward Lord Roberts, who, as we later learned, was then some three miles distant.

About two o'clock his guns opened on our left, so we at least knew that we were still on the wrong side of the river and that we must be between the Boer and the English artillery. Except for that, our knowledge of our geographical position was a blank, and we accordingly "outspanned" and cooked more bacon. "Outspanning" is unharnessing the ponies and mules and turning them out to graze, and takes three minutes—"inspanning" is trying to catch them again, and takes from three to five hours.

We started back over the trail over which we had just come, and at sunset saw a man appear from behind a rock and disappear again. Whether he was Boer or Briton I could not tell, but while I was examining the rock with my glasses two Boers came galloping forward and ordered me to "hands up." To sit with both arms in the air is an extremely ignominious position and especially annoying if the pony is restless, so I compromised by waving my whip as high as I could reach with one hand and still held in the horse with the other. The third man from behind the rock rode up at the same time.

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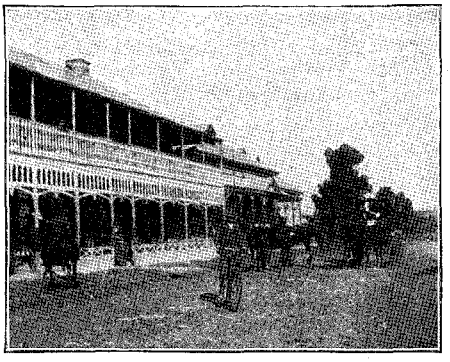
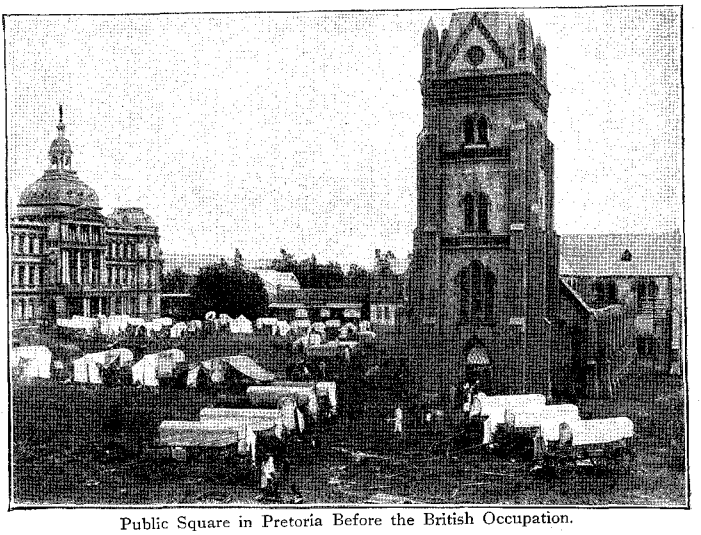


Hermann's Hotel, Kroonstad.
The head-quarters of the Orange Free State Government were in this hotel.

how unfortunate it was for the Transvaal that the aged Joubert and the stubborn Cronje were in command of the Boer forces throughout the most critical portion of the war. Even since Lord Roberts has occupied Pretoria the raids and rapid movements of De Wet and Botha and their destructive attacks upon his line of communication have proved them to be cavalry leaders of such eminent ability and spirit as were in a greater degree our Southern generals Jackson and Morgan.

We found the people in the farm-house on the distant kopje quite hysterical over the near presence of the British, and the



Public Square in Pretoria Before the British Occupation.

They said they had watched us coming from the English lines and that we were their prisoners. We assured them that for us nothing could be more satisfactory, because we now knew where we were, and because they had probably saved us a week's trip to Cape Town. They examined and approved of our credentials and showed us the proper trail, which we managed to follow until they had disappeared, when the trail disappeared also and we were again lost in what seemed an interminable valley. But just before nightfall the fires of a commando showed in front of us and we rode into the camp of General Christian De Wet. He told us we could not reach the bridge that night and showed us a farm-house on a distant kopje where we would find a place to spread our blankets. I was extremely glad to meet him, as he and General Botha are the ablest and bravest of the Boer generals. He was manly and of impressive size and, although he speaks English, he dictated to his adjutant many long and Old-World compliments to the Greater Republic across the seas.

Since that time General De Wet and General Botha, have shown by their daring, and by always taking the initiative, entire place in such an uproar that we slept out in the veldt. In the morning we were awakened by the sound of the Vickar-Maxims—the "Pom-Poms" as the English call them, or "Bomb-Maxims" as the Boers call them. By any name it is a remarkable gun and the most demoralizing of any of the smaller pieces which have been used in this campaign. One of its values is that its projectiles throw up sufficient dust to enable the gunner to tell exactly where they strike, and within a few seconds he is able to alter the range accordingly. In this way the gun is its own range-finder. Its bark is almost as dangerous as its bite, for its reports have a brisk, insolent sound like a postman's knock or a cooper hammering rapidly on an empty keg; and there is an unexplainable mocking sound to the re-

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ports, as though the gun were laughing at you. The English Tommies used to call it very aptly the "Hyena gun." I found it just as offensive from the rear as when I was with the British and in front of it.

From the top of a kopje we saw that the battle had at last begun and that the bridge was the objective point. The English came up in great lines and blocks and from so far away and in such close order that at first, in spite of the khaki, they looked as though they wore uniforms of blue. They advanced steadily, and two hours later, when we had ridden to a kopje still nearer the bridge, they were apparently in the same formation as when we had first seen them; only now farms that had lain far in their rear were overrun by them and they encompassed the whole basin. An army of 25,000 men advancing in full view across a great plain appeals to you as something entirely lacking in the human element. You do not think of it as a collection of very tired, dusty, and perspiring men with aching legs and parched lips, but as an unnatural phenomenon or a gigantic monster which wipes out a railway station, a cornfield and a village with a single clutch of one of its tentacles. You would as soon attribute human qualities to a plague, a tidal-wave, or a slowly slipping landslide. One of the tentacles composed of 6,000 horse had detached itself and crossed the river below the bridge where it was creeping up on Botha's right. We could see the burghers galloping before it toward Ventersburg. At the bridge General Botha and President Steyn stood in the open road and with uplifted arms waved the Boers back, calling upon them to stand. But the burghers only shook their heads, and with averted eyes grimly and silently rode by them on the other side. They knew that they were flanked, they knew that the men in the moving mass in front of them were in the proportion of nine to one. The spirit which had inspired them to hold back nearly as great a force at Colenso had been worn and brutalized by six continuous months of unceasing hardship, exposure, and fighting, during which one man played many parts, one week at the Modder River, the next at Paadersberg, the next back again to the Tugela. *For three months 30,000 men had been attempting the impossible task of endeavoring to meet an equal number of the enemy in three different places at the same time.*

General L. Botha.

Where we stood below the bridge the English shrapnel was splashing in the veldt behind us and whistling triumphantly over the heads of the Boer artillerymen. The battle, which had lasted five hours, was nearing its end. The English infantry were within a half a mile of us and only the Boer artillery was questioning their advance. On every side we could see the burghers trekking away and even those who remained, too proud to run and too sad to fight, accepted the British fire without returning it, in silent, helpless acquiescence. When we had retreated a mile and a half on the road to Ventersburg the artillery also ceased firing and followed on the same road, and there was no longer any sound except the heavy booming of the English guns which grew louder and louder as they were pushed forward in pursuit. The last possible chance left to the Boers to make a stand in the Free State had passed away. At Ventersburg we found Jones's Hotel empty and deserted, the Brooklyn landlady flown and the rooms open and free to all-comers. A black and white kitten had commandeered my room and was luxuriously stretching itself in the centre of the bed. In the stable-yard the Indian coolie who had been left in sole possession was sitting on an overturned bucket and weeping feebly. He was eighty years old and had been abandoned to his fate, which had been described to him by a facetious barkeeper as hanging or St. Helena. Outside in Ventersburg's only street the shopkeepers and their families were throwing

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clothes and food into trek wagons and Cape carts; and their terrified Kaffir boys knelt in the dust unravelling tangled heaps of harness. Others of their towns-people were already disappearing in a column of dust on the road to Kroonstad.

On the edge of the town a few men and women were watching the British shells reaching nearer and nearer. Their accents were those of the cockney Colonial, and their faces were shining with triumphant, self-satisfied smiles. The men had put on their cricket blazers, the women their Jubilee brooches and had wound the ribbons of the Castle Line steamers around their straw hats. They had thrown off the mask and had at last declared themselves. They were waiting to welcome the new step on the floor and the new face at the door.

R. H. Davis. Adelbert Hay, U. S. Consul. Gardner Coolidge, U. S. Vice-Consul.

Since five that morning we had eaten nothing; so we welcomed the lunch the Indian coolie gathered from the hotel and spread for us in the garden, and we lingered over it until a despatch rider shouted to us over the garden wall that the English shells were falling in the town and the English themselves were coming over the last hill.

The retreat upon Kroonstad lasted five hours and it was a remarkable and painful sight. In it there were young boys and old men, some of the men so old and feeble that when they left their ponies they were not able to walk without assistance. These were not the wounded but the men who solely on account of their age had succumbed to the severities of the campaign. All of them, young and old, bore the reverse with the same impassiveness which we had grown to recognize as characteristic. They were never jubilant over their successes, attributing them rather to the kindness of the Lord, nor cast down and embittered by defeat. As we rode away from the battle I heard no one blamed for not having conducted it differently, and no one boasted of any particular act of his commando, or of his own personal prowess. The retreating burghers stretched over the veldt for many miles, the trek wagons keeping to the trail and the mounted men riding alone or scattered in groups of from a half-dozen to fifty over every part of the level prairie. It was so casual and so unorganized but not disorganized a movement, that it was impossible to believe it was an army in retreat. The wagons with each from twelve to twenty oxen straggled along the trail in blocks of half a mile in length; and from behind kopjes and cornfields and out of dongas and hollows in the plain the cavalcades kept appearing and disappearing, so that as far as one could see on every hand were countless hundreds of mounted men all coming from a different point and all converging upon the trail to the capital. Toward sundown many of these began to outspan for the night, so that long after all sight of the trail was lost the light of their camp-fires and the smell of the burning wood and coffee and toasted meat and the odors of massed oxen and horses guided us to the right road to Kroonstad.

The retreat continued for two weeks, the Boers falling back from one position to another, abandoning each without a fight. They surrendered, without any possible excuse for so doing, naturally fortified places like those at the Sand River and in the hills beyond the Vaal at the Klip River Station; and then, a few days later, they would gather together and come back again when it was too late. It was difficult at the time to understand why they acted as they did, and the series of retreats from Brandfort to Johannesburg is still to me quite incomprehensible. I

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was with the burghers during the greater part of this time and certainly no one could have asked for a better position than the one they prepared to defend at Klip River; which, after they had further strengthened it with long lines of trenches, they abandoned without firing a shot. They did not seem to be frightened or demoralized. They were as calm and deliberate as though there were no English within five hundred miles, but they would not stand. Some said it was because, after the flanking of Cronje, the burghers were in constant expectation of being surrounded. Before the surrender of Cronje, during the days of "frontal attacks," they had to consider only the force which they saw directly before them; but with Roberts they were never sure that other unseen columns might not be coming around to cut them off in the rear, and as they dreaded being sent to St. Helena, almost as keenly as death itself, it was impossible to hold them.

I returned to Pretoria a week before it fell and found the capital completely indifferent to its fate. No one knew whether or not the government meant to defend the town and no one seemed greatly to care. I heard of one man who, in preparation for the siege, had laid in a store of forage, and of another who bought tinned meats in sufficient quantities to feed his family for three months, but no one else I knew seemed to take the approach of the British seriously. This was not because they did not care, but because the Boer does not wear his heart upon his sleeve and treats all fortunes with stoical calm. There was still enough to eat in the town, although prices rose daily. Sugar, however, was exhausted, and sewing thread. But these two commodities, were the only things that money could not obtain. Up to the very last the Boer residents gave concerts for the benefit of the sick and wounded, at which one could hear the best classical music excellently played and sung. The Boer children continued to go to school and to shout in the square at recess, the wives of the officials to call and return calls, and each afternoon the carriages of the wives of the foreign residents stood in front of the stores in the "shopping" district, while their husbands met as usual in the cool seclusion of the Pretoria Club. Nine months had passed since the optimistic guard at Waterloo Station had closed the carriage-door on the departing British officers and convulsed England by wittily calling "All aboard for Pretoria." Since then many of the officers had reached Pretoria with little difficulty; but the fact that the bulk of them were only a few miles distant from the city toward which for a year they had been fighting their way, affected the inhabitants of London much more deeply than the residents of Pretoria itself. One has so few chances of being inside the capital of a nation when a hostile army has advanced to within a day's march of it, that the conduct of the citizens of Pretoria was most disappointing. One wanted them to hold public meetings, to loot the shops, or in some way to show emotion and a proper regard for the dramatic possibilities of the situation. But the Boers, both official and unofficial, maintained the best of good order and the affairs of life went smoothly forward without heat, bustle, or excitement.

At that time about the only busy men in Pretoria outside of the Boer cabinet were our consul, Adelbert S. Hay, and his vice-consul, Gardner F. Coolidge, of Boston. They were acting for English subjects as well as for American citizens, and for over five thousand English prisoners, both civil and military; and the calls upon them for assistance were many and constant and involved the protection of life and of property of enormous value. Mr. Hay is a young man; and when the President selected him to fill the post abandoned by Mr. Macrum, there were many at home who thought him too young to properly carry out duties which were not only consular but diplomatic. But from what I learned of his efforts from Americans, Boers, and British, and from what I saw daily of the work accomplished by him and Mr. Coolidge during the two months in which I was in Pretoria, I can think of no one who would have filled the office more successfully, or shown greater tact, kindness, and diplomacy, or worked as unremittingly. Many Americans whose business had been interrupted by the war, wives who were separated from their husbands at the front, and owners of property who were forced to leave it in the care of

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the American consul, found in their need Mr. Hay and Mr. Coolidge to be the best of friends; and the aid they gave to their fellow-countrymen came from the heart, and largely from their own pockets. The English people owe Mr. Hay a debt of gratitude which they can hardly hope to repay, for the care he took of the health and welfare of their imprisoned soldiers, and the American Government has great reason to feel gratified at the manner in which he reflected credit upon the administration and upon himself.

Two days before Johannesburg was taken the Boers began a great trek through Pretoria on their way to the Lydenburg Mountains. From early in the morning and all through the night one could hear the rumble and creak of the ox-carts and the shrieks and shouts of the Kaffir drivers; and all day long one met in every street a broken stream of burghers ambling along alone or in groups, and all moving toward the hills where the last stand was to be made and the guerilla warfare begun. The President and his cabinet followed them at seven o'clock in the evening on June 1st, and the gold to carry on the business of the government at the new capitol at Machadodorp was shipped after them the same evening. It was conveyed in public cabs from the Palace of Justice where it had been stored, and loaded into a freight-car. There were no guards to protect the treasure, and the Kaffir boys who drove the cabs assisted in removing the gold and carrying it to the car. It was a remarkable sight. It was midnight and the scene was lit only by a few of the station-lamps. The gold was in bars, worth $250 each, and had been bundled into the cabs and tucked under the seats and piled on top of them and at the feet of the drivers. Before leaving the station for another load the negro boys would lift up the cushions of the seats and feel about behind the flaps to discover if any bars had been overlooked. One boy drove away to some little distance before he noticed that there was a bar still resting under his foot. He came back, tossed it to one of the station hands, and the man threw it into the car. The next day the burghers began to commandeer all the cab horses for "remounts;" and those drivers who were so unlucky as not to own mules, abandoned their cabs by the sidewalks. In a few hours the streets looked as deserted as lower Broadway on a Sunday morning. On the day following the firing of the cannon between us and Johannesburg was faintly audible, and every minute we were told that the English had entered the city and were marching up to take possession of the public buildings.

Near the railway station there was a great zinc building in which were stored enormous quantities of rations belonging to the government. These formed the base of supply for the men at the front; but the government, sooner than see them fall into the hands of the English, directed the Boer officials who had been detailed to remain in Pretoria to allow the burghers who were passing through the town to Lydenburg to break open the building and to help themselves. They did so, and everyone else in the town helped himself under the pretence of helping the burghers. For hours, women and children, Kaffirs, burghers, outlanders, shopkeepers, and ladies and gentlemen, who needed the food no more than they did shoes and stockings, surrounded the building, ripped open the zinc sides, and staggered away laden with all the coffee, sugar, flour, and candles they could carry. I saw one of the Dutch engineers of the railroad with five ten-pound boxes of coffee hung about him by ropes so that he looked like a strong man giving an exhibition at a music hall.

Until late in the afternoon Kaffirs and white men together struggled over enormous sacks of flour and sugar until the streets were covered with the contents of the broken bags, and the Kaffir women began scooping the sugar up out of the gutters and filling their aprons. The English residents pointed out the scene to me as one of unlicensed looting, but they knew perfectly well that the rations belonged to the government, that the building had been thrown open to the burghers, and that the burghers were only taking their own. The outlanders, the English shopkeepers, the Hebrews, the Kaffirs and the Dutch looted, but the burghers had as much right to the stuff as to the family Bible on the centre-table. The burghers, however, were greatly distressed at the

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scene of disorder, and were chagrined to think what capital would be made out of it. They were especially anxious that no photographs should be taken of the scene, as they foresaw that the English would misrepresent the incident and report it as another disgraceful act of Boer barbarism. As a matter of history, although guards were set at the banks and other precautions taken, no private stores were looted. The only stores that were entered were those around the railroad station, belonging to the Jew dealers, who had been among the first to loot the rations, and the burghers followed them into their shops and removed the food which they had carried there.

I did not see the entry of Lord Roberts. The triumphal entry of the German army into Paris I should like to have seen. That was the climax of a great war between two powerful and equally matched peoples, and Paris, even in her moment of humiliation, is one of the two cities of the world. The event itself was magnificent and historical. But the entrance of the Guards and the Highlanders, the C. I. V's, the Imperial Yeomanry, and 20,000 other troops with Lord Roberts at their head into the undefended village capital of a tiny republic is not a feat of arms that I personally cared to witness, nor to describe. All I could have said of them was what the lady vindictively called after the burglar who had just swept her jewelry from her dressing-table, "I think you might be in a better business."

One feels all sorrow and all respect for the Tommies who have fallen by the Boer rifle; for those boy-officers who each week in the illustrated papers smile at us from the past—those young men who, though they served in an unjust war waged without tolerance and without intelligence, gave their lives for the empire, and with cheerful unselfishness and reckless courage died nobly, though in an ignoble cause. But when Lord Roberts and his army fling out the black flag and go forth under it on a Jameson raid, when they murder old men and young boys because they fight for their homes, the best that they can ask of everyone is silence as to their misdeeds, and that their triumph may be crowned with oblivion. When they enter the capital of some great power which they have conquered, when they march into Berlin, Paris, or St. Petersburg, I certainly hope I may be there to chronicle such a real victory, but I object to being called out on a false alarm.

I left Pretoria with every reason for regret. I had come to it a stranger and had found friends among men whom I had learned to like for themselves and for their cause. I had come prejudiced against them, believing them to be all the English press and my English friends had painted them: semi-barbarous, uncouth, money-loving, and treacherous in warfare. I found them simple to the limit of their own disadvantage, magnanimous to their enemies, independent and kindly. I had heard much of the corruption of their officials; and I saw daily their chief minister of state, at a time when every foreign resident was driving through Pretoria in a carriage, passing to and from the government buildings in a tram-car, their president living in a white-washed cottage, their generals serving for months at the front without pay and without hope of medals or titles. Their ignorance of the usages and customs of the great world outside of their own mountains, for which the English held them in such derision, harmed no one so greatly as it harmed themselves. Had they known the outside world, had they been able to overcome their distrust of the foreigner, had they understood in what way to make use of him, how to manipulate the press of the world to tell the truth in their behalf as cleverly as the English had used it to misrepresent them; had they known how to make capital of the sympathies of the French, the Americans, and the Germans, and to turn it to their own account; had they known which men to send abroad to tell the facts, to plead and to explain; had they known which foreign adventurer was the one to follow implicitly on the battle-field and which to "vootsak" to the border; had they been men of the world instead of farmers in total ignorance of it, they might have brought about intervention, or an honorable peace. The very unworldliness of the Boer, at which the Englishman sneers, did much, I believe, to save Great Britain from greater humiliations, from more frequent "reverses" and more costly defeats.

As our train drew out of Pretoria we had

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no certain knowledge that the Boer government had not destroyed the railroad track between the old and the new capital which lay between us and the Portuguese border. The guard could not say how soon we might not be halted at a broken bridge, and brought back to find the English occupying the hills around Pretoria. Even as we waited at the station many hundreds of mounted men rode down these hills into Sunnyside, and at first no one could describe them as either Boers or Britons. The passengers were flushed and anxiously excited, and some of them so terrified that from the windows they begged the guards to speed them on their way. General Botha had just departed in a special train for Irene, ten miles distant, where the English were supposed to be advancing in force. In front of his car he pushed open trucks loaded with field artillery. Over at the artillery barracks the guns that still remained were being "snaffled" and "hamstrung," and those cannon captured from the British were waiting to receive their former masters in a condition of utter ruin. The wildest rumors swept up and down the length of the long platform, stirring and terrifying the refugees into greater and sharper panic; children and women wept and embraced and cried to the men they were leaving behind: "God keep you well"; wounded burghers pushed their way through the sweating, struggling mass, guarding their bandaged limbs; Kaffirs, bearing bundles and boxes, shouted and snorted at others to clear the way, and volunteers with bandoleers and rifles were fighting for hanging-room on the car platforms, from which they could be able to drop to the ground at the station nearest the fighting line. From both the Johannesburg side and the Irene road we could hear the reports of the Boer cannon.

I had entered Pretoria in the days of her successes and I was deserting her at the moment of her fall. I do not know when I have left a place with as heavy a heart, and as the train at last pulled free of the town and ran parallel to the Middleburg highway, each mounted Boer it passed seemed, as he waved his sombrero, to beckon us back again. The great veldt, throbbing in the heat of the sun and flashing with brilliant yellow lights and purple shadows, seemed to reproach us. The hot, barren kopjes with their stunted cacti, the splashing water-falls, and the twisting white river that raced the train, all filled me with regret. They had never looked more beautiful or more to be desired, or more as the scene set for a country men would choose to call home. The sight of the men to whom it really was home, who were fighting for it, and who were to continue to fight for it, stirred me with pride in them. I saw them for the last time even as I was steaming away from them to another continent, to other interests and older friends. They were jogging patiently through the high grass on our right, and spreading out fan-wise over the red kopjes that lay between them and Irene, where the sultry air was shaken with the heavy vibrations of hot-throated guns. They trotted forward alone or in pairs, each an independent fighting-man with his rifle and blanket swung across his shoulders, with his canvas water-bottle, rusty coffee-pot and bundle of green fodder dangling from his saddle. I knew as the train carried us away from the sight of them that no soldier in pipe-clay, gauntlets, and gold lace would ever again mean to me what these burghers meant — these long-bearded, strong-eyed Boers with their drooping cavalier hats, their bristling bands of cartridges, their upright seat in the saddle and the rifle rising above them like the lance of the crusader. They are the last of the crusaders. They rode out to fight for a cause as old as the days of Pharaoh and the children of Israel, against an enemy ten times as mighty as was Washington's in his war for independence. As I see it, it has been a Holy War, this war of the burgher crusader, and his motives are as fine as any that ever called a "minute man" from his farm or sent a knight of the Cross to die for it in Palestine. Still, in spite of his cause, the Boer is losing, and in time his end may come, and he may fall. But when he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

THE LITTLE GODS DESERT HIM

AND all next day he searched like a man whose eyes would never close again. She had not passed the night in any inn or village house of St. Gian; of that he made certain by inquiries from door to door. None of the guides had seen her, though they are astir so late and so early, patiently waiting at the hotel doors to be hired, that there seems to be no night for them, darkness only that blots them out for a time as they stand waiting. At all hours there is in St. Gian the tinkle of bells, the clatter of hoofs, the crack of a whip, dust in retreat, but no coachman brought him news. The streets were thronged with other coachmen on foot looking into every face in quest of some person who wanted to return to the lowlands, but none had looked into her face.

Within five minutes of the hotel she might have been on any of half a dozen roads. He wandered or rushed along them all for a space and came back. One of them was short and ended in the lake. All through that long and beautiful day this miserable man found himself coming back to the road that ended in the lake.

There were moments when he cried to himself that it was an apparition he had seen and heard. He had avoided his friends all day; of the English-speaking people in St. Gian one only knew why he was distraught, and she was the last he wished to speak to; but more than once he nearly sought her to say, "Partner in my shame, what did you see, what did you hear?" In the afternoon he had a letter from Elspeth telling him how she was enjoying her holiday by the sea, and mentioning that David was at that moment writing to Grizel in Thrums. But was it then all a dream! he cried, nearly convinced for the first time, and he went into the arbor saying, determinedly, that it was a dream, and in the arbor, standing primly in a corner, was Grizel's umbrella; he knew that umbrella so well. He remembered once being by while she replaced one of its ribs so deftly that he seemed to be looking on at a surgical operation. The old doctor had given it to her, and that was why she would not let it grow old before she was old herself. Tommy opened it now with trembling hands and looked at the little bits of Grizel on it: the beautiful stitching with which she had coaxed the slits to close again; the one patch, so artful that she had clapped her hands over it. And he fell on his knees and kissed these little bits of Grizel and called her beloved, and cried to his Gods to give him one more chance.

"I woke up." It was all that she had said. It was Grizel's excuse for inconveniencing him. She had said it apologetically, and as if she did not quite know how she came to be there herself. There was no look of reproach on her face while the match burned; there had been a pitiful smile as if she was begging him not to be very angry with her, and then when he said her name she gave that little cry as if she had recognized herself, and stole away. He lived that moment over and over again, and she never seemed to be horror-stricken until he cried "Grizel," when her recognition of herself made her scream. It was as if she had wakened up, dazed by the terrible things that were being said, and then, by the light of that one word "Grizel," suddenly knew who had been listening to them.

Did he know anything more? He pressed his hands harshly on his temples and thought. He knew that she was soaking wet, that she had probably

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sought the arbor for protection from the rain, and that if so she had been there for at least four hours. She had wakened up. She must have fallen asleep, knocked down by fatigue; what fatigue it must have been to make Grizel lie there for hours he could guess, and he beat his brow in anguish. But why she had come he could not guess. Oh, miserable man to seek for reasons, he cried passionately to himself, when it is Grizel, Grizel herself, you should be seeking for!

He walked and ran the round of the lake, and it was not on the bank that his staring eyes were fixed.

At last he came for a moment upon her track. The people of an inn six miles from St. Gian remembered being asked yesterday by an English miss walking alone how far she was from Bad-Platten. She was wearing something brown, and her boots were white with dust, and these people had never seen a lady look so tired before; when she stood still she had to lean against the wall. They said she had red-hot eyes.

Tommy was in an einspanner now, the merry conveyance of the country and more intoxicating than its wines, and he drove back through St. Gian to Bad-Platten, where again he heard from Grizel, though he did not find her. What he found was her telegram from London, "I am coming, Grizel." Why had she come? why had she sent that telegram? what had taken her to London? He was not losing time when he asked himself distractedly these questions, for he was again in his gay carriage and driving back to the wayside inn. He spent the night there, afraid to go farther lest he should pass her in the darkness, for he had decided that if alive she was on this road. That she had walked all those forty miles up-hill seemed certain, and apparently the best he could hope was that she was walking back. She had probably no money to enable her to take the diligence; perhaps she had no money with which to buy food; it might be that while he lay tossing in bed she was somewhere near, dying for want of a franc.

He was off by morning light, and several times that day he heard of her, twice from people who had seen her pass, both going and coming, and he knew it must be she when they said she rocked her arms as she walked. Oh, he knew why she rocked her arms. Once he thought he had found her. He heard of an English lady who was lying ill in the house of a saw-miller whose dog (we know the dogs of these regions, but not the people) had found her prostrate in the wood, some distance from the high-road. Leaving his einspanner in a village, Tommy climbed down the mountain-side to this little house, which he was long in discovering. It was by the side of a roaring river, and he arrived only an hour too late. The lady had certainly been Grizel, but she was gone. The sawyer's wife described to him how her husband had brought her in and how she seemed so tired and bewildered that she fell asleep while they were questioning her. She held her hands over her ears to shut out the noise of the river, which seemed to terrify her. So far as they could understand she told them that she was running away from the river. She had been sleeping there for three hours and was still asleep when the good woman went off to meet her husband. But when they returned she was gone.

He searched the wood for miles around, crying her name. The sawyer and some of his fellow-workers left the trees they were stripping of bark to help him, and for hours the wood rang with "Grizel, Grizel;" all the mountains round took up the cry, but there never came an answer. This long delay prevented his reaching the railway terminus until noon of the following day, and there he was again too late. But she had been here. He traced her to that hotel whence we saw her setting forth, and the portier had got a ticket for her for London. He had talked with her for some little time, and advised her, as she seemed so tired, to remain there for the night. But she said she must go home at once. She seemed to be passionately desirous to go home and had looked at him suspiciously as if fearing he might try to hold her back. He had been called away and on returning had seen her disappearing over the bridge. He had called to her and then she ran as if afraid he was pursuing her. But he had observed her afterward in the train.

So she was not without money and she

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was on her way home! The relief it brought him came to the surface in great breaths, and at first every one of them was a prayer of thankfulness. Yet in time they were triumphant breaths. Translated into words they said that he had got off cheaply for the hundredth time. His little gods had saved him again, as they had saved him in the arbor by sending Grizel to him: he could do as he liked, for they were always there to succor him, they would never desert him, never. In a moment of fierce elation he raised his hat to them, then seemed to see Grizel crying "I woke up," and in horror of himself clapped it on again. It was but a momentary aberration, and is recorded only to show that, however remorseful he felt afterward, there was life in our Tommy still.

The train by which he was to follow her did not leave until evening, and through those long hours he was picturing, with horrible vividness and pain, the progress of Grizel up and down that terrible pass. Often his shoulders shook in agony over what he saw, and he shuddered to the teeth. He would have walked round the world on his knees to save her this long anguish, and then again it was less something he saw than something he was writing, and he altered it to make it more dramatic. "I woke up!" How awful that was, but in this new scene she uttered no words. Lady Pippinworth was in his arms when they heard a little cry, so faint that a violin string makes as much moan when it snaps. In a dread silence he lit a match, and as it flared the figure of a girl was seen upon the floor. She was dead, and even as he knew that she was dead he recognized her. "Grizel!" he cried. The other woman who had lured him from his true love uttered a piercing scream and ran toward the hotel. When she returned with men and lanterns there was no one in the arbor, but there were what had been a man and a girl. They lay side by side. The startled on-lookers unbared their heads. A solemn voice said, "In death not divided."

He was not the only occupant of the hotel reading-room as he saw all this, and when his head fell forward and he groaned the others looked up from their papers. A lady asked if he was unwell.

"I have had a great shock," he replied, in a daze, pulling his hand across his forehead.

"Something you have seen in your paper?" inquired a clergyman who had been complaining that there was no news.

"People I knew," said Tommy, not yet certain which world he was in.

"Dead?" the lady asked, sympathetically.

"I knew them well," he said, and staggered into the fresh air.

Poor dog of a Tommy! He had been a total abstainer from sentiment, as one may say, for sixty hours, and this was his only glass. It was the nobler Tommy, sternly facing facts, who by and by stepped into the train. He even knew why he was going to Thrums. He was going to say certain things to her, and he said them to himself again and again in the train and heard her answer. The words might vary, but they were always to the same affect.

"Grizel, I have come back!"

He saw himself say these words as he opened her door in Gavinia's little house. And when he had said them he bowed his head.

At his sudden appearance she started up. Then she stood pale and firm.

"Why have you come back?"

"Not to ask your forgiveness," he replied, hoarsely, "not to attempt to excuse myself, not with any hope that there remains one drop of the love you once gave me so abundantly; I want only, Grizel, to put my life into your hands. I have made a sorry mess of it myself; will you take charge of what may be left of it? You always said you were ready to help me. I have come back, Grizel, for your help. What you were once willing to do for love, will you do for pity now?"

She turned away her head, and he went nearer her. "There was always something of the mother in your love, Grizel; but for that you would never have borne with me so long. A mother, they say, can never quite forget her boy, oh, Grizel, is it true? I am the prodigal come back. Grizel, beloved, I have sinned and I am unworthy, but I am still your boy, and I have come back. Am I to be sent away?"

At the word Beloved her arms rocked

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impulsively. "You must not call me that," she said.

"Then I am to go," he answered with a shudder, "for I must always call you that; whether I am with you or away you shall always be beloved to me."

"You don't love me!" she cried. "Oh, do you love me at last!" and at that he fell upon his knees.

"Grizel, my love, my love!"

"But you don't want to be married," she said.

"Beloved, I have come back to ask you on my knees to be my wife."

"That woman——"

"She was a married woman, Grizel."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"And now you know the worst of me. It is the whole truth at last. I don't know why you took that terrible journey, dear Grizel, but I do know that you were sent there to save me. Oh, my love, you have done so much, will you do no more?"

And so on, till there came a time when his head was on her lap and her hand caressing it, and she was whispering to her boy to look up and see her crooked smile again.

He passed on to the wedding. All the time between seemed to be spent in his fond entreaties to hasten the longed-for day. How radiant she looked in her bridal gown! Oh, beautiful one, are you really mine. Oh, world, pause for a moment and look at the woman who has given herself to me!

"My wife, this is my wife!" They were in London now, he was showing her to London. How he swaggered! There was a perpetual apology on her face, it begged people to excuse him for looking so proudly at her. It was a crooked apology, and he hurried her into dark places and kissed it.

Do you see that Tommy was doing all this for Grizel and pretending to her that it was for himself. He was passionately desirous of making amends, and he was to do it in the most generous way. Perhaps he believed when he seemed to enter her room saying, "Grizel, I have come back," that she loved him still; perhaps he knew that he did not love in the way he said; perhaps he saw a remorseful man making splendid atonement, but never should she know these things. Tenderly as he had begun he would go on to the end. Here at last is a Tommy worth looking at, and he looked.

Yet as he drew near Thrums, after almost exactly two days of continuous travel, many a shiver went down his back, for he could not be sure that he should find Grizel here, he sometimes seemed to see her lying ill at some wayside station in Switzerland, in France, everything that could have happened to her he conceived, and he moved restlessly in the carriage. His mouth went dry——

"Has she come back?"

The train had stopped for the taking of tickets, and his tremulous question checked the joy of Corp at sight of him.

"She's back," Corp answered, in an excited whisper, and oh, the relief to Tommy. "She came back by the afternoon train, but I had scarce a word wi' her, she was so awid to be hame. 'I am going home,' she cried, and hurried away up the brae. Ay, and there's one queer thing."

"What?"

"Her luggage wasna in the van."

Tommy could smile at that. "But what sent her," he asked, eagerly, "on that journey?"

Corp told him the little he knew. "But nobody kens except me and Gavinia," he said. "We pretend she gaed to London to see her father. We said he had wrote to her wanting her to go to him. Gavinia said it would never do to let folk ken she had gaen to see you, and even Elspeth doesna ken."

"Is Elspeth back?"

"They came back yesterday."

Did David know the truth from Grizel? was what Tommy was asking himself now as he strode up the brae. But again he was in luck, for when he had explained away his abrupt return to Elspeth and been joyfully welcomed by her, she told him that her husband had been in one of the glens all day. "He does not know that Grizel has come back," she said. "Oh," she exclaimed, "but you don't even know that she has been away. Grizel has been in London?"

"Corp told me," said Tommy.

"And did he tell you why she had gone?"

"Yes."

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"She came back an hour or two ago. Maggy Ann saw her go past. Fancy her seeing her father at last! It must have been an ordeal for her. I wonder what took place."

"I think I had better go and ask her," Tommy said. He was mightily relieved for Grizel's sake. No one need ever know now what had called her away except Corp and Gavinia, and even they thought she had merely been to London. How well the little gods were managing the whole affair! As he walked to Grizel's lodgings, to say what he had been saying in the train, the thought came to him for a moment that as no one need ever know where she had been there was less reason why he should do this generous thing. But he put it from him with lofty disdain. Any effect it had was to make him walk more firmly to his sacrifice, as if to show all ignoble impulses that they could find no home in that swelling breast. He was pleased with himself, was Tommy.

"Grizel, I have come back." He said it to the night, and bowed his head. He said it with head accompaniment to Grizel's lighted window. He said it to himself as he reached the door. He never said it again.

For Gavinia's first words were "It's you, Mr. Sandys! Wherever is she? For mercy's sake, dinna say you've come without her!" And when he blinked at this she took him roughly by the arm and cried, "Wherever's Grizel?"

"She is here, Gavinia."

"She's no here."

"I saw her light."

"You saw my light."

"Gavinia, you are torturing me. She came back to-day."

"What makes you say that? You're dreaming. She hasna come back."

"Corp saw her come in by the afternoon train. He spoke to her."

Gavinia shook her head incredulously. "You're just imagining that," she said.

"He told me. Gavinia, I must see for myself." She stared after him as he went up the stairs. "You are very cruel, Gavinia," he said when he came down. "Tell me where she is."

"May I be struck, Mr. Sandys, if I've seen or heard o' her since she left this house eight days syne." He knew she was speaking the truth. He had to lean against the door for support. "It canna be so bad as you think," she cried in pity. "If you're sure Corp said he saw her she maun hae gone to the Doctor's house."

"She is not there. But Elspeth knew she had come back. Others have seen her besides Corp. My God, Gavinia, what can have happened?"

In little more than an hour he knew what had happened. Many besides himself, David among them toward the end, were engaged in the search. And strange stories began to fly about like night-birds; you will not search for a missing woman without rousing them. Why had she gone off to London without telling anyone? Had Corp concocted that story about her father to blind them? Had she really been as far as London. Have you seen Sandys? He's back. It's said Corp telegraphed to him to Switzerland that she had disappeared. It's weel kent Corp telegraphed. Sandys came at once. He is in a terrible state; look how white he is aneath that lamp. What garred them telegraph for him; how is it he is in sic a state? Fond o' her, was he? Yea, yea, even after she gave him the go-by! Then it's a weary, Sabbath for him if half they say be true. What do they say? They say she was queer when she came back. Corp doesna say that. Maybe no, but Francie Crabb does. He says he met her on the station brae and spoke to her and she said never a word, but put up her hands like as if she feared he was to strike her. The Dundas lassies saw her frae their window, and her hands were at her ears as if she was trying to drown the sound o' something. Do you mind o' her mother? They say she was looking terrible like her mother."

It was only between the station and Gavinia's house that she had been seen, but they searched far afield. Tommy, accompanied by Corp, even sought for her in the den. Do you remember the long, lonely path between two ragged little dykes that led from the den to the house of the Painted Lady? It was there that Grizel had lived with her mamma. The two men went down that path, which is oppressed with trees. Elsewhere the night was not dark, but as they had known so well when they were boys, it is always dark

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after even-fall in the double dykes. That is the legacy of the Painted Lady. Presently they saw the house, scarcely the house, but a lighted window. Tommy remembered the night when as a boy, Elspeth crouching beside him, he had peered in fearfully at that corner window on Grizel and her mamma, and the shuddersome things he had seen. He shuddered at them again.

"Who lives there now?" he asked.

"Nobody. It's toom."

"There is a light."

"Some going about body. They often tak' bilbie in toom houses, and that door is without a lock. It's keepit close wi' slipping a stick aneath it. Do you mind how feared we used to be at that house?"

"She was never afraid of it."

"It was her hame."

He meant no more than he said, but suddenly they both stopped dead.

"It's no possible," Corp said, as if in answer to a question. "It's no possible," he repeated, beseechingly.

"Wait for me here, Corp."

"I would rather come wi' you."

"Wait here," Tommy said, almost fiercely, and he went on alone to that little window. It had needed an effort to make him look in when he was here before, and it needed a bigger effort now. But he looked.

What light there was came from the fire, and whether she had gathered the logs or found them in the room no one ever knew. A vagrant stated afterward that he had been in the house some days before and left his match-box in it.

By this fire Grizel was crouching. She was comparatively tidy and neat again, the dust was gone from her boots even; how she had managed to do it no one knows, but you remember how she loved to be neat. Her hands were extended to the blaze, and she was busy talking to herself.

His hand struck the window heavily, and she looked up and saw him. She nodded and put her finger to her lips as a sign that he must be cautious. She had often in the long ago seen her mother signing thus to an imaginary face at the window, the face of the man who never came.

Tommy went into the house, and she was so pleased to see him that she quite simpered. He put his arms round her, and she lay there with a little giggle of contentment. She was in a plot of heat.

"Grizel! Oh, my God," he said, "why do you look at me in that way!"

She passed her hand across her eyes like one trying to think.

"I woke up," she said at last. Corp appeared at the window now and she pointed to him in terror. Thus had she seen her mother point in the long ago at faces that came there to frighten her.

"Grizel," Tommy entreated her, "you know who I am, don't you?"

She said his name at once, but her eyes were on the window. "They want to take me away," she whispered.

"But you must come away, Grizel. You must come home."

"This is home," she said. "It is sweet."

After much coaxing he prevailed upon her to leave. With his arm round her and a terrible woe on his face he took her to the doctor's house. She had her hands over her ears all the way; she thought the white river and the mountains and the villages and the crack of whips were marching with her still.

CHAPTER XXXI

"THE MAN WITH THE GREETIN' EYES"

FOR many days she lay in a fever at the doctor's house, seeming sometimes to know where she was, but more often not, and night after night a man with a drawn face sat watching her. They entreated, they forced him to let them take his place, but from his room he heard her moan or speak, or he thought he heard her, or he heard a terrible stillness, and he stole back to listen; they might send him away, but when they opened the door he was there with his drawn face. And often they were glad to see him, for there were times when he alone could interpret her wild demands and soothe those staring eyes.

Once a scream startled the house. Someone had struck a match in the darkened chamber, and she thought she was in an arbor in St. Gian. They had to hold her in her bed by force at times. She had such a long way to walk before night, she said.

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She would struggle into a sitting posture and put her hands over her ears.

Her great desire was not to sleep. "I should wake up," she explained, fearfully.

She took a dislike to Elspeth, and called her Alice.

These ravings, they said to each other, must have reference to what happened to her when she was away, and as they thought he knew no more of her wanderings than they, everyone marvelled at the intuition with which he read her thoughts. It was he who guessed that the striking of matches somehow terrified her, he who discovered that it was a horrid roaring river she thought she heard, and he pretended he heard it too and persuaded her that if she lay very still it would run past. Nothing she said or did puzzled him. He read the raving of her mind, they declared admiringly, as if he held the cipher to it.

"And the cipher is his love," Mrs. McLean said, with wet eyes. In the excitement of those days Elspeth talked much to her of Tommy's love for Grizel, and how she had refused him, and it went round the town with embellishments. It was generally believed now that she really had gone to London to see her father, and that his heartless behavior had unhinged her mind.

By David's advice Corp and Gavinia did not contradict this story. It was as good as another, he told them, and better than the truth.

But what was the truth, they asked, greedily.

"Oh, that he is a noble fellow," David replied, grimly.

"They knew that, but——"

He would tell them no more, however, though he knew all. Tommy had made full confession to the doctor, even made himself out worse than he was, as had to be his way when he was not making himself out better.

"And I am willing to proclaim it all from the market-place," he said, hoarsely, "if that is your wish."

"I daresay you would almost enjoy doing that," said David, rather cruelly.

"I daresay I should," Tommy said, with a gulp, and went back to Grizel's side. It was not, you may be sure, to screen him that David kept the secret, it was because he knew what many would say of Grizel if the nature of her journey were revealed. He dared not tell Elspeth even, for think of the woe to her if she learned that it was her wonderful brother who had brought Grizel to this pass! The Elspeths of this world always have some man to devote himself to them; if the Tommies pass away the Davids spring up. For my own part I think Elspeth would have found some excuse for Tommy. He said so himself to the Doctor, for he wanted her to be told.

"Or you would find the excuse for her in time," David responded.

"Very likely," Tommy said. He was humble enough now, you see. David could say one thing only which would rouse him, namely, that Grizel was not to die in this fever, and for long it seemed impossible to say that.

"Would you have her live if her mind remains affected?" he asked, and Tommy said, firmly, "Yes."

"You think, I suppose, that then you would have less for which to blame yourself!"

"I suppose that is it. But don't waste time on me, Gemmell, when you have her life to save if you can."

Well, her life was saved, and Tommy's nursing had more to do with it than David's skill. David admitted it, the town talked of it. "I aye kent he would find a way," Corp said, though he had been among the most anxious. He and Aaron Latta were the first admitted to see her when she was able once more to sit in a chair. They had been told to ask her no questions. She chatted pleasantly to them, and they thought she was quite her old self. They wondered to see Tommy still so sad-eyed. To Ailie she spoke freely of her illness, though not of what had occasioned it, and told her almost gleefully that David had promised to let her sew a little next week. There was one thing only that surprised Ailie. Grizel had said that as soon as she was a little stronger she was going home.

"Does she mean to her father's house?" Ailie asked.

This was what started the report that, touched no doubt by her illness, Grizel's unknown father had after all offered her a home. They discovered, however, what Grizel meant by home when one afternoon

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she escaped, unseen, from the Doctor's house and was found again at Double Dykes, very indignant because someone had stolen the furniture.

She seemed to know all her old friends except Elspeth, who was still Alice to her. Seldom now did she put her hands over her ears or see horrible mountains marching with her ; she no longer remembered save once or twice when she woke up that she had ever been out of Thrums. To those who saw her casually she was Grizel, gone thin and pale and weak intellectually, but still the Grizel of old except for the fixed idea that Double Dykes was her home.

"You must not humor her in that delusion," David said, sternly, to Tommy, "when we cease to fight it we have abandoned hope."

So the weapon he always had his hand on was taken from Tommy, for he would not abandon hope. He fought gallantly. It was always he who brought her back from Double Dykes. She would not leave it with any other person, but she came away with him.

"It's because she's so fond o' him," Corp said.

But it was not. It was because she feared him, as all knew who saw them together. They were seen together a great deal when she was able to go out. Driving seemed to bring back the mountains to her eyes, so she walked, and it was always with the help of Tommy's arm. "It's a most pitiful sight," the people said. They pitied him even more than her, for though she might be talking gayly to him and leaning heavily on him they could see that she mistrusted him. At the end of a sweet smile she would give him an ugly, furtive look.

"She's like a cat you've forced into your lap," they said, "and it lies quiet there, ready to jump the moment you let go your grip."

They wondered would he never weary. He never wearied. Day after day he was saying the same things to her and the end was always as the beginning. They came back to her entreaty that she should be allowed to go home as certainly as they came back to the Doctor's house.

"It is a long time, you know, Grizel, since you lived at Double Dykes, not since you were a child."

"Not since I was a child," she said as if she quite understood.

"Then you went to live with your dear, kind doctor, you remember. What was his name ?"

"Dr. McQueen ; I love him."

"But he died, and he left you his house to live in. It is your home, Grizel. He would be so grieved if he thought you did not make it your home."

"It is my home," she said, proudly, but when they returned to it she was loth to go in ; "I want to go home," she begged.

One day he took her to her rooms in Corp's house, thinking her old furniture would please her, and that was the day when she rocked her arms joyously again. But it was not the furniture that made her so happy, it was Corp's baby.

"Oh ! oh !" she cried in rapture, and held out her arms, and he ran into them, for there was still one person in Thrums who had no fear of Grizel.

"It will be a damned shame," Corp said, huskily, "if that woman never has no bairns o' her ain."

They watched her crooning over the child, playing with him for a long time. You could not have believed that she required to be watched. She told him with hugs that she had come back to him at last ; it was her first admission that she knew she had been away, and a wild hope came to Tommy that along the road he could not take her she might be drawn by this little child.

She discovered a rent in the child's pinafore and must mend it at once. She ran upstairs, as a matter of course, to her work-box and brought down a needle and thread. It was quite as if she was at home at last.

"But you don't live here now, Grizel," Tommy said when she drew back at his proposal that they should go away, "you live at the Doctor's house."

"Do I, Gavinia ?" she said, beseechingly.

"Is it here you want to bide ?" Corp asked, and she nodded her head several times. "It would be so much more convenient," she said, looking at the child.

"Would you take her back, Gavinia," Tommy asked, humbly, "if she continues to want it ?"

Gavinia did not answer.

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"Woman!" cried Corp.

"I'm mortal wae for her," Gavinia said, slowly, "but she needs to be waited on hand and foot."

"I would come and do the waiting on her hand and foot, Gavinia," Tommy said.

And so it came about that a week afterward Grizel was reinstalled in her old rooms. Every morning when Tommy came to see her she asked him, icily, how Alice was. She seemed to think that Alice, as she called her, was his wife. He always replied "You mean Elspeth," and she assented, but only, it was obvious, because she feared to contradict him. To Corp and Gavinia she would still say, passionately, "I want to go home," and probably add, fearfully, "Don't tell him."

Yet though this was not home to her, she seemed to be less unhappy here than in the Doctor's house, and she found a great deal to do. All her old skill in needle-work came back to her, and she sewed for the child such exquisite garments that she clapped her hands over them.

One day Tommy came with a white face and asked Gavinia if she knew whether a small brown parcel had been among the things brought by Grizel from the Doctor's house.

"It was in the box sent after me from Switzerland," he told her, "and contained papers."

Gavinia had seen no such package.

"She may have hidden it," he said, and they searched, but fruitlessly. He questioned Grizel, gently, but questions alarmed her, and he desisted.

"It does not matter, Gavinia," he said, with a ghastly smile, but on the following Sunday, when Corp called at the Doctor's house, the thought "Have they found it?" leapt in front of all thought of Grizel. This was only for the time it takes to ask a question with the eyes, however, for Corp was looking very miserable.

"I'm sweer to say it," he announced to Tommy and David, "but it has to be said. We canna keep her."

Evidently something had happened, and Tommy rose to go to Grizel without even asking what it was. "Wait," David said, wrinkling his eyebrows, "till Corp tells us what he means by that. I knew it might come, Corp. Go on."

"If it hadna been for the bairn," said Corp, "we would hae tholed wi' her, however queer she was, but wi' the bairn I tell you it's no mous, you'll hae to tak' her awa'."

"Whatever she has been to others," Tommy said, "she is always an angel with the child. His own mother could not be fonder of him."

"That's it," Corp replied, emphatically. "She's no the mother o' him, but there's whiles when she thinks she is. We kept it frae you as long as we could."

"As long as she is so good to him—" David began.

"But at thae times she's not," said Corp. "She begins to shiver most terrible, as if she saw fearsome things in her mind, and syne we see her looking at him like as if she wanted to do him a mischief. She says he's her brat. She thinks he's hers, and that he hasna been well come by."

Tommy's hands rose in agony and then he covered his face with them.

"Go on, Corp," David said, hoarsely, "we must have it all."

"Sometimes," Corp went on, painfully, "she canna help being fond o' him, though she thinks she shouldna hae had him. I've heard her saying, 'My brat!' and syne birsing him closer to her, as though her shame just made him mair to her. Women are so queer about thae things. I've seen her sitting by his cradle, moaning to hersel', 'I did so want to be good, it would be sweet to be good,' and never stopping rocking the cradle, and a' the time the tears were rolling down."

Tommy cried, "If there is any more to tell, Corp, be quick."

"There's what I come here to tell you. It was no langer syne than jimply an hour. We thocht the bairn was playing at the gavle-end and that Grizel was up the stair. But they werena, and I gaed straight to Double Dykes. She wasna there, but the bairn was, lying greetin' on the floor. We found her in the Den sitting by the burn side, and she said we should never see him again, for she had drowned him. We're sweer, but you'll need to tak' her awa."

"We shall take her away," David said, and when he and Tommy were left together, he asked, "Do you see what it means?"

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"It means that the horrors of her early days have come back to her, and that she is confusing her mother with herself."

David's hands were clenched. "That is not what I am thinking of. We have to take her away; they have done far more than we had any right to ask of them. Sandys, where are we to take her to?"

"Do even you grow tired of her!" Tommy cried.

David said, between his teeth, "We hope there will soon be a child in this house also. God forgive me, but I cannot bring her back here."

"She cannot be in a house where there is a child!" said Tommy, with a bitter laugh. "Gemmell, it is Grizel we are speaking of! Do you remember what she was?"

"I remember."

"Well, where are we to send her?"

David turned his pained eyes full on Tommy.

"No," Tommy cried, vehemently.

"Sandys," said David, firmly, "that is what it has come to. They will take good care of her." He sat down with a groan. "Have done with heroics," he said savagely when Tommy would have spoken. "I have been prepared for this; there is no other way."

"I have been prepared for it too," Tommy said, controlling himself, "but there is another way. I can marry her, and I am going to do it."

"I don't know that I can countenance that," David said, after a pause. "It seems an infernal shame."

"Don't trouble about me," replied Tommy, hoarsely; "I shall do it willingly."

And then it was the Doctor's turn to laugh. "You!" he said, with a terrible scorn as he looked Tommy up and down, "I was not thinking of you. All my thoughts were of her. I was thinking how cruel to her if some day she came to her right mind and found herself tied for life to the man who had brought her to this pass."

Tommy winced and walked up and down.

"Desire to marry her gone?" asked David, savagely.

"No," Tommy said. He sat down. "You have the key to me, Gemmell," he went on quietly, "I gave it to you. You know I am a man of sentiment only, but you are without a scrap of it yourself, and so you will never quite know what it is. It has its good points. We are a kindly people. I was perhaps pluming myself on having made an heroic proposal, and though you have made me see it just now as you see it, as you see it I shall probably soon be putting on the same grand airs again. Lately I discovered that the children who see me with Grizel call me 'The Man with the Greetin' Eyes!' If I have greetin' eyes it was real grief that gave them to me, but when I heard what I was called, it made me self-conscious, and I have tried to look still more lugubrious ever since. It seems monstrous to you, but that, I believe, is the kind of thing I shall always be doing. But it does not mean that I feel no real remorse. They were greetin' eyes before I knew it, and though I may pose grotesquely as a fine fellow for finding Grizel a home where there is no child and can never be a child, I shall not cease, night nor day, from tending her. It will be a grim business, Gemmell, as you know, and if I am Sentimental Tommy through it all, why grudge me my comic little strut?"

David said, "You can't take her to London."

"I shall take her to wherever she wants to go."

"There is one place only she wants to go to, and that is Double Dykes."

"I am prepared to take her there."

"And your work?"

"It must take second place now. I must write. It is the only thing I can do. If I could make a living at anything else I would give up writing altogether."

"Why?"

"She would be pleased if she could understand. And writing is the joy of my life. Two reasons."

But the Doctor smiled.

"You are right," said Tommy. "I see I was really thinking what a fine picture of self-sacrifice I should make, sitting in Double Dykes at a loom!"

They talked of ways and means, and he had to admit that he had little money.

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But the new book would bring in a good deal, David supposed.

"The manuscript is lost," Tommy replied, crushing down his agitation.

"Lost! When? Where?"

"I don't know. It was in the bag I left behind at St. Gian, and I supposed it was still in it when the bag was forwarded to me here. I did not look for more than a month. I took credit to myself for neglecting my manuscript, and when at last I looked it was not there. I telegraphed and wrote to the innkeeper at St. Gian, and he replied that my things had been packed at his request in presence of my friends there, the two ladies you know of. I wrote to them, and they replied that this was so, and said they thought they remembered seeing in the bottom of the bag some such parcel in brown paper as I described. But it is not there now, and I have given up all hope of ever seeing it again. No, I have no other copy. Every page was written half a dozen times, but I kept the final copy only."

"It is scarcely a thing anyone would steal."

"No, I suppose they took it out of the bag at St. Gian and forgot to pack it again. It was probably flung away as of no account."

"Could it have been taken out on the way here?"

"The key was tied to the handle so that the custom officials might be able to open the bag. Perhaps they are fonder of English manuscripts than one would expect, or more careless of them."

"You can think of no other way in which it might have disappeared?"

"None," Tommy said, and then the doctor faced him squarely.

"Are you trying to screen Grizel?" he asked. "Is it true what people are saying?"

"What are they saying?"

"That she destroyed it. I heard that yesterday, and told them your manuscript was in my house, as I thought it was. Was it she?"

"No, no. Gavinia must have started that story. I did look for the package among Grizel's things."

"What made you think of that?"

"I had seen her looking into my bag one day. And she used to say I loved my manuscripts too much ever to love her. But I am sure she did not do it."

"Be truthful, Sandys. You know how she always loved the truth."

"Well, then, I suppose it was she."

After a pause the doctor said: "It must be about as bad as having a limb lopped off."

"If only I had been offered that alternative!" Tommy replied.

"And yet," David mused, better pleased with him, "you have not cried out."

"Have I not! I have rolled about in agony and invoked the gods and cursed and whimpered, only I take care that no one shall see me."

"And that no one should know poor Grizel had done this thing. I admire you for that, Sandys."

"But it has leaked out, you see," Tommy said, "and they will all be admiring me for it at the wedding, and no doubt I shall be cocking my greetin' eyes at them to note how much they are admiring."

But when the wedding-day came he was not doing that. While he and Grizel stood up before Mr. Dishart in the doctor's parlor he was thinking of her only; his eyes never left her, not even when he had to reply "I do." His hand pressed hers all the time, he kept giving her reassuring little nods and smiles, and it was thus that he helped Grizel through.

Had Mr. Dishart understood what was in her mind he would not have married them. To her it was no real marriage; she thought they were tricking the minister, so that she should be able to go home. They had rehearsed the ceremony together many times, and oh, she was eager to make no mistake.

"If they were to find out!" she would say, apprehensively, and then perhaps giggle at the slyness of it all. Tommy had to make merry with her, as if it was one of his boyish plays; if he was overcome with the pain of it she sobbed at once and wrung her hands.

She was married in gray silk. She had made the dress herself, as beautifully as all her things were made. Tommy remembered how once long ago she had told him, as a most exquisite secret, that she had decided on gray silk.

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Corp and Gavinia and Ailie and Aaron Latta were the only persons asked to the wedding, and when it was over, they said they never saw anyone stand up by a woman's side looking so anxious to be her man. And I am sure that in this they did Tommy no more than justice.

It was a sad day to Elspeth. Could she be expected to smile while her noble brother did this great deed of sacrifice? But she bore up bravely, partly for his sake, partly for the sake of one unborn.

The ring was no plain hoop of gold; it was garnets all the way round. She had seen it on Elspeth's finger and craved it so greedily that it became her wedding-ring. And from the moment she had it she ceased to dislike Elspeth and pitied her very much, as if she thought happiness went with the ring. "Poor Alice!" she said when she saw Elspeth crying at the wedding, and having started to go away with Tommy she came back to say again, "Poor, poor Alice!"

Corp flung an old shoe after them.

CHAPTER XXXII

TOMMY'S BEST WORK

AND thus was begun a year and a half of as great devotion as remorseful man ever gave to woman. When she was asleep and he could not write, his mind would sometimes roam after abandoned things; it sought them in the night as a savage beast steals forth for water to slake the thirst of many days. But if she stirred in her sleep they were all dispelled; there was not a moment in that eighteen months when he was twenty yards from Grizel's side.

He would not let himself lose hope. All the others lost it. "The only thing you can do is to humor her," even David was reduced in time to saying, but Tommy replied, cheerily, "Not a bit of it." Every morning he had to begin at the same place as on the previous morning, and he was always as ready to do it, and as patient, as if this were the first time.

"I think she is a little more herself to-day," he would say, determinedly, till David wondered to hear him.

"She makes no progress, Sandys."

"I can at least keep her from slipping back."

And he did, and there is no doubt that this was what saved Grizel in the end. How he strove to prevent her slipping back! The morning was the time when she was least troubled, and had he humored her then they would often have been easy hours for him. But it was the time when he tried, most doggedly, with a gentleness she could not ruffle, to teach her the alphabet of who she was. She coaxed him to let her off those mental struggles; she turned petulant and sulky; she was willing to be good and sweet if he would permit her to sew or to sing to herself instead, or to sit staring at the fire, but he would not yield; he promised those things as the reward, and in the end she stood before him like a child at lessons.

"What is your name?" The catechism always began thus.

"Grizel," she said, obediently, if it was a day when she wanted to please him.

"And my name?"

"Tommy." Once to his great delight she said "Sentimental Tommy." He quite bragged about this to David.

"Where is your home?"

"Here." She was never in doubt about this, and it was always a pleasure to her to say it.

"Did you live here long ago?"

She nodded.

"And then did you live for a long time somewhere else?"

"Yes."

"Where was it?"

"Here."

"No, it was with the old Doctor. You were his little housekeeper, don't you remember? Try to remember, Grizel, he loved you so much."

She tried to think. Her face was very painful when she tried to think. "It hurts," she said.

"Do you remember him, Grizel?"

"Please let me sing," she begged, "such a sweet song!"

"Do you remember the old Doctor who called you his little housekeeper? He used to sit in that chair."

The old chair was among Grizel's many possessions that had been brought to

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Double Dykes, and her face lit up with recollection. She ran to the chair and kissed it.

"What was his name, Grizel?"

"I should love to know his name," she said, wistfully.

He told her the name many times, and she repeated it docilely.

Or perhaps she remembered her dear doctor quite well to-day, and thought Tommy was someone in need of his services.

"He has gone into the country," she said, as she had so often said to anxious people at the door, "but he won't be long, and I shall give him your message the moment he comes in."

But Tommy would not pass that. He explained to her again and again that the doctor was dead, and perhaps she would remember, or perhaps without remembering she said she was glad he was dead.

"Why are you glad, Grizel?"

She whispered as if frightened she might be overheard, "I don't want him to see me like this." It was one of the pathetic things about her that she seemed at times to have some vague understanding of her condition, and then she would sob. Her tears were anguish to him, but it was at those times that she clung to him as if she knew he was trying to do something for her, and that encouraged him to go on. He went over, step by step, the time when she lived alone in the Doctor's house, the time of his own coming back, her love for him and his treatment of her, the story of the garnet ring, her coming to Switzerland, her terrible walk, her return; he would miss out nothing, for he was fighting for her. Day after day, month by month, it went on, and to-morrow, perhaps, she would insist that the old doctor and this man who asked her so many questions were one. And Tommy argued with her until he had driven that notion out, to make way for another, and then he fought it, and so on and on all round the circle of her delusions, day by day and month by month.

She knew that he sometimes wrote while she was asleep, for she might start up from her bed or from the sofa, and there he was, laying down his pen to come to her. Her eyes were never open for any large fraction of a minute without his knowing, and immediately he went to her, nodding and smiling lest she had wakened with some fear upon her. Perhaps she refused to sleep again unless he promised to put away those horrid papers for the night, and however intoxicating a point he had reached in his labors, he always promised, and kept his word. He was most scrupulous in keeping any promise he made her, and one great result was that she trusted him implicitly. Whatever others promised, she doubted them.

There were times when she seemed to be casting about in her mind for something to do that would please him, and then she would bring pieces of paper to him, and pen and ink, and tell him to write. She thought this very clever of her, and expected to be praised for it.

But she might also bring him writing materials at times when she hated him very much. Then there would be sly smiles, even pretended affection on her face, unless she thought he was not looking, when she cast him ugly glances. Her intention was to trick him into forgetting her so that she might talk to herself or slip out of the room to the den just as her mother had done in the days when it was Grizel who had to be tricked. He would not let her talk to herself until he had tried endless ways of exorcising that demon, by interesting her in some sort of work, by going out with her, by talking of one thing and another, till at last a subject was lit upon that made her forget to brood.

But sometimes it seemed best to let her go to the den, she was in such a quiver of desire to go. She hurried to it, so that he had to stride to keep up with her, and he said little until they got there, for she was too excited to listen. She was very like her mother again; but it was not the man who never came that she went in search of, it was a lost child. I have not the heart to tell of the pitiful scenes in the den while Grizel searched for her child. They always ended in those two walking silently home, and for a day or two Grizel would be ill, and Tommy tended her, so that she was soon able to hasten to the den again, holding out her arms as she ran.

"She makes no progress," David said.

"I can keep her from slipping back,"

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Tommy still replied. The Doctor marvelled, but even he did not know the half of all her husband did for Grizel. None could know half who was not there by night. Here at least was one day ending placidly, they might say when she was in a tractable mood, so tractable that she seemed to be one of themselves, and Tommy assented, brightly, though he knew, and he alone, that you could never be sure the long day had ended till the next began.

Often the happiest beginning had the most painful ending. The greatest pleasure he could give her was to take her to see Elspeth's baby girl or that sturdy rogue, young Shiach, who could now count with ease up to seven, but swayed at eight and toppled over on his way to ten; or their mothers brought them to her, and Grizel understood quite well who her visitors were, sometimes even called Elspeth by her right name, and did the honors of her house irreproachably, and presided at the tea-table, and was rapture personified when she held the baby Jean (called after Tommy's mother), and sat gayly on the floor ready to catch little Corp when he would not stop at seven. But Tommy, whom nothing escaped, knew with what depression she might pay for her joy when they had gone. Despite all his efforts she might sit talking to herself, at first of pleasant things and then of things less pleasant. Or she stared at her reflection in the long mirror, and said "Isn't she sweet!" or "She is not really sweet, and she did so want to be good!" or instead of that she would suddenly go upon her knees, and say, with clasped hands, the childish prayer: "Save me from masterful men," which Jean Myles had told Tommy to teach Elspeth. No one could have looked less masterful at those times than Tommy, but Grizel did not seem to think so. And probably they had that night once more to search the den.

"The children do her harm; she must not see them again," he decided.

"They give her pleasure at the time," David said; "it lightens your task now and then."

"It is the future I am thinking of, Gemmell. If she cannot progress she shall not fall back. As for me, never mind me."

"Elspeth is in a sad state about you, though! And you can get through so little work."

"Enough for all our wants." He was writing magazine papers only.

"The public will forget you."

"They have forgotten me."

David was openly sorry for him now. "If only your manuscript had been saved."

"Yes, I never thought the little gods would treat me so scurvily as that."

"Who?"

"Did I never tell you of my little gods? I so often emerged triumphant from my troubles, and so undeservedly, that I thought I was especially looked after by certain tricky spirits in return for the entertainment I gave them. My little gods I called them, and we had quite a bowing acquaintance. But you see at the critical moment they flew away, laughing."

He always knew that the lost manuscript was his great work. "My seventh wave," he called it; "and though all the conditions were favorable," he said, "I know that I could run to nothing more than little waves at present. As for rewriting that book, I can't. I have tried."

Yet he was not asking for commiseration. "Tell Elspeth not to worry about me. If I have no big ideas just now I have some very passable little ones, and one in particular that"—he drew a great breath! "If only Grizel were better," that breath said, "I think Tommy Sandys could find a way of making the public remember him again."

So David interpreted it, and though he had been about to say, "How changed you are!" he did not say it.

And Tommy, who had been keeping an eye on her all this time, returned to Grizel. As she had been through that long year so she was during the first half of the next, and day by day and night by night he tended her, and still the same scenes were enacted in infinite variety, and still he would not give in. Everything seemed to change with the seasons, except Grizel and Tommy's devotion to her.

Yet you know that she recovered, ever afterward to be herself again, and though it seemed to come in the end as suddenly as the sight may be restored by the removal of a bandage, I suppose it had been going on all the time, and that her

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reason was given back to her on the day she had strength to make use of it. Tommy was the instrument of her recovery. He had fought against her slipping backward so that she could not do it; it was as if he had built a wall behind her, and in time her mind accepted that wall as impregnable and took a forward movement. And with every step she took he pushed the wall after her, so that still if she moved it must be forward. Thus Grizel progressed imperceptibly as along a dark corridor toward the door that shut out the light, and on a day in early spring the door fell.

Many of them had cried for a shock as her only chance. But it came most quietly. She had lain down on the sofa that afternoon to rest, and when she woke she was Grizel again. At first she was not surprised to find herself in that room nor to see that man nodding and smiling reassuringly; they had come out of the long dream with her to make the awakening less abrupt.

He did not know what had happened. When he knew, a terror that this could not last seized him; he was concealing it while he answered her puzzled questions; all the time he was telling her how they came to be there he was watching in agony for the change.

She remembered everything up to her return to Thrums; then she walked into a mist.

"The truth," she begged of him, when he would have let her off by pretending that she had been ill only. Surely it was the real Grizel who begged for the truth. She took his hand and held it when he told her of their marriage. She cried softly because she feared that she might again become as she had been, but he said that was impossible and smiled confidently, and all the time he was watching in agony for the change.

"Do you forgive me, Grizel? I have always had a dread that when you recovered you would cease to care for me." He knew that this would please her if she was the real Grizel, and he was so anxious to make her happy for ever more.

She put his hand to her lips and smiled at him through her tears. Hers was a love that could never change. Suddenly she sat up. "Whose baby was it?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean, Grizel," he said, uneasily.

"I remember vaguely," she told him, "a baby in white whom I seemed to chase, but I could never catch her. Was it a dream only?"

"You are thinking of Elspeth's little girl perhaps. She was often brought to see you."

"Has Elspeth a baby?" She rose to go exultantly to Elspeth.

"But too small a baby, Grizel, to run from you, even if she wanted to."

"What is she like?"

"She is always laughing."

"The sweet!" Grizel rocked her arms in rapture and smiled her crooked smile at the thought of a child who was always laughing. "But I don't remember her," she said. "It was a sad little baby I seemed to see."

(To be concluded.)

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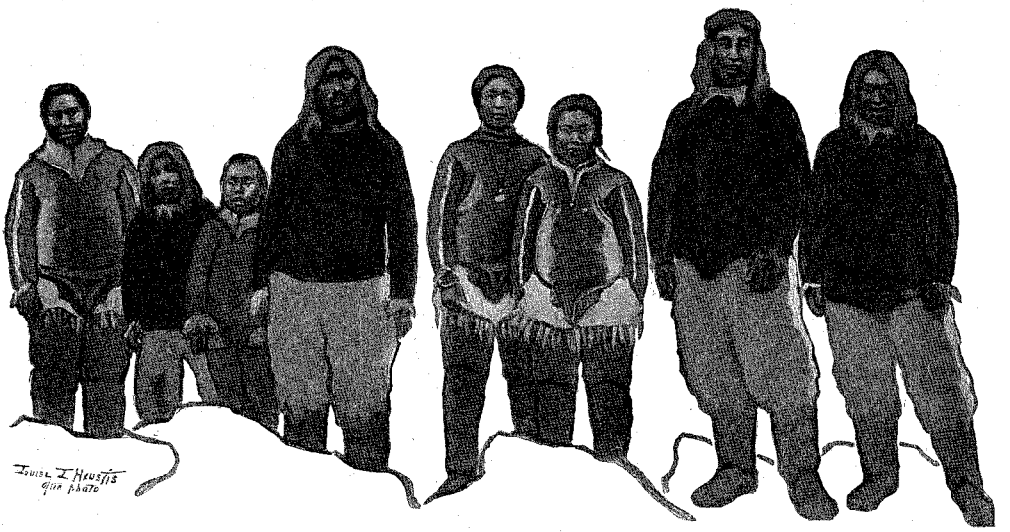

Group of Arctic Highlanders.

WITH ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

II

IT was nearly noon when we steamed cautiously into the little bay behind Brevoort Island and drew near to land, so near finally that we could step from the deck to the ice-foot that remains through the summer, a congealed high-water mark, on the west shore. Twelve hours would be needed for disembarking the explorers with their kit. Two of us made instant use of a part of the time in exploring Cape Sabine on our own account. We headed at once for the highest point of the cape. It was the first chance that fell to us of climbing in Greenland, and we more than welcomed it after a fortnight at sea.

The cape is a mountain of red granite, rugged and torn as to its surface by every form of erosion, and resembling nothing so much as the heaped *débris* of a vast quarry. There was, of course, no semblance of a trail, but one could pick a way in almost any direction with relatively sure footing, and there can be no better climbing than that. The air, too, was of the best, having all the crystal clearness and buoyancy of great altitude and none of its rarefaction, for even at the summit we were only 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea. Nothing could be more perfect. It was cool, for it breathed upon us from boundless fields of ice, and it was warm with the rays of an August sun.

Over the surface of rocks was a shimmer like the quiver of hot air on a summer day at home, and in sheltered crevices, where soil had formed and where the warmest sun-rays fell, were flowers in abundance. Almost in the clutch of surrounding snow we found the pyrola, like royal purple against the white of ermine. And there were countless anemones, as dainty and fair as the windflowers of our forests in the early spring, and yellow poppies that fitted well the texture of that Arctic scene, for they grew among volcanic rock of dull red granite, while warming them from a cloudless sky of living blue was the unsetting sun, and beneath them were the waters of the sound in unfathomable glow, bearing drifting icebergs so

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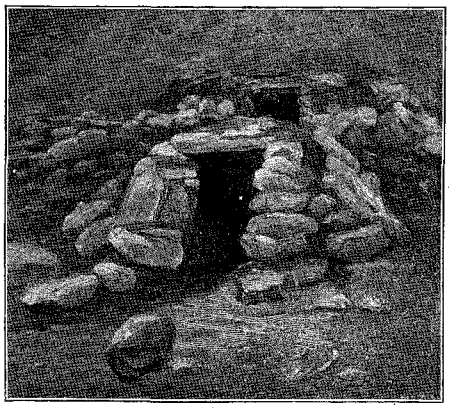


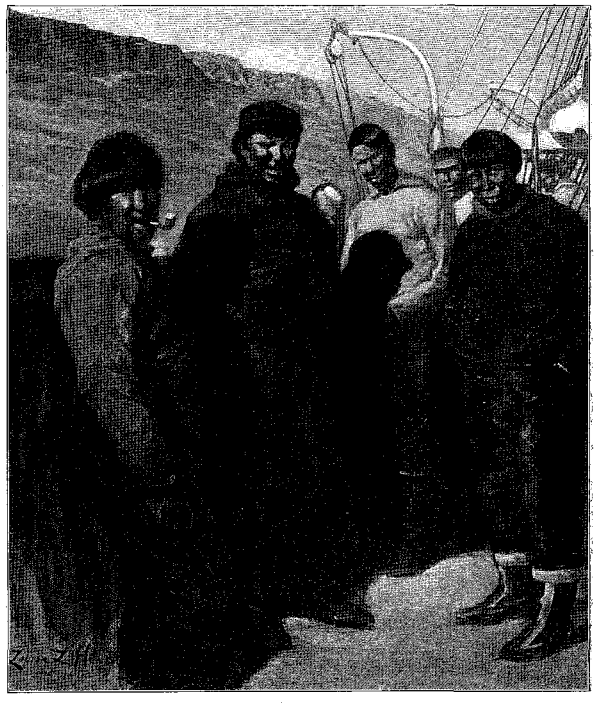
A Winter House (Igdlu or Egloo).

slumberous and so pure that upon them seemed to have fallen the poppies' deep sleep as they floated calmly in the beauty of frosted silver through a glazing of tinted air and sea.

And this was the site of Starvation Camp! Around the bend of the cape was the actual spot where General Greely and his followers passed the last of their three winters in the Arctic regions—a veritable last winter for seventeen of the number, who died there before relief came.

The three amateur explorers who accompanied us to the North had chosen this as their landing-place. We helped them find a suitable site for the house in a moraine under the walls of a cliff that shielded it to the north and northeast. By midnight their effects were on land, piled in grotesque disorder among the rocks with the ten tons of coal resting precariously on the ice-foot. Ten Esquimau dogs, which had been purchased at Godhavn, were last of the outfit to go ashore; and the seamen, after twelve hours of almost uninterrupted unlading, found a touch of compensating sport in this the last stroke of the thankless job. By twos and threes the dogs were hoisted from the hold by the winch, high above the deck, then, with the slackening of the line, the men, shouting lustily for the fun of it, ran them out upon the rocks where the dogs, wearing a comical expression of bewilderment, stood dumfounded for the time. They were all in harness, and the explorers made them fast at once by the traces to the heavier equipment, while the dogs, with the true instinct of their kind, proceeded immediately to get themselves into hopeless tangles and then to raise on the evening air a chorus of heart-rending howls.

Such was the vanishing picture in the wake of the Diana as we steamed away: Three men who had light-heartedly chosen to be left without shelter upon a barren, uninhabited shore; the Arctic night closing in upon them with every hour that passed; their house to be built, and the coal and provisions to be stored out of danger; winter garments to be made from the furs of animals which they were to shoot, and the flesh of which was to furnish food for the dogs—(not one of them had ever shot anything larger than a hare!); the kit to be got ready for the exploring, and the exploring to be done by dog-train and



Native Hunters on the Deck of the Diana.

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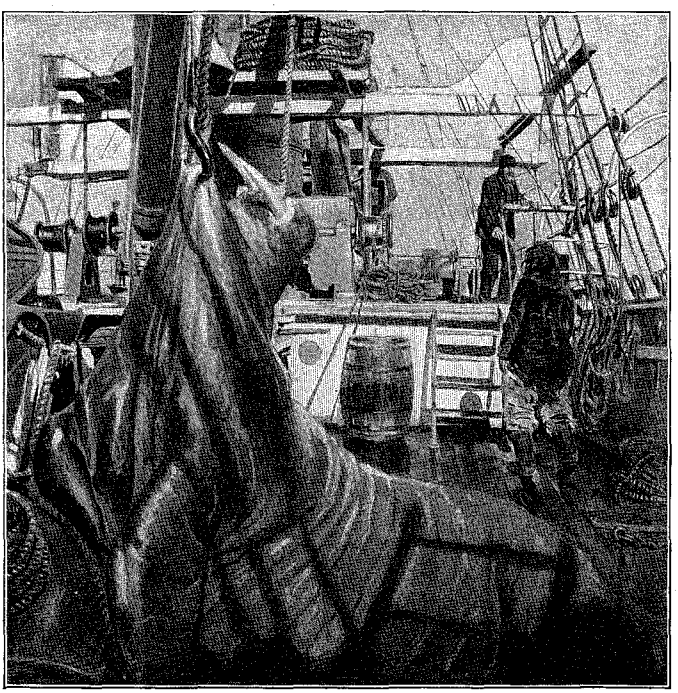
sledge (and none of them had ever hitched, much less driven, a team of dogs!). Two, with instant sense of the pressing necessity of work had taken hold immediately after answering our parting cheer from the deck; but the third, most picturesque of conceivable explorers, bare-headed and coatless, his face framed in a luxury of musician's hair, wearing a tight-fitting jersey and knickers and stockings



One after another the walrus are raised to the half-deck by the winch.—Page 441.

and boots of fearful and wonderful German make, stood posed upon a rock, his chin resting in one hand and an elbow in the other—a truly contemplative figure against a background of desolation, with half a score of hungry Esquimau dogs about him baying to the sky in the midnight shadows of the cliffs of Cape Sabine!

There are uncertainties, doubtless, in Arctic exploration, but of one thing these explorers may rest assured, that, when they return and write their several books, they will have at least one set of eagerly curious readers.

The chance of catching sight of the Windward tempted the captain into the ice again. We were soon pounding about in the floe, zigzagging through the leads to the accompanying chorus of "Starboard!" "Steady!" "Port!" "Steady!" and the angry grating of the ice along the hull. This was to last many hours, apparently, and so we turned in. But before sleep came, we were aware that there was new excitement on deck. From the foretop Henson had sighted a vessel fast in the ice to the northwest, and almost before we landsmen could distinguish even her hull in the reflected glare of the night sun across the floe, the seamen detected, by her rig, that she was not the Windward but the Fram. We conjectured then that the Windward was still in the ice where she had wintered, eighteen or twenty miles farther north, and that we could serve her best by returning to open water and improving the time against her working free by beginning to lay in the necessary meat-supply for the coming year. Accordingly the Diana put about and, returning through the pack, headed for Foulke Fjord and anchored before Etah at six o'clock on Sunday morning.

Etah is but the most northern of some dozen stations occupied by the Smith Sound Esquimaux. One hesitates at the

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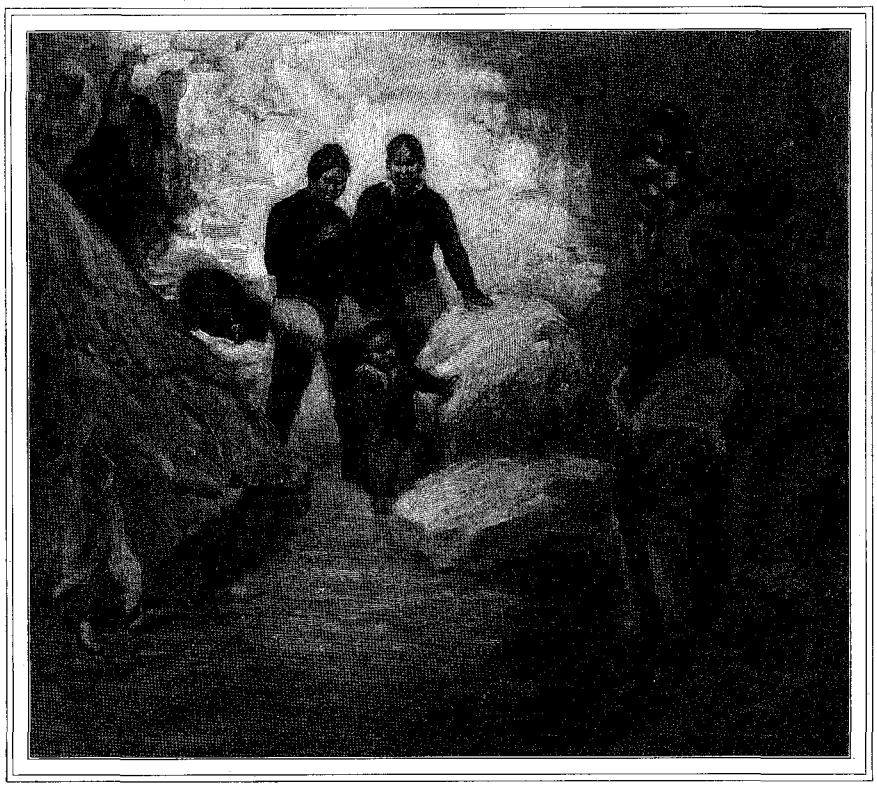
word "settlement" because it conveys an idea of permanency, both as to location and also, in a measure, as to the *personnel* of the body of settlers, and this is only half true of the settlements of the tribe of less than two hundred and fifty individuals who live at scattered points along the coast from Cape York to Foulke Fjord. The points of settlement are permanent, apparently, having been chosen, doubtless, through a process of selection, with reference to shelter and food-supply, continued through many generations; but the families that inhabit them vary each year in accordance with a curious reshuffling which takes place quite spontaneously, it appears, at Peterawik Glacier, where there is a tribal gathering every spring. One rarely finds more than half a dozen families at any place, and each of these may have spent the previous year at a different station from all the others. It is easy to conceive of a certain solidarity of tribal organization which results from such a system, and which it would be difficult to improve upon under conditions of precarious food-supply that make necessary the widely scattered living of the families of the tribe. Not only are there ties of all degrees of blood relationship which bind each member to the others, but each is personally known to all through the intimacy of closely interdependent existence, which is the only manner of life possible to men encompassed by an Arctic world, and the serious business of whose lives is the hunt for uncertain supplies yielded by wild and sometimes fierce animals.

We now had about us a considerable number of natives: the hunters who had come with us from Saunders Island and those who had accompanied Henson from the Windward, besides the half dozen families that had taken up quarters for the year at Etah. Mat was our chief interpreter, and our teacher in the native tongue —an admirable teacher, for he spoke the language with strikingly near approach to characteristic intonations caught from living speech.



Women and Child of the Arctic Highlanders.

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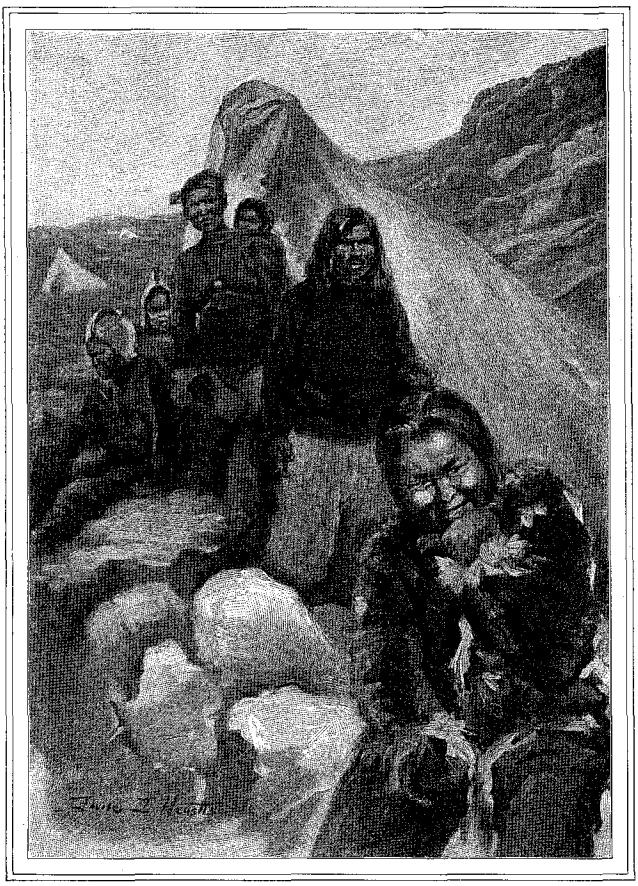

A Group in Front of a Tupik.

There was every inducement to pick up words and idioms which, supplemented by natural sign language, facilitated intercourse with these charming, well-bred folk, who caught your meaning deftly and made answer simply, with a quick-witted, genial turn that lured you on. It is little wonder that there sprang up, forthwith, a custom of informal calls, a social function new to Arctic regions, and to which a biologist on board immediately gave the name of "afternoon walrus."

From afternoon walrus it was but a step to the sober work of walrus hunting. With Mat Henson on board and a number of picked native hunters, including Tong-Wee, the best of the lot, the Diana steamed back to Northumberland Island, picked up the sportsmen, who had already bagged a number of walrus, and then settled down to a hunt very much as a whaler goes about her business. Our best waters, we found, lay between McCormick Bay and Cape Alexander. Fields of pan-ice, mixed with icebergs, were drifting before the Crystal Palace and Morris K. Jesup Glaciers. They were open enough to admit of easy navigation, and the pans furnished the walrus with what are normally safe sleeping-grounds, where, secure against attack, they may lie basking in the sun.

For hours we would cruise about, keeping a sharp lookout for pan-ice and then for what appeared at first from the bridge merely a slight discoloring of the pure white surface of the pans, but which proved to be walrus, sometimes in herds of from forty to sixty, lying close like sleeping swine. More commonly we found from half a dozen to a score together, and now and again we were in waters where, at a single time, from five to ten pans supporting walrus were visible from the deck.

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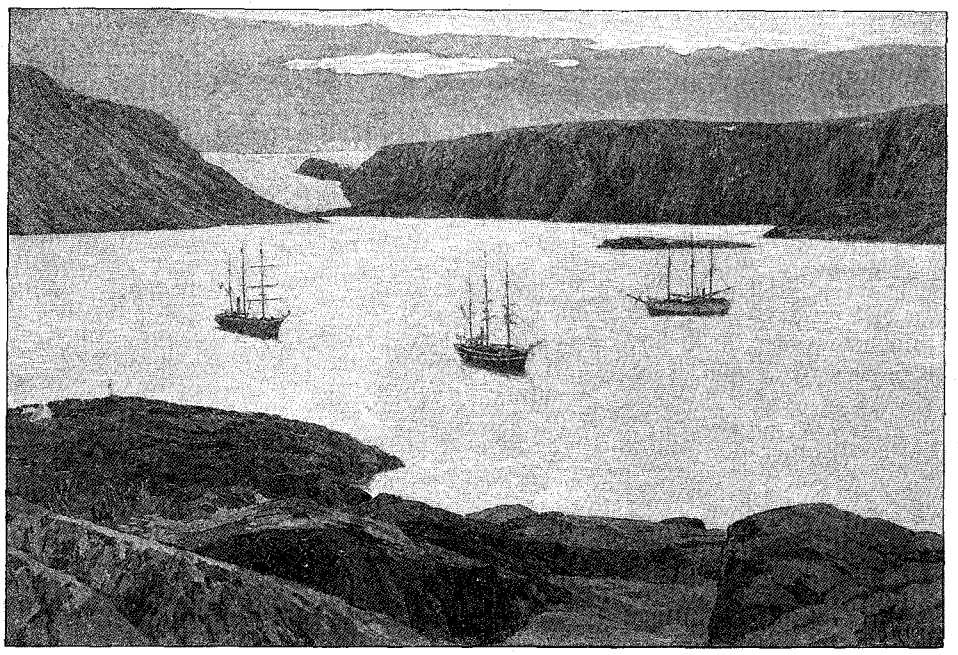

Three Famous Arctic Vessels.

Diana, Windward, and Fram in Foulke Fjord, in the order named.

Erie Railroad Caboose used by Lieutenant Peary as Winter Quarters at Etah.

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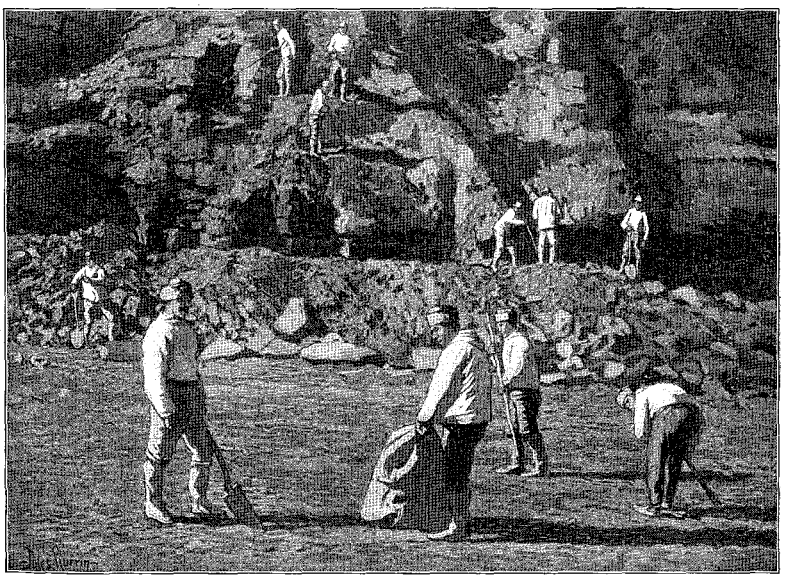
These were times of greatest interest. The Diana would run cautiously to within about a mile of the sleeping beasts, keeping to leeward as far as possible. Then we lowered the three whale-boats and manned them. Two native hunters went into the bow with their lances and harpoons and the long lines of seal hide, carefully coiled, made fast at one end to the harpoon barb and at the other to a float and *drogue*. The float consisted of the skin of a young seal closely sewed, then inflated with air and made tight by an ingenious ivory stopper; the *drogue*—called by the seamen a "drag"—was a frame about eighteen inches square and four inches deep, covered as to its sides and bottom with tightly drawn seal-skin and attached to the main line by thongs converging from its four corners in such manner that when the *drogue* is drawn through water it takes at once an upright position and creates an almost incalculable resistance to the force that drags it. Three seamen took the oars, and a fourth a sculling oar in the stern; then, with two men armed with rifles, the boat was ready for the start.



Coaling in the Waigat.

(The coal was dug from the cliffs and loaded in gunny sacks.)

A typical case will serve best. Walrus have been sighted and the boats lowered at all speed, for much is gained by an early start, since the first boat out will have the pick of the pans. We have Tong-Wee in the bow, and it matters not what other Husky, for Tong-Wee is enough in himself. The mate is keen for the sport and has taken an oar with Jack and little Sam, while the boatswain is steering and sculling for dear life to get ahead of the other boats. Two of us, seated aft, are carefully loading our rifles. A third rifle is on board; on the seat beside the mate lies his old army Snyder, rusty and grim—a veritable cannon. There is something to match it aft in a 50-95 Winchester, another veritable cannon, and there is nothing surer for walrus.

We are headed for a pan whose surface is only a foot or more above the water, and is black with the huge bulks of our game. We have worked around to leeward of them, and floating in the intervening sea are icebergs, behind which the boatswain conceals the boat as far as possible in our progress toward the pan. But we enter, presently, a stretch of open water with nothing to hide behind. Tong-Wee signals to stop rowing, and to crouch in the boat. The seamen bend double over the oars, with only their backs showing above the gunwale. The Huskies peer over the bow, their harpoons

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poised for the cast, and the lines and floats and drags all free, ready to be thrown overboard. Tong-Wee's left hand is behind him signalling expressively to the boat-swain, who has placed a piece of gunny-sack in the oar-socket and, bending low, is sculling noiselessly but swiftly for the pan. It is a breathless moment. We are so near that we can plainly see the sun-dried, hairy hides enveloping fold on fold of blubber that furnishes these animals their protection from the cold. They are apparently fast asleep on the naked ice, but we have had experience before of sudden awakenings, and of well-nigh miraculous disappearings, for the walrus is the sea elephant, and, with all his clumsy mass, he moves without haste but with incredible swiftness. And now a bull, who is lying head toward us, lifts himself awkwardly on his fore flippers, and scans the boat through unintelligent eyes, deep-set in his wabbling head, while his mustachios bristle, and his long, ivory tusks gleam in the sun. This is the supreme moment for us. There has been a growing tension of suppressed excitement, but now we break away. At a signal from Tong-Wee the seamen bend to their oars to cover, in all speed, the thirty yards to the pan. We get a shot or two as the animals make for the water, and a good shot will drop a walrus in his tracks. The mate shoots handily, and a bull in mid career falls dead on the brink of the pan, a bulk of quivering fat, while from a wound in the back of his head a stream of steaming blood shoots upward, spouting like a fountain, and crimsoning the white ice.

Tong-Wee's mate has let drive at the first animal within reach, and has harpooned a young cow that makes off at tremendous speed, closely followed by her calf, and with the float and drag in their wake. But Tong-Wee, being discriminating by nature, has fixed his desires from the first upon a bull, the largest of the herd—a gray monster, with tusks eighteen inches long, and his belly covered with welts as large as your fist, the scars of many battles. Forsaking all others, Tong-Wee cleaves only to him with his eyes. Standing erect in the bow, cool and nerved, his whole being vibrant to the pure joy of mastery, he hurls his harpoon with an easy movement of the forearm, and the shaft, clearing in its beautiful flight the whole width of the pan, comes down, point first, upon the small of the back of the disappearing walrus, and we have just time to see the barb sink deep into the living blubber as the shaft falls away and floats upon the water, where we pick it up as we start in hot pursuit of our prey. For a time the bull keeps up a marvellous pace, drawing the float and drag far below the surface in frantic efforts to free himself from the fiendish grip of the thing that has laid

An Esquimau Hunter.

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deep hold of him. He must come up to breathe, however, and with all his strength he cannot long drag tons of still water at the rate at which he set out. Our eyes are everywhere for the *drogues*, and presently, visible fathoms deep as it comes toward the surface, we see Tong-Wee's *drogue* rising like a living thing almost under the boat, and we know that the bull has doubled on his course, and will come up near us. Tong-Wee and the other Husky begin immediately to stamp vigorously in the bottom of the boat, an example which we all follow with instant sense of the inconvenience of being wrecked by the infuriated brute. Frightened by the noise immediately above him, he rises twenty yards beyond us. There is something almost human in his deep, sputtering pants for breath as he lifts his head in air after the long dive, but the momentary pity that it breeds gives way to livelier emotion. He has caught sight of the boat, and in some frantic, crazed manner he recognizes her as his foe, and makes for her. One stroke of his tusks would tear through her sides as through card-board, and a heave of his body would set her bottom-up in a moment. But what chance has the brute? As he comes at us open-mouthed, and with blood-shot eyes, he simply gets a broadside full in the face that puts out an eye, and rips open his nostrils, and goes crashing down his throat, carrying a tooth or two with it. You cannot kill him as he comes head on, for his massive skull protects the vital parts in front, and we have found our bullets, even those of the 50-95 Winchester, flattened like mushrooms against the massive frontal bones; but no living walrus, however crazed by fright and pain, can continue to take medicine like that and still show fight. He simply must run, and run he does, dragging, this time, the whale-boat, and all on board, for Jack has picked up the line, and is holding like grim death as we go, prow high, and tossing spray, in the wake of the swimming beast. The line slackens presently, and Jack draws it in, bringing the boat steadily nearer to the walrus. Again he has risen for breath. This time the back of his head is toward the boat. There is a moment of deliberate aim at a point as far back of the eye as the eye is back of the nostrils. Then comes a report, and instantly the walrus rolls over in death's agony, vomiting clotted blood that colors the sea for yards around.

Someone has kept an eye on the other drag, which has become by this time a black speck in the distance, and now he calls attention to it. It is the work of but a few minutes for little Sam to make fast an end of line to the dead walrus and the other end to a gaff which he has driven firmly into the nearest pan, and to cut out the barb from the walrus's back. In a moment more he has marked the pan by means of an oar held securely upright in a crack of the ice, and has slipped back into the boat.

The cow is exhausted by the time we reach her. Through every yard of her long flight she has pulled the drag, which the full strength of a man would hardly draw a foot through still water. She is by no means alone as we come up. Besides her calf a herd of sympathetic cows accompany her, and they show, at our approach, a readiness to fight. There is prospect for a moment of our having a close encounter such as gives to familiar accounts of walrus-hunting a flavor of real danger, and one begins to feel the glow of the absorbing sense of battle. But pumping shot at close range from a magazine rifle into a herd of angry walrus is a feeble substitute for real fight, and when our harpooned cow is bagged, after a plucky struggle for her calf against hopeless odds, we have a decided feeling that, while the hunt is sport, since, on the pan, the beasts have an even chance, yet the actual shooting of a harpooned walrus is too much like shooting tethered cattle. They must be harpooned, however, else in nine cases out of ten they would sink immediately when killed and so be lost; and every pound of meat that we were taking was to serve as food-supply through the coming winter.

We have three walrus now, and there are no more in sight, so up goes the boatswain's oar as a signal to the watch on the bridge of the Diana, and soon she is threading a way toward us through the channels among the pans. One after another the walrus are raised to the half-deck by the winch, the halyard creaking

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ominously under the strain of a ton or more of dead weight, and the huge carcass falling finally like a mass of quivering jelly among the heaps of the slain of its kind. Ours is by no means a remarkable catch; one of the other boats has seven walrus as the result of a single trip, and the total catch for a few hours' hunt of all the boats reaches eighteen.

Now begins the heavy work of the Esquimaux. The carcasses are to be cut up into pieces of convenient size for storing, and the half-deck made ready again for a new hunt. There is vigorous sharpening of knives for a time. Knives are new to these hunters, having been provided by Lieutenant Peary in exchange for furs; but the Huskies have taken to their use with readiness and skill. They fall merrily upon the task before them, talking and laughing light-heartedly as they swiftly convert the half-deck into shambles, with warm blood running ankle-deep in the scuppers and pouring in steady streams through vents into the blue sea.

From Monday until Friday the hunt lasted; then, with the flesh of some forty walrus heaped amidships, we steamed far up Olricks Bay and relanded the sportsmen in a reindeer region before heading once more for Etah, in renewed hope of finding the Windward.

By seven o'clock on Saturday morning we were north of Cape Alexander once more and surrounded by the now familiar shores of Smith Sound. A strong breeze was blowing from the northwest, while the sun shone through crisp, frosty air. Walrus in droves were swimming northward before us. Who was first to see her I do not know, but like a flash the word ran down the deck that the Windward was in Foulke Fjord, lying at anchor near its mouth. The effect was electrical. Everyone on board was intent on the sight, and all shared in a sense of achievement which was heightened by the buoyancy of the day. I was doing my best to see through field-glasses what was evident to the naked eyes of the seamen and the Huskies, and at last I saw, faintly outlined against surrounding cliffs, the upper sticks and yards of a three-masted vessel with colors flying at her peak. Just then the mate descended from the bridge and walked up to the captain on the quarter-deck.

"That's not the Windward, sir," I heard him say. "That's not her rig; it's the Fram's."

The commander of the expedition was near at hand with Henson and two or three Huskies. All eyes were turned again upon the vessels, and, surely enough, one after another points of difference from the rigging of the Windward were noted, until no doubt of the error remained. It was a keen disappointment. If by this time the Windward was not free of the ice, she might, by a turn in the weather which could fall now on any day, be frozen in for another year, and this would create endless difficulties for the expedition. Our imaginations were conjuring all manner of complications, when we were summoned sharply to actual fact by a shout from Mat. Notwithstanding the presence of the Huskies, whose eyesight is really phenomenal, Henson was first to see the Windward.

"There she is, a mile up the harbor!" he shouted. "That's her! That's her!" He was pointing eagerly across our starboard bow.

It was the Windward, and in half an hour, with colors flying, we were steaming past the Fram, saluting as we went, and heading for the Windward, that, also with colors flying and saluting our approach, lay at anchor under the cliffs at Etah.

A change had come over the station, a change to suggest the miraculous growth of a booming Rocky Mountain camp. Five days before, we left behind us but a few scattered tupiks occupied by women and children, for we carried off the men for the hunt. And now, on our return, we find a thriving settlement with an air of much industry about it. As its conspicuous central figure there stands firmly planted on the rocks, well above tide-line, a caboose that was lifted bodily from its trucks in the yards of the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, and transported on the Windward as a deck-house to North Greenland. A workshop is going up behind it, its walls consisting of provision boxes whose inner sides when removed disclose a series of shelves stored with supplies. These are to serve Lieutenant

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Peary as living and work rooms through the winter. Six or eight small canvas tents and several tupiks are pitched on the stony soil about the caboose. Natives in what seem large numbers are moving about among them, or stopping to shout greetings to their kinsmen on the ship. A ferry has been rigged between the Windward and the land, and the Windward's crew are fast unlading her. From a staff on top of the knoll in the midst of the settlement an American flag floats stiff in the brisk morning breeze. Under it two white men are standing, and from the deck they are soon recognized as Lieutenant Peary and Dr. Dedrich.

With its native population suddenly grown to thirty or more, with white men living among them, with the active business of preparing winter quarters under full swing, and especially with three vessels in her harbor, Etah had taken on a quite metropolitan air. Indeed, the situation is not easily matched in the history of Arctic exploration—the foregathering of so many white men and natives at a point so far to the north, and the interest of their meeting heightened by the presence of vessels vitally connected with the most important and dramatic incidents of recent Arctic work!

There were many greetings forthwith, and to one, at least, it was worth while to be witness. The captain of the Windward and the captain of the Diana were brothers, sons in a Newfoundland family famous for its seamen. When we had been at anchor for an hour or two a gig from the Windward came alongside, and her captain stepped out upon the ladder. At its head stood our captain. The two had not seen each other for a year, and one had been icebound for that time.

"Well, John, old man!"

"Well, Sam, my boy!" A warm grasp of right hands, a deep look into each other's eyes, and it was over, and the two men were precisely to each other as they stood when parting in Kane Basin a twelvemonth before. Certainly "we do not fall on each other's necks nor kiss when we come together."

We were made cordially welcome on the Windward and the Fram, and we had the pleasure of meeting Captain Sverdup and members of his expedition, notably Lieutenant Baumann, who showed us through all parts of the Fram, explaining her construction in many details of ingenious contrivance adapted to Arctic work and not neglecting to admit us to what had formerly served as Nansen's private cabin. But the most forceful reminder of that earlier expedition, with its absorbing human interest, came when we were taking leave. We saw the decks precisely as they are described in "Farthest North," with the lean sledge dogs straining at their tethers, and game hanging thick in the lower rigging in readiness for the coming Christmas dinner!

An increase of ten in the native population of Etah came directly from the Windward. Five hunters and their wives had wintered on board. The men, with their intimate knowledge of the ways of life and of travel at the North, were highly useful on the march and in the caching of provisions, and the women made the necessary fur garments and repaired the old ones as they came in worn with use. The women of the tribe are remarkably skilful at the work, sewing with a neatness and strength of workmanship that it would be difficult to surpass by hand labor.

It was natural that those on the Windward should be good seamstresses, since they were the wives of picked hunters. When a Smith Sound Esquimau chooses a wife he apparently has regard only to housewifely qualities. She must be able to do the cooking and to sew and to chew hides. This last is a *sine qua non*. Furs are the only possible dress, and of these they must have an abundance, else they will perish with cold. When the sun is above the horizon the women spread the skins of seal and reindeer and bear, pegging them out hide up, and allow them to dry thoroughly. Once dry they are, of course, as stiff as boards, and before they can be made into garments the fibres must be broken. Accordingly the women bend the hide double, making a crease through its length. Beginning then at one end, they chew steadily to the other. Then creasing the hide a little farther on, they chew again and repeat the simple process until every inch of the surface has been chewed, and, with fibres broken, the skin is flexible enough to be sewed into gar-

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ments. A good cook and seamstress and chewer of raw hides is certain of a good husband, for she will be taken to wife by one of the best of the young hunters, who is, therefore, a good provider. There is no ceremony of marriage, the hunter taking his bride from her father's tupik or igdlu (also spelt egloo; winter house) to his own; nor, so far as we learned, is there among them ceremony of any kind, no formal worship nor any rites, unless the incantation of the angekoks (medicine men) be given rank as a rite.

We had been long enough now with the natives to begin to see in outline the salient features of their tribal life. The land is their common inheritance, and all are free to hunt where they choose. The stone igdlus are the winter homes of the tribe, and, if there are not enough for the housing of all the families, new ones can readily be built. There is private property only in the instruments of the hunt. Lances and harpoons, and floats and *drogues*, and bows and arrows bear each the private mark of its owner. In a certain curious sense there is well recognized common right even in the food-supply.

It is interesting to trace this fact into its actual working: The tribe is essentially monogamous in practice. Mrs. Grundy would be deeply shocked to learn how this desirable end is reached, but we do not propose to tell her, and she may rest in the comfortable assurance that husband and wife marry early and generally live happily together in a family life which surrounds their children with devoted affection and provides tenderly for the helpless of their near of kin. I hope that Mrs. Grundy is not beginning at this point to think of the substantial comforts of her own life and of the lights that illumine all her virtuous way, but that she will try to translate these homely words with their common associations into the facts of the daily living of stone-age savages who yet share with her her essential humanity.

There is no tribal organization, no chief, nor any elders in authority; indeed, no premeditated, structural system of any kind, but a quite simple order which issues naturally from the facts of equality and of equal sharing in all the essentials of livelihood. With certain naïve differences from our accepted ideals, there is, then, the monogamous family, and in it, as it was from the beginning, the husband is the provider, and the wife the housekeeper.

As provider, the husband must be a hunter; for wild animals are the only source of food and clothing and fuel, and division of labor with an accompanying medium of exchange have not yet been dreamed of, much less a system of property rights which yields a lien upon the labor of fellow-hunters. Each with his varying skill, and each with his own hand-made implements, whose designs have come down to him through countless generations of hunting ancestors, goes forth to the hazard of the hunt. What he secures is his, and game is easily traced to its rightful owner by means of the mark of ownership on the harpoon or lance or arrow which has caused death. But there come times when each man's catch is not all his own—times of scarcity, when the successful hunter shares his game equally with all the needful families of the station, even if his own is in bitter want of all he has. He does this from no sense of charity, but out of a feeling of solidarity by which he knows instinctively that the strength or weakness of the tribe is the measure of his own, and that what he shares to-day will return to him to-morrow when luck may favor another hunter. Even this is not the limit of a natural altruism in the interests of the tribe as a larger self. If a father finds that the combined efforts of himself and his growing sons is more than enough for the support of the family, he appoints those of his sons whose labor he does not need as providers for any in the tribe whose support is insufficient.

Of the helpless there are few besides young children. Sickness is almost unknown, and yet life among them is generally a short though a merry one. Through the infinite chances of the chase few hunters live to old age, and we were struck by the fewness of old women in the tribe. The enduring of almost unbroken cold is a constant drain upon vitality, and before old age has well set in, life goes out from sheer exhaustion. Of cripples we saw only one, and, in spite of the breeding in and in, but one case came to our notice of downright feeble-minded-

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ness. Alert, quick-witted, sharp-eyed, they have a self-reliance that comes of experience, and a courage that takes accurate measure of danger, and with it all a genial simplicity of nature as free from self-consciousness as the life of a bird.

But how, we asked at once, if land and dwellings, and even food, are held in common, how does the tribe protect itself from supporting in idleness its lazy members? There is a comical incongruity in applying so modern a term as "public opinion" to the case of a race of men who have no written characters, and numerals only to five, who have no laws, nor courts, nor police, nor newspapers, and whose tribal regulations flow chiefly through channels of physical fact. But if it be not public opinion, it is, perhaps, their nearest approach to it in the obligation that each man is under not merely to be a hunter, but to be the best hunter that he can. Apart from physical disability, he must be a hunter or else he is not a man, and he has no chance whatever of securing a wife. It seems to be a constant fact in the history of the tribe that there are always slightly fewer women than men; to secure a wife at all is, therefore, a matter of competition, and the better hunters will inevitably have the better wives, for the reason that each hunter must be the best that he can in order to secure the wife that he wants and then to keep her.

It is only in respect of his neighbor's wife that it is possible, apparently, for an Esquimau to break the Tenth Commandment. He does not covet his neighbor's house nor anything that is his, because, apart from the implements of the hunt, these are quite as much his own as his neighbor's, but he may covet his neighbor's wife. In that case he tells his neighbor frankly of his preference, and without further word they face each other to do battle for the woman. But even now there is no knock-down fight. Neither has any conception of war; for there are no men within reach for the tribe to make war upon, and it is unlikely that either of the contestants has ever seen a blow struck in anger. Silently and with grim determination, they set about a series of well-recognized tests to determine their relative strength and endurance, and to the victor belongs the woman. They pull fingers, and wrestle after a quaint manner of their own, and, if the contest be still indecisive, they stand facing each other, while each with clinched fist beats the other on the biceps muscles of the left arm until one has yielded. Then the other takes the woman, whether she be his wife already or the wife of his rival. The woman has had no voice in the matter, but she is likely to be content with the result, for in being wife to the stronger man she has the better provider, while the other woman, owing to the scarcity of wives, will not be long without a husband.

With some personal acquaintance with the tribe and with a little fragmentary knowledge of their ways we set sail once more from Etah. But on the evening before our departure there was a notable dinner-party on board. The five hunters from the Windward with their wives were asked to dine in the forward cabin, and Henson presided at the dinner. Henson is own brother to the Husky, with a native ease of adaptability which would have delighted Sir Richard Burton. He shone now at his best. Around the table were seated alternately man and wife to the number of ten, all as merry as a company of children at a birthday-party. Life on the Windward with abundant supply of water had brought opportunities for habits of personal cleanliness, and the natives adopted them with an instinctiveness that, knowing them, one would expect to find among their sensibilities. It was a revelation not without its pathos in view of the enforced manner of living in their native state, without water in the fetid air of almost hermetically sealed stone igdlus through the long Arctic winter night.

Around the table they sat with sparkling eyes, and burnished cheeks, and well-combed hair falling, in the case of the men, in thick black mass upon their shoulders. All were in clean, new suits of fur, seal-skin jackets over an under coat made of the skins of the little auk with the feathers next the body, bearskin breeches on the men, breeches of Arctic hare and blue fox on the women, and all in seal-skin top-boots, standing knee-high to the men and quite to the thighs on the women.

There was not a trace of embarrassment or of self-consciousness. To the natives

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the dinner was an event; the plain fare served in the rough and ready way of the ship was like a royal banquet on plate of gold, except that such a figure would convey no meaning at all to their minds. They had never dreamed of anything so bounteous as the dinner, and the sweets were an inexhaustible delight. Fancy a palate inherited through ages from generations that knew not the taste of sweet, and grown to maturity with a capacity for the enjoyment of sugar equal to that of a child!

They were so delightfully frank in their enjoyment, and withal so delicately courteous to one another. At ignorant breaches of table manners they laughed heartily, but this they did so spontaneously and the laughter was joined in so joyously by its victims that it seemed quite the best indication of their good breeding. Without seeming to do so, they watched Henson, and with Oriental quickness of imitative faculty they followed his every movement as the standard of form. If, however, in unaccustomed fingers, a knife was used where a fork or a spoon should have served, the act was sure to be seen, and peals of laughter followed; but never was the error repeated.

After dinner our guests were given the freedom of the ship; the women chose to go down into the after cabin, the painted splendors of which they had seen from the skylight. But it was not the color that attracted them. They are notably without the savage taste for color.

One day I gave to Ebaaloo a stocking-cap, thinking that she might fancy it for its gaudy stripes. The child wore it for a few hours—her mother insisted upon that, I suspect, out of regard for my feelings—and then I saw the cap no more.

It was the mere unaccustomedness of the cabin that attracted the women at the first, I suppose, the common feeling of wonder at life adapting itself to an untried way. Then they caught sight of the mirror. This was like the sweets at dinner, only better as a source of new sensations. They clustered about it, peering over one another's shoulders with timid glances out of wide eyes that were full of infinite wonder. Their rich, soft voices rose in charming little exclamations of surprise at sight of their faces responding instantly to the play of their own emotions. But through all the child-like *abandon* to the marvel there was never a moment's loss of dignity, no crowding, nor any thought of self, apparently, apart from the common enjoyment in the almost painful pleasure of so great a mystery.

We were off again in the early morning for Cape York. Lieutenant Peary and Dr. Dedrich were on board, and our programme was to visit every station occupied by the tribe. The explorers were thus to carry out a plan for laying in a store of furs for the winter and making arrangements with the natives for an adequate supply of dogs when they should be needed; and the scientists were to improve so favorable an opportunity of adding to their already notable collections of Arctic fauna and flora. Incidentally there was to be good sport. Another fifty walrus were wanted for dog-meat, and reindeer stalking was to be had from Academy Bay, and the best conceivable bird shooting in the loomeries of Saunders Island.

It was not all clear sailing, for high winds drove us to shelter for several hours in Lone Star Bay; there a thick fog settled upon us and clung tenaciously for days, as we threaded a precarious way from station to station between Cape York and Inglefield Gulf. But the fog cleared finally, and there followed the former splendor of unbroken day, with changing cycles from the earthly glory of high noon to the solemn stillness and ineffable beauty of the sunlit midnight. There were long afternoons when, as we cruised about Inglefield Gulf, we lay in the sunlight on the bridge, gazing into the infinite depths of blue above and beneath us, feeling again the delicious languor of the tropics, while the vessel throbbed faintly to the pulse of engines at half-speed and cleft her leisurely way past icebergs, and the "Sculptured Cliffs of Karnah," and the glaciers of Northumberland Island, and the glowing red of the crimson cliffs that mark the entrance to McCormick Bay.

We had made presently the round of all the stations save one. Everywhere the hunters had come out in their kayaks to meet us, approaching the vessel with shouts of "*Chaimô!*" (Welcome!) and of "Hello, Peary!" when they caught

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sight of the familiar figure of the explorer dressed in furs like their own; and we could hear from the rocky shores the long-drawn call of the women and children from tupik to tupik of "Oomiokshuah!" (the big house-boat!)

Everywhere we found the same cheerful contentment, with a certain contagious light-heartedness that was irresistible and an instinctive courtesy which makes, the world over, its instant appeal to one's better self. It was strange to be in a world where men were poor in common, but none was destitute. Poor they certainly are by any standard of our complex life. Ivory and bone and flint, with an occasional piece of driftwood, are the only possible instruments of production in their native state, and in the use of these they are ingenious beyond praise. The animals of the region yield to them all that is possible of food and clothing and fuel. It is true that Lieutenant Peary has, by exchanging knives and needles and wood, and even rifles and ammunition, for furs and dogs and services, enormously increased their wealth and their power, for the time, of producing it; yet there are no new sources of wealth, and life at best is a from-hand-to-mouth existence, with only an increased likelihood of enough to eat and to wear. But yet, without improvidence, they are wholly without the sense of care, apparently, in any anxious thought of what they shall eat or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed. And, for all their courage and hardihood and freedom from care, they show a delicacy and sensitiveness of feeling that touch one deeply in so crude a race. Their dignity and courtesy we had marked from the beginning, and the natural simplicity of their affections; and it was the more interesting to see for the first time, as we did at the station at North Star Bay, the marks of more demonstrative feeling.

We had gone ashore as usual, and had taken with us several of the hunters, with Angedloo among them. Angedloo's mother was living there, and his brother, Weshakupsi, a young hunter, who had visited America in company with Lieutenant Peary, and had returned to his people and married one of the beauties of the tribe. Angedloo was in high feather among his near of kin, showing us about with more than his usual readiness. Presently he disappeared, but we did not notice his absence until, with Dr. Dedrich, two of us passed near one of the outlying tupiks. There we heard a cry that held us with heartrending fascination. One hears it sometimes in a minor wail from the depth of a crowd of pilgrims at a *melá* in India, or just at the turn of the deep-toned cry of dervishes, as it seems to rise from the midmost heart of grief. It was Angedloo's mother crying over her son because of the coming long separation. It was like an incantation or a chant with sobs to mark the measure and words borne on the oft-repeated strain. Dr. Dedrich told us that she spoke of her "first-born," and of the "white man," and of Angedloo's going with him far from her to the distant north.

Kangerdlooksoah, not far from the entrance to Academy Bay, in Inglefield Gulf, was the last station in our round, and a tragedy had preceded our coming. Many icebergs were in the bay, while a fine, veil-like mist was rising from the land and melting in the sun's rays. We were moving cautiously, sounding as we went. There were but few of us on deck, for it was before breakfast, but the native hunters on board were standing in a row on the royal forecastle, leaning on the starboard monkey rail, laughing and talking as usual, and gazing landward for sight of tupiks. We could pick them out as the mist lifted, and presently I counted the unusual number of eight, scattered over a wide terminal moraine. They were themselves evidence of life, but there was no other. The very dogs that were indistinguishable among the rocks were still for once, and the stillness, which was merely curious at first, grew appalling as we drew nearer, while not a tent-flap fluttered nor a single voice called to us. A plague might have come down upon the station and swept it of its life, for all that we could see of living things. The ship was as silent as the shore, for all on deck had ceased to speak, in wonder at what we saw, while an indefinable apprehension crept upon us.

He might have risen from the rocks he appeared so abruptly, a hunter carrying his kayak on his head and making for the

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water's edge. He looked like a sole survivor, this solitary figure in the midst of silence and desolation. We watched him launch his canoe and paddle toward us. His head was bowed, and a tangled mass of long, straight, black hair fell about his face. There was none of the customary greetings as he came; the wash of the paddle-blades as they rose, dripping, was the only sound. He did not look up until almost under the bow; when, for a moment, he raised his face to his fellow-hunters and scarcely more than whispered a sentence; then bowed his head again and, leaning dejectedly upon the paddle-shaft, allowed the canoe to drift. From the half-deck we could hear no word of what he said, but in that moment we caught a glimpse behind streaming masses of unkempt hair of eyes fairly wild with terror, while his whole figure seemed to shrink and shrivel as in the presence of a mortal fear.

The Huskies remained rigid, as though frozen to the rail. Just then Henson appeared on his way aft to report.

"What is it, Henson?" I asked, and I expected to learn of the sudden death of all save one in the station.

"One of the hunters here was drowned a few hours ago," he replied. "They found his kayak upside down, but they'll never find him."

It was the common end, the way of dying which awaited many of the men, and all of them face it nearly every day with frankest courage. But sudden death is, after all, the grimmest tragedy of life, and even in this, its almost habitual form, it had come with paralyzing effect among this child-like folk.

It is difficult to draw them into talk about their intimate beliefs. High-spirited and most companionable as they are, they grow taciturn at any approach to matters of conviction. They have a word which might be translated "because," and when pressed for the wherefore of a view, they are apt to reply, "We think it so, *because*," and beyond "because" it is impossible to induce an Esquimau to go. This much has been learned, however, of their philosophy by men whom they have accepted to close friendship: that they believe in an overruling Providence and in a future life, and in rewards and punishments meted out according to deeds done in the body; and that they share with all their race the conviction that a good Esquimau when he dies goes down to nether regions that are warm, and a bad Esquimau up to the trackless white desert of the ice-cap that is always cold.

Their dead they bury in lateral moraines, heaping stones above them and leaving beside the graves of the men their sledges and hunting gear; and, once buried, they never speak of the dead again.

Something must be done in the present instance, for the people of the station were like a company of terror-stricken children. Accordingly Lieutenant Peary ordered up some necessaries and went ashore alone and encamped there, while the Diana carried us far up Academy Bay, where for a day or two we had fairly successful reindeer stalking over never-to-be-forgotten rough country to the north of the bay.

When we returned Kangerdlooksoah was perfectly normal. There was the same spirited interest in our coming which had welcomed the Diana's company everywhere. Bright eyes gazed questioningly at us, and we heard again the soft-voiced, far-carrying call across the water. Sorrow and sighing had fled away; death was clean forgotten in the presence of all-conquering life. Every personal effect of the dead man lay abandoned far up on the moraine. His widow and a child of six remained; the widow wore a seal-skin hood continuously in token of her loss, but she seemed to have forgotten her husband's death as completely as any of her neighbors. Her unconsciousness of that was as nothing, however, compared with her apparent unconsciousness of another loss of her own inflicting. Lieutenant Peary had arranged that she should go with us to Etah, where her parents lived, and where she could be provided for until a future marriage. She had been left with two children, the child of six and a baby a few months old, and just before she came aboard she, with her own hands, strangled the younger child. The act was as natural to her, apparently, as the care that up to that hour she had given it. She had merely carried into effect an established custom of her race. A widow may hope to rear her children

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of an older growth, but for a helpless baby she sees almost sure starvation, and, in spite of natural affection and without apparent compunction, she puts the child, when its father dies, beyond the reach of further pain.

Such was the curious mingling of traits. We had found the Esquimaux as honest as the day. Money is no temptation to them, for they know nothing of its use, and a heap of gold would be but so much worthless metal. But steel is to them treasure of the rarest, and made up into the convenient shapes of needles and knives and hatchets and the like, it becomes wealth incalculable. Yet we left our hunting kit and our scientific instruments about the decks without the slightest risk of losing them. It was as though the natives were incapable of the thought of theft. Brave and enduring we found them from the first and courteous and true of speech; as strange side-lights upon the inconsistency of human nature came this childish terror at sudden death and a hardened readiness to take life against all natural affection.

Once more we were headed for Etah, and now for the last time. Little remained to complete the work of the expedition. The Windward had been found and was resupplied with coal and started on her homeward way. The explorers were safe and well, and most hopeful for their future work. Winter quarters were being made ready at Etah, and from them, with the return of daylight in February, a start would be made again for the journey to the Pole. It only remained for us to land the explorers and their picked hunters and unlade the Diana of her stores.

It was about one o'clock in the morning of Monday, August 28th, that we finally left Etah for the south. There was some approach to darkness, for the sun had been sinking fast, and now, at midnight, it dipped just below the northern horizon, while at Etah the twilight was deepened by the shadows of the hills about the fjord. Still there was light enough, for as we cast off we could see clearly the figures of the group on shore. Tall and straight in the midst was Lieutenant Peary, now remaining for his seventh winter in Arctic regions. Dr. Dedrich and Mat Henson were at his side. Standing about them were twenty-five or thirty of the little people, hunters and their wives and children, all joining heartily in the cheers which came in answer to our own, until cheers could be heard no longer, and gave way then to rifle volleys, and these, in turn, to Roman candles from the ship, which shot up from the stern until the headlands at the harbor's mouth hid the winter quarters from view. Then, with a last look at the rugged coast-line where we had spent so incomparable a summer, and a glance at the cold, grim shores of Ellesmere Land across the Sound, and a shuddering thought for the three explorers there, we turned in.

Only one errand remained to us in our journey south. Up Olric's Bay we steamed once more in quest of the company of sportsmen. For sustained interest of a certain sort, this last trip was the most notable of the voyage. It was our third venture into these uncharted waters.

The second one was made while we were cruising about Inglefield Gulf, and it carried us past the narrows and nearer the head-waters, where the sportsmen had moved their camp. Having left instructions about the time and place of final meeting farther down the bay, we started back and were presently stock still in the middle of the channel, with our keel caught on a rock at high tide. We wriggled free, however, and made a way to deeper waters without further mishap.

The last cruise in the bay was exciting in consequence. Every aim of the expedition had been accomplished with complete success save one, which a biologist on board had publicly pronounced an important one—that of getting back home. A serious accident would be fatal to that now. The Windward was already gone a week's journey homeward. Once stranded, no possible relief could reach us, and we should have to winter at the north. So we watched the Diana's progress up through the treacherous channel of the bay and back again with unfeigned attention; and we were glad to pass the head-lands of Northumberland Island, and make once more for the open through troubled waters of Baffin Bay, and to know that the course was set due south.

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It is difficult to discriminate among so many happy strokes, but perhaps the crowning touch of sheer good fortune was one which here befell us. We were in the middle of Baffin Bay, some two hundred miles from the nearest point on the coast of Greenland, which happened to be the northern entrance to the Waigat, and quite twelve hundred from any serviceable port in Labrador. It was suddenly discovered that owing to a too generous gift to the Windward, the remaining coal on board was not enough to carry us to harbor.

The situation was not actually desperate, for the Diana, being an auxiliary craft, could make some headway under sail; but her progress would be very slow, and she would far overreach the time for which she had been chartered. Accordingly we put about and headed east for the Waigat in quest of some relief from the awkward predicament. The apparent prospect was not promising. Blubber is the natural fuel of Greenland, for there is no wood of any kind. But earlier geologic ages dealt more kindly with the country, for there prove to be carbonized remains of forests.

By an odd coincidence the commander of the expedition happened to read, on the very day of our re-entering the Waigat, of the fact that twice Sir Allen Young, when in command of the Pandora, that afterward became the ill-fated Jeannette, had run in there for coal, which he found outcropping in the cliffs of Kudleset. Accordingly we searched the Waigat for a native settlement and found Sarkak on the mainland side just at sunset.

There was something soothingly homely in seeing the sun go down after weeks of broad day. It sank in the north behind great banks of crimson clouds, leaving a flush upon the snow that overlapped the sides of the sharp-peaked mountains on each coast and the hundreds of huge icebergs drifting through the channel. Then we watched the stars come out, and they seemed like the faces of old friends, and the flickering lights in the windows of the cabins on the shore were like messages from home.

At Sarkak we found a Danish factor, a half-breed of patriarchal standing in the station, from whom we secured guides and a willing company of Danish Esquimaux, who were glad to help at coal-mining at a kroner (about twenty-seven cents) a day.

Under their guidance we steamed back to Kudleset and anchored early in the morning near the cliffs, along whose face could be seen strata of coal alternating with sandstone. Here the men worked all day at digging out the coal and putting it in gunny-sacks and loading these into the boats, in which they were taken to the ship and emptied into the bunkers.

It was our last day in Greenland, Saturday, September 2d. Beyond the fact of a few hours of darkness at night, there was nothing as yet to indicate the coming winter. The thermometer registered 50° Fahrenheit on the deck, and we quickly felt the heat of the sun-rays when we began to climb the coast range.

The sense of elevation was everywhere, on the beach and on the cliffs as well as high up on the mountain-side. The air itself conveyed it in rarity and purity and in the feeling of boundlessness which one took in with every breath. There was languor in it too, the delicate languor wherein "deep asleep one seems yet all awake," and one was well content to lie among the soft turf and bracken of the banks above the shore and watch the "downward smoke" of waterfalls across the faces of black cliffs, and the serene, classic beauty of drifting icebergs, and the warm, rugged mountains holding back the aged snow, and the play of breezes among the nodding heads of yellow poppies, and the gleaming dance of brooks that spends past ice and turf and flowers through channels that were banked with living moss.

The next day found us far out in Baffin Bay again, where favoring winds filled our sails and never failed us until, with scarcely a shovelful of coal remaining, we made Battle Harbor in Labrador on Friday night, and spent Saturday, September 9th, in again recoaling.

Very far out of the world Labrador seemed to us as we sailed north, but now on our return the little fishing station of Battle Harbor was like the heart of civilization. There were Newfoundland newspapers there not more than three weeks old, and a yacht of the New York Yacht Club had left only the day before.

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Keener even than for news, however, was our appetite for food of any fresh and growing sort. A long course of "embalmed beef" and "salt horse" and tinned vegetables gives one a quite incalculable craving for what is fresh. You could put a man on edge by talking to him about "roast chicken and lettuce salad."

We gratified our hunger in the unexpected way of finding blueberries among the rocks above the harbor. There, silent and prone in the sun, we picked and ate the berries and felt a certain cool refreshment which comes of so primitive and real a gratification.

Down through the Strait of Belle Isle we sailed on Sunday, and early on Tuesday morning we came to anchor in Sydney Harbor. The sky was overcast when we reached the deck, and banks of fog rested on the land; but with the lifting of the mist we could see again the rich summer green of the shores, and it came with a fine effect of restfulness to eyes that were dazzled by the glamour of the North.

Landing a Walrus.

POSTSCRIPTUM

ADAPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF STECCHETTI

By Caroline Duer

DEAR, in the autumn, when the leaves fall slowly,
Seek for the cross above my quiet grave,
Far in the green depths of some church-yard lowly,
Hid in the grass where tangled wild flowers wave.

Pluck for your hair the wreath I cannot bring you,
Born of my heart through many a lonely day.
These are the songs I thought, but could not sing you,
Those are the words of love I dared not say.

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THE SLAVE-TRADE IN AMERICA

THIRD PAPER—THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IT is a wide subject—so wide, indeed, that at least two volumes have been written on its legislative features, with only incidental reference to the actual facts, or things done in the way of enforcing and evading the legal restraints. The story of it is necessarily full of the wildest and wickedest life of the sea—necessarily because from the first attempt at restraint the law-abiding people left the trade and the most desperate people of the sea flocked to it; and, what is of more importance, the trade increased and gave greater profits with every extension of the scope of the law.

We may very well begin with certain official reports bearing on the extent of the trade which it was proposed to abolish, and the account-books and papers of people in the trade to show what the profits were. By way of example, we may select from these the custom-house returns of Charleston, S. C., from January 1, 1804, to December 31, 1807. These showed that 202 cargoes of slaves were entered there in that period, of which 128 were brought in American ships. The total number of slaves was 39,075. It is not pretended that this is a complete statement of the number of slaves imported in that district, for, as will appear farther on, there was a deal of smuggling done; but we know no fewer were imported.

Out of the 202 slavers, 70 were British—doubtless chiefly from Liverpool, a port whose prosperity was founded on the slave-trade, the very docks of which she now properly makes boast, having been first devised for the benefit of her sharp-hulled slavers. Liverpool, in one year (from January, 1798, to January, 1799), despatched 150 ships in the African trade. These were allowed, by act of Parliament, to carry 52,557 slaves, and they actually delivered 47,500 in market.

The average cost of a slave in Africa was then from £20 to £25, and the average selling price was £70—there was a gross profit of from £45 to £50 per head. The books of two of the Liverpool firms in the trade show that the ships Lottery, Enterprise, Fortune, Louisa, and Bloom, delivered six cargoes, aggregating 2,126 slaves, on which the net profit was £43 8*s.* 3*d.* per head. A cargo numbering 326, in the Louisa, paid a net profit of £58 13*s.* 10*d.* per head. A cargo of 392, in the Enterprise, paid £62 6*s.* 6*d.* per head, and 305, in the Lottery, paid £62 7*s.* 4*d.* per head.

But the limit of fortunes made in the traffic was not yet reached. The American ship Venus, built in Baltimore at a cost of $30,000, landed a cargo of 860 slaves on the coast of Cuba, on which the profit was a trifle under $200,000, after allowing for the cost of the ship and all other expenses, although the Cuban officials received a bribe of $27.50 per head. Another American ship, called the Tres Amigos, delivered 1,350 slaves near Bahia at a similar rate of profit.

The cost of the slave-ship—the amount of capital required—is an important matter. The story of the Baltimore schooner Napoleon is remarkable from this point of view. She measured but ninety tons. She made a number of successful voyages—but the facts in one will suffice. In 1835 she took on a cargo composed of young negroes of the Kassoos, the Fi and Sherbro Bullons nations—fierce young fighters every one. Of these, she landed 350. They cost $16 each, and sold for $360 each. With all expenses out, including a present of $5,000 to her surgeon, Richard Drake, whose knowledge of the coast about Matanzas enabled her to dodge a British cruiser, she cleared more than $100,000. And yet $5,000 would have been considered an enormous price for a

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little schooner like that in those days. In each voyage she paid about twenty dollars net profit on each dollar of the cost of construction.

To put down a traffic that paid such profits as these and involved tens of thousands of slaves per annum was the work which certain philanthropists began during the latter end of the eighteenth century, and continued without success until the world became sufficiently enlightened to abolish the market—though this is not to assert that slavery, the taking of a man's labor without just compensation, has been everywhere abolished even now.

The legislation which the humanitarians sought first took form among civilized nations when our own Congress declared (March 23, 1790) that the slave-trade "cannot be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808," and that "Congress have authority to restrain" our citizens "from carrying on the African trade for the purpose of supplying foreigners with slaves, and of providing for the humane treatment, during their passage, of slaves imported" into the United States. This declaration was enacted into a statute on March 22, 1794, when an act was passed "to prohibit the carrying on the slave-trade from the United States to any foreign place or country." It was still lawful to import slaves into the United States, and easy enough to engage in any part of the trade by transferring the ship to some other flag through a nominal sale. Efforts to repeal this act failed, but so, too, did efforts to enforce it.

On May 18, 1800, another act prohibited our citizens having any interest whatever in a slave-ship, or from serving on one, and it provided a penalty of two years' imprisonment in addition to the fine of $2,000 provided by the former act. Moreover, our naval ships were directed to capture slave-ships as prizes, and the slaves were to be forfeited, but not for the benefit of the captor. What was to be done with the captured slaves was not stated.

In 1803, an act was passed that forfeited the ship and punished the captain that brought "any negro, mulatto, or other person of color" into any State that prohibited such an importation.

That all these restraining laws should have been enacted when a great majority of the people of our country believed that slavery was a righteous institution, seems not a little singular, unless we recall the fact that it was within the period under consideration that the slaves of San Domingo revolted with success, and that our own slave-holders had a well-grounded fear of a similar revolt in this country. The fact is, this fear was so strong that on February 20, 1806, Congress went so far as to prohibit trade with San Domingo.

Then came the "Act to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States," from and after January 1, 1808. It was signed by Jefferson on March 2, 1807. To prohibit a trade wherein a single voyage frequently yielded a profit of more than $100,000, a fine not to exceed $20,000 was to be levied on him who fitted out the ship, while the master, when proven guilty of the "high misdemeanor," might suffer "not more than ten years'" imprisonment. The ship was, of course, to be forfeited.

Finding that this law was not enforced, Congress, by the act of April 20, 1818, sought to strengthen it by placing the "*onus probandi* on the defendant," that is, one found with slaves supposed to be smuggled had to prove they were not smuggled, or be found guilty.

The act of March 3, 1819, directed the President to use armed cruisers on our coasts and that of Africa to seize American ships in the trade, and to appoint an agent in Africa to receive slaves captured by these cruisers. The foolish movement to solve the negro problem by establishing the colony of Liberia had been but recently begun, and it was then very popular. This act provided a bounty of $25 to be paid to the cruisers for each slave captured. A further bounty of $50 a head was provided for informers who would tell the proper officers about any negroes smuggled into the United States.

Last of all to be mentioned here is the act of May 15, 1820, wherein to participate in the slave-trade was declared to be piracy. We began our legislative attacks on the slave-trade by proposing a fine of $2,000 on any one proven guilty of engaging in certain parts of it and we ended by prohibiting the trade absolutely, under the penalty of death.

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Meantime the English Parliament had thoroughly investigated the slave-trade (something our Congress never attempted) and an act was passed that prohibited the trade absolutely, after March 1, 1808, or two months after our prohibitory law went into effect. This act was strengthened by another in 1811 which made participation in the trade a felony, with the penalty of transportation for fourteen years attached. When it was seen that this did not deter British subjects the trade was declared (1824) to be piracy, subject to the penalty of death.

To these statements of Anglo-Saxon legislation must be added that Great Britain, in her aggressive desire to end the infamous traffic, made treaties with various powers for its prohibition—notably with France, Spain, Portugal and Brazil. As early as 1815 five European governments agreed to abolish the traffic altogether, while Spain and Portugal agreed to abolish it north of the equator for a period of years. From this circumstance arose the common sailor expression "there is no law south of the line." In 1830 Brazil prohibited the traffic altogether, under severe penalties. Meantime, the Spanish king prohibited the traffic absolutely from May 20, 1820. On the whole, the statutes of the civilized nations were as completely against the traffic as any philanthropist of that age could ask. Something of what was done in spite of and because of those statutes shall now be told.

The first effect of the prohibitory laws on the trade was to reduce the price of slaves in Africa to a remarkable degree. In 1807, the ruling price for strictly first-class negroes was £25 each. Says Richard Drake in his "Revelations of a Slave Smuggler," regarding the price of slaves in 1816:

"We allow for a stout negro of twenty about fourteen English shillings, or three Spanish dollars in merchandise, and buy women and boys at less rates." That was immediately after the European powers united with England to oppose the traffic. In later years the price rose to an average of $16. In any other trade such a reduction in price would have stopped the supply or, at any rate, have greatly reduced it. But in the slave-trade it served, apparently, to increase the number offered. The predatory chiefs of the coast, having become accustomed to certain quantities of the goods of white men, were bound to continue the purchase of the goods and to find the increased number of negroes needed to obtain them. Naturally, the demand among the planters, that had been steady before the laws were changed, was no less urgent when the trade fell into the hands of smugglers; but it appears from the returns that the prices in Cuba and Brazil remained on the average at the old rate of from $350 to $360 per head.

The fact that the laws prohibiting the traffic did not increase the price of raw slaves in these two countries is interesting. It shows conclusively that there was no decrease in the numbers imported into them. On the other hand, the price in the United States rose steadily. "A single negro sent by special agent as far as Savannah would pay all his costs and expenses and fifty per cent. profit in the market," says Drake, in speaking of the smuggling trade from Spanish America to the United States after 1812.

These facts prove that the prohibitory laws, so far as they related to Cuba and Brazil, were dead letters. As to the United States, the laws served as a restraint on the trade. They kept up the price for the benefit of the slave-breeding plantations in the border States. But if dead so far as any diminution of the traffic to Cuba and Brazil was concerned, they were very much alive for the benefit of the officials of these two countries, for they gave the officials the opportunity to share in the profits of the trade by levying blackmail on the traders. In fact, a regular scale of blackmailing tax was established in both countries. It varied somewhat from port to port, but it was everywhere small enough, one would say, considering the real profit in the trade. Thus at Havana the governor-general received $16, the senior naval officer $4, the collector $7, and the gendarme fifty cents on each negro imported into the district. It was simple blackmail, but in the history of Cuba, from the time the law was enacted, only one governor, Geronimo Valdez, refused to collect it, and he was promptly recalled at the behest of the slave-owners.

To turn now to the effect of the laws on the slave-traders of the United States,

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we find a remarkable condition of affairs from the beginning of the prohibition. Because the Spanish and Portuguese Governments (Brazil and Portugal were one in those days), while nominally prohibiting the traffic, did actually encourage it, the slave-traders made haste, at first, to place their ships under one of those flags. How that kind of a transfer was made is very well told in the story of the slaver Plattsburgh, as related in the reports of our Supreme Court. This vessel was, in October, 1817, registered at Baltimore as the property of Sheppard, D'Arcy & Didier. In December, 1819, she cleared at the Custom-house with an assorted cargo for St. Thomas, West Indies. At this time Sheppard took a bill of sale from his partners for $6,000, but no alterations were made in the ship's registry papers. Then came a man named George Stark, who, it was pretended, was empowered by a man in Santiago, Cuba, to pay $12,500 for the vessel, and the three owners gave him a bill of sale for the purpose of conveying her to a Spaniard.

This done, the vessel went down to Hampton Roads, where the brig Eros came alongside and put a slave-trade cargo on board, including irons for confining slaves. Both vessels then went to Santiago, where a bill of sale was made out transferring the vessel to one Marino, for $8,000. Spanish documents were then procured for her under the name of the Maria Gertrudes. A man named Gonzales was taken on board with the title of captain, but the original American officers remained in actual command, and Stark, who had gone out to Santiago ostensibly as an agent to sell her, remained in charge of her as supercargo. Some months later (1820) our sloop-of-war Cyane found her on the coast of Africa, with Stark on board, in the slave-trade, and sent her to New York as a good prize. In the trial that followed it was conclusively shown that the various transfers of the ship were all a sham. Sheppard had not bought out his partners. Stark was a mere supercargo for the purchase and sale of slaves. Marino, instead of paying money for the schooner, had received a sum of money as pay for going through the form of buying the vessel and perjuring himself, in order to obtain Spanish papers for her. Gonzales, instead of being captain, was a mere slave-driver. The original owners had perjured themselves and caused others to commit that crime in order to participate in the slave-trade.

With the trial of this case the public for the first time learned about a practice that had been common among the slavers since 1794. It was referred to by periodicals and by a committee of Congress as a very shocking affair. But it is comforting to observe that no one charged that our customs officers were in collusion with the slavers; and it may be added here that rarely in the history of the trade were our customs officers guilty of that crime. That they were often lax and indifferent about enforcing the laws is not doubted.

But a worse disgrace was to come upon the nation within a few years, than was brought by such transactions as that of the Plattsburgh. Her case showed at worst the turpitude of individuals, but a time came when our Government was to give aid and encouragement to the slavers, even while our officials were blatant in denouncing the traffic. The law that made the slave-trade piracy had, for a brief time, a deterring influence. But when our Government was asked to give force to the statute by treating American slavers on the high seas literally as pirates, there was a hitch. The English, who had placed cruisers on the African coast to stop the trade, applied to our Government for a convention allowing mutual right of search within defined geographical limits; that is, within the slave-belt. An American war-ship was to be allowed to search any merchantman flying the British flag, and any British war-ship the American merchantman.

This was a most important request. We had not so long before fought out the War of 1812, wherein our battle-cry was "free trade and sailors' rights"—the right to trade freely on the high seas, when we were at peace with other nations, and the right of our sailors to be exempt from impressment. To ask for a concession in the matter of searching our ships in a limited locality was to acknowledge that we were then free from such searching anywhere and everywhere. Moreover, Great Britain offered to agree that no man should be taken under any circumstances from

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any ship so searched. In short, here was an offer to grant in terms what the treaty of peace that ended the War of 1812 did not even mention.

Of the sincerity of the British Government there is no doubt now, and there never was an honest doubt. But the slave-traders raised the cry that this *appeal* for the right of search in a limited locality was an entering wedge by which Great Britain desired to re-establish the high-seas customs that prevailed before the War of 1812. The appeal was rejected, and it was declared that any attempt of an English ship to search an American ship, even on the coast of Africa, would be an offence demanding instant reparation.

The British, being more anxious to preserve peace with us than to put down the slave-trade, allowed our claim that a ship with our flag flying should not be searched, and our ships were not searched unless slaves were actually seen on board. That is to say, the British cruisers ran alongside suspected ships and generally boarded them regardless of the flag flying, but if the captain of the suspected ships produced American papers the boarding officer at once apologized and went away. There were cases a-plenty where the officer apologized and went away when the hold was full of sweltering, suffocating slaves.

Finding that our flag protected the slave-ship under such circumstances, the slavers made haste to get under it. Within ten years after we had by statute declared the slaver a pirate the majority of the slave-ships were not only American built, but they were sailed to the coast of Africa under the American flag. Until the slaves were actually on board the slaver could defy all cruisers, and the slaver did frequently defy them even with the slaves under hatches.

There is no blacker chapter in the history of our country than that which tells how our flag became and was maintained for thirty odd years as the shield of the slaver, while those who thus degraded it—including members of every administration and Congress of the period—with loud-mouthed pretence declared that they detested the trade. It is the story of their devilish hypocrisy that makes the student sick.

Meantime the law in the case of captured slavers had been interpreted by our courts, and by those of England as well, so that no conviction could be had unless slaves were actually on board. This interpretation was eventually modified so that the presence of slave-irons, a slave-deck, or other slave outfit should convict, but for a time only the actual presence was sufficient for that end. The results of this interpretation of the law were horrifying.

Take, as an illustration, the chase of the British cruiser Black Joke, after the slavers Rapido and Regulo in the Bight of Benin, in 1831. The two slavers were seen coming together out of the Bonny River in September. The Black Joke at once sent two small tenders in chase, her captain going in one of them. The slavers put about and made all sail up the rivers, but it was soon apparent that they could not escape. What happened then is told by Captain Ramsey of the Black Joke, in his official report. "During the chase they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ankles, and left in this manner to sink or swim as they best could. Men, women, and children were seen in great numbers, struggling in the water; and dreadful to relate, upward of one hundred and fifty of these wretched creatures perished in this way." Captain Ramsey said afterward that he and his men distinctly saw the sharks tearing the slaves as they struggled in the water.

The Regulo, when overhauled, had two hundred and four yet on board out of a cargo of four hundred and fifty. The Rapido when taken did not have a single slave on board, but two of the slaves thrown from her were picked up by the men-o'-war's men—picked up by boat hooks caught in the manacles—and, so sufficient evidence to convict was obtained. In order to save from condemnation two vessels, worth together at most $12,000, these slaver captains had deliberately thrown more than six hundred human beings overboard, of whom one hundred and fifty actually perished.

Another case of the kind was that of the slaver Brillante, Captain Homans. In ten voyages Homans landed over 5,000 negroes in Cuba. The Brillante was a handsome ship, brig rigged, armed with ten guns and manned by sixty men, who were

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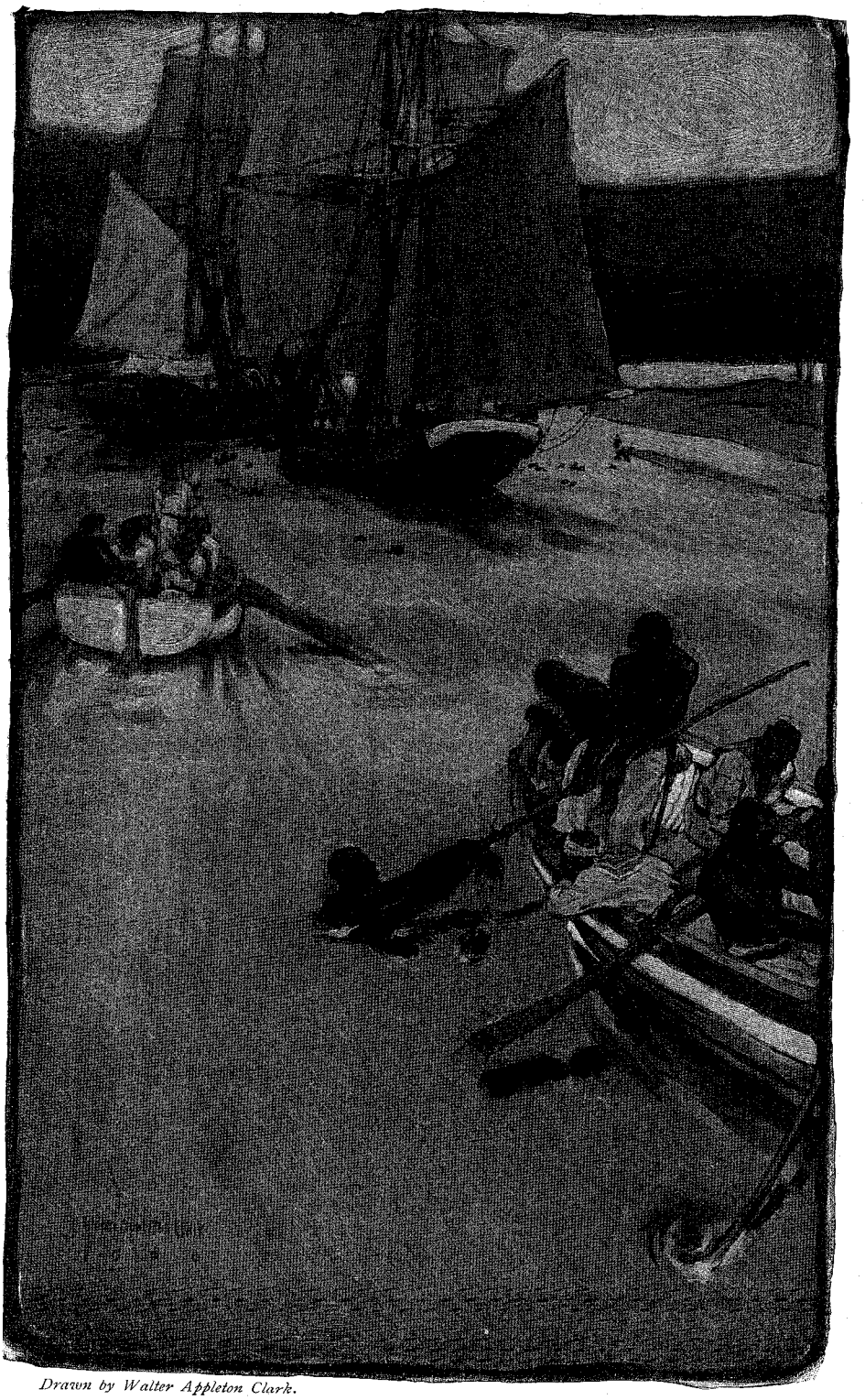

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They were seen . . . to throw slaves overboard . . . shackled together.—Page 456.

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trained to fight. A small English cruiser that attacked her was so badly cut up that she had to be abandoned. In another attack, when the boats from a cruiser came to capture her, they were beaten off with great slaughter. On the occasion now in hand, she was surrounded by four cruisers, but the weather being calm, they had to send their boats to take her. However, night came on before the boats got fairly away from the cruisers, and this gave Homans his opportunity. He could not escape from the boats nor could he successfully resist so many men, but he could and he would get rid of his slaves.

To do this he hauled out his long chain cable through the hawse-pipe, stretched it around his ship clear of all and secured it there by means of slender ropes, just strong enough to hold its weight. Then the end of the chain being shackled to the anchor, the anchor was set ready to drop; after which all the slaves, six hundred in number, were brought on deck, and piled up at the rail, where all were tied to that chain cable by means of stout ropes. In this condition he kept the slaves waiting—waiting because he hoped for a favoring breeze—until he could hear the oars of the coming boats, and he was sure there was no escape, when he cut loose the anchor and the whole six hundred were carried down into the sea.

Although the men-o'-war's men heard the noise, and the wail of the slaves as they were dragged overboard; and there was indisputable evidence in the hold that it had been filled with slaves but a few minutes before, they had to let Homans and his Brillante go free. In fact, Homans jeered and defied them as they came on deck, but they had no redress. There was no evidence that the courts in the existing state of civilization would accept as convincing.

The British war-ship Medina, on boarding a slaver off the Gallinas River, found no slaves on board. It was afterward learned, however, that the captain had had a mulatto girl in his cabin, but seeing the cruiser coming he tied her to a kedge anchor and threw her overboard. It is believed that he thus deliberately murdered her and his own unborn flesh and blood also, to escape capture.

Thousands of slaves were murdered in order to escape capture. How many thousands is not known, nor is that an important fact. What is to be kept in mind is that the prohibitory laws, as interpreted and enforced, led to these atrocious doings.

Among the more interesting results of our prohibitory laws was the development of slave-smuggling in our slave-holding States. The slave-trade of Cuba and Brazil was nominally smuggling, but that with the United States was actually so. The restraint on the trade which our prohibitory laws created having raised the price of slaves in our territory, smuggling became twice as profitable as the old legitimate trade had been. Of course, since it was a smuggling trade, no detailed history of it can be written, but there were so many cases where the facts became known that we have a full knowledge of the methods of the smugglers. Perhaps the most interesting of the smuggler gangs was that making its head-quarters on Galveston Island in the year 1817—then a barren stretch of sand known as Snake Island. A pirate named Aury, with his crew, made a settlement there, and set themselves up as the governing officials of a new republic. As will be remembered, it was in those days that the Spanish-Americans were throwing off the Spanish yoke, and these pirates pretended to be acting somewhat after the fashion of the new republics. Auray called himself commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and a court of admiralty was the most important branch of the tiny filibuster state. The naval force consisted of small schooners, well manned, and these were kept constantly cruising after the slavers engaged in the Cuba trade. Each slaver captured was condemned by the court and then sent openly to New Orleans for sale. That is, the ships and fittings were sent openly. The slaves were sent in canoes through the lagoons west of New Orleans, and sold clandestinely. It was all piracy, of course, but the most profitable part of the business was in smuggling the slaves, for these were sold readily at from $500 to $750 each. The enterprise was supported by prominent New Orleans capitalists.

A curious smuggling story is told of one Louisianian. He made a contract to

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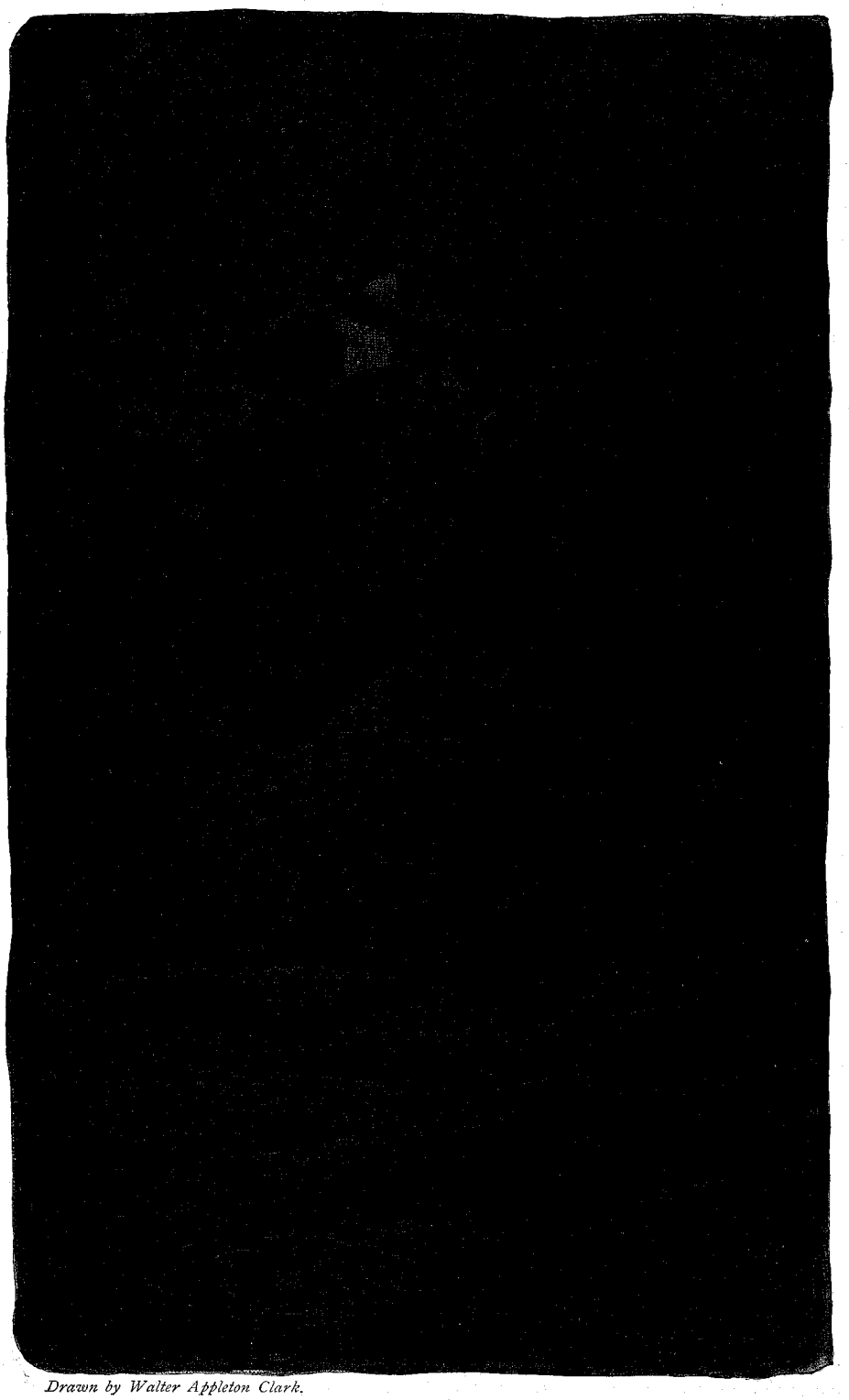

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The anchor was set ready to drop.—Page 458.

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buy slaves of Lafitte, the pirate, who, having captured them off the coast of Cuba, was willing to deliver them over to him on a Texas island for a dollar a pound—an average of $150 each. The Louisianian smuggled them in, and corralled them in pens near New Orleans. Then he informed on himself, so to speak. He reported the presence of his kaffle to the authorities, and they were sold at auction in due course. Under the law, as then interpreted, he received $50 a head as informer. He also bid in the slaves at his own figures. The etiquette of the occasion prevented outsiders from bidding against him. Thus the slaves became his lawful property and were openly sold at market rates. In the course of a year or two he made $50,000 in the business.

Aury, who set up the Galveston filibuster government, got weary of the locality within a few months, and went to Matagorda, Mexico, and thence to Amelia Island, Florida, which was then Spanish territory. Here he established a new state as before, but the conditions were against him. His capital city was just across the boundary river from Georgia, and the territory back of him was inhabited by many runaway slaves—maroons, they were called. Georgia was a convenient market, but the planters did not like this nest of pirates so near at hand, because it was a perfect refuge for runaway slaves. The losses from runaway negroes were sure to exceed the profits in buying slaves stolen from the Cuban slavers. So Aury and his Amelia Island government soon came to grief at the hands of United States war-ships under Commodore J. D. Henley, who was sent to oust the gang. The excitement over the doings of the Florida smugglers had great influence in causing our brutal attack on the Seminole Indians, and later, the purchase of Florida from Spain.

When General Jackson's troops, in the course of the Seminole War, reached Pensacola, they found three vessels, the schooners Constitution, Merino, and Louisa, there, all of which were regularly engaged in bringing slaves from Cuba to that port. The Constitution had eighty-four slaves on board, the Merino nineteen, and the Louisa six. As these vessels had been steadily employed in the trade, one gets some idea of the extent of the smuggling, for, of course, since there was no local demand for slaves in Florida then, every negro brought to Pensacola was destined to a market in the United States.

It was a dribbling trade, as compared with that to the Spanish West Indies. "The kaffle, under charge of negro drivers, was to strike up the Escambia River, and thence across the boundary into Georgia, where some of our wild Africans were mixed with various squads of native blacks and driven inland, till sold off singly or by couples, on the road. . . . Florida was a sort of nursery for slave-breeders, and many American citizens grew rich by trafficking in Guinea negroes, and smuggling them continually in small parties," says Drake (p. 51).

Later on a smuggling company, that included Americans and Spaniards, was organized. It took possession of one of the islands on the coast of Honduras as a slave-depot. Here the wild Africans were landed, well cared for until they had recovered from the horrible effects of the Middle Passage, and then put to work. Thus they learned the duties required on a plantation in the States, and, also, to talk a little English. They were then in condition to sell at almost, if not quite, the full price for able-bodied negroes reared in the States—a price that ranged from $1,000 up to $1,500 each. Negroes bought for $12 or $15 in Africa were sold within a year for $1,200 or $1,500. There was another school for wild negroes on an island near the Brazos River, in Texas. A schooner called the Amistad, engaged in carrying slaves from the Honduras Island, became noted in her day. Her slaves rose on the crew, killed some and spared others who agreed to navigate the schooner to Africa. But they took her to the east end of Long Island instead, and there she was seized by our war-ship Washington. Two Spaniards claimed her, and brought papers to prove that she had in that particular voyage, cleared from Havana, for a Puerto Principe port, in a lawful voyage.

The case was tried in our courts in the usual course, although desperate efforts were made by the State Department to deliver vessel and slaves to the Spaniards in spite of the courts. John Quincy

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The slaves were sent in canoes through the lagoons.—Page 458.

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Adams appeared for the slaves, and eventually the native Africans were liberated. A boy named Antonio, who was lawfully a slave, found the underground railway.

Because of the growth of civilization, and the persistent efforts of the English to suppress the slave-trade, a treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain, on August 9, 1842, by which the United States agreed to maintain on the coast of Africa a squadron carrying not less than eighty guns for the suppression of the trade. Commodore M. C. Perry commanded the first squadron sent out. Under the treaty he was "to act in concert and co-operation" with a similar British squadron in an aggressive warfare on slavers. But the one matter on which his letter of instructions to the officers under him laid stress was this: You are not to "permit, without resistance *to the extent of your means*, any foreign vessel of war, of whatever force or nation, in the exercise of any assumed *right* of *search* or visitation, to board, in your presence, any vessel having the American flag displayed." (Italics as in the original.) His first report to the Secretary of the Navy is full of what he should do "if the British at this station make the attempt to enforce their imperious claim to the right of visiting or detaining, under any circumstances, vessels wearing the American flag."

Naturally Perry failed to find any slavers on the coast. Naturally, too, the presence of our navy, acting under such orders, seemed only to encourage the slavers in the use of the American flag. A time came when a noted slave-dealer in Rio Janeiro complained that he was "pestered" by Americans who wanted to put their ships in the trade. It is easily demonstrated that our cruisers on that coast never decreased the traffic to any extent worth consideration, until after the civil war began.

Admiral Foote, then a lieutenant-commander, captured two slavers on the African coast early in the fifties, and reported the trade well-nigh extinct, but his book "Africa and the American Flag" did more to end the trade than all that had been done by our cruisers previous to its publication. Twelve slavers were, indeed, captured in 1860. The Navy Department after 1856 was somewhat active in the matter, but not from any humane motive. The administration then in power was ambitious to annex Cuba, and the Secretary of the Navy sent cruisers to the Cuban coast in order to promote that end. He was willing to show the extent of the Cuban slave-trade, in order to make an appeal to our people for the annexation of the island. In his report for 1860 (p. 9) he says: "If Cuba were to pass under the Constitution of the United States, the trade would then be effectually suppressed." He wrote that in 1860, although through every year of that administration an average of one slaver per week left the port of New York alone. One gropes for words to properly characterize the politics of those days, but let it suffice to say that one noted slave-ship was named Martin Van Buren, and another James Buchanan.

Finally the men who had been reared to believe slavery was a righteous institution—the sincere slave-holders—became disgusted with the sham and started a movement for the repeal of all our laws for suppressing the trade. Public meetings were held for the discussion of the matter, and at one of these a fund was raised to provide for sermons by regularly ordained preachers — sermons to "educate" the people into a belief that the trade should be opened. Much printed matter was distributed. A Vermont bishop (John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D.) wrote a book to prove slavery right according to the Bible. I cannot help wishing that every preacher in the land might read it carefully now. The movement gained much headway. However much we may deplore their lack of civilization, we must praise the open and frank actions of these slavery men.

Among them, however, were some who gave action to their theories by entering into the trade. In the five years preceding the Civil War the slavers became steadily more active. A man named Lamar was one of the enterprising smugglers, and one of his letters, of which a part has appeared in print, furnishes reading that is at once interesting and shocking. The yacht Wanderer belonged in part to him.

This vessel, the most notable of latter day slavers, was built for the New York

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Revolt of the Slaves on the Amistad.—Page 460.

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Yacht Club's squadron in 1857. Her reputation for speed was very high. A professed yachtsman bought her in 1858, and joined the yacht club. Then, with the club's colors flying, he sailed away and put her in the slave-trade in connection with Lamar and others. They landed a lot of negroes in Georgia, but the facts became known, and the owner was expelled from the club on February 3, 1859. The vessel was captured, and eventually became a fruiter, when she was wrecked on Cape Henry.

But all this activity among slaves served only to rouse the humanitarians to greater exertions, and the irrepressible conflict was precipitated when Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

A time had come at last when we had an administration that would join heartily with Great Britain for the suppression of the trade. A treaty, concluded on April 7, 1862, provided for that limited right of search necessary to drive the slavers from under the protecting folds of the American flag. On February 19, 1861, we appropriated $900,000 for the suppression of the trade, and on the second of the next month $900,000 more. The officers of the law who, under former administrations, had been lax or indifferent in looking after traders, were replaced by men who were active and efficient. More important still, we now had District Attorneys who would prosecute the captured slaver officers to the righteous end, a change that was needed more than all the others if the trade were to be suppressed. This change was first made manifest when the captain of the slave-ship Erie, which was captured off the Congo on August 8, 1860, was brought to trial.

The master of the Erie was Captain Nathaniel Gordon, a slaver of experience. On the afternoon of August 7, 1860, he took on board 890 (one account says 897) slaves, of whom only 172 were men and 162 grown women. Gordon was one of those infamous characters who preferred to carry children because they could not rise up to avenge his cruelties. He was captured fifty miles off shore and sent to New York. Here he was brought to trial as a pirate under the statute of 1820. The first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. On November 6, 1861, he was put on trial again, and on November 8th the case went to the jury. Two hours later a verdict of "Guilty" was returned. On November 30th he was sentenced to die.

Up to that moment no great interest had been taken in the trial. The slave-ship owners of New York, owing to the state of public opinion regarding the war then in progress, had allowed Gordon to face his trial without showing any activity in his behalf. But now they used every endeavor to obtain a pardon and then a commutation of the sentence. But the time had come when a slaver pirate, duly convicted, must suffer the penalty provided by law for his crime. He must suffer in spite of petitions and in spite of threats of rescue by a mob of slaver sympathizers. A battalion of marines would even be sent from the navy yard to protect the officers of the law in enforcing the sentence.

At noon on February 21, 1862, Gordon was taken from his cell to the gallows. His bravado forsook him then, and with lolling head he shambled to the rope, supported by two deputies. There the noose was quickly adjusted, an axe blow released the weight, and his body was jerked into mid-air.

The stroke of that axe on the cord was the hardest blow the slave-trade had ever received. There were, indeed, slavers afloat thereafter. While the market existed and such enormous profits were to be made, even the severest measures could, perhaps, but repress. By a treaty with Great Britain, made on February 17, 1863, the limits of the territory wherein the mutual right of search existed were greatly extended. Even as late as 1870 Great Britain and the United States had to strengthen still further their agreement for the suppression of the trade, because a few slavers were yet afloat, and it was not until 1886 that the Spaniards in Cuba ceased to import unfortunate Africans. Nevertheless, when it became known that the American people would hang a slaver as a pirate the end was at hand. As the rope creaked to the weight of Gordon's dishonored clay, it sounded the death-knell of the slave-trade.

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THE DUST OF DEFEAT

By Lloyd Osbourne

THEY took their accustomed path beside the strait, walking slowly side by side, each conscious that they would never again be together. The melancholy pines, rising from the water's edge to the very summit of the mountains, gave that look of desolation which is the salient note of New Caledonian landscape. Across the narrow strait, as calm and clear as some sweet English river, the rocky shore rose steep and precipitous, cloaked still in pines. A faint, thrilling roar broke at times upon the ear and told of Fitzroy's mine far up on the hill, its long chutes emptying chrome on the beach below. Except for this there was not a sound that bespoke man's presence or any sign that betrayed his habitation or handiwork.

"This is our last day," he said. "Do you not once wish to see the little cabin where I have eaten my heart out these dozen years? Do you never mean to ask me what brought me here?"

"I would like to know," she answered; "but I was afraid. I didn't wish to be—to be——"

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you for that unspoken word. You did not wish to be disillusioned; to be told that the man you have treated with such condescension was a mere vulgar criminal, a garroter perhaps, such a one as you have read of in Gaboriau's romances. Ah, Mademoiselle, when you have heard my unhappy story—that story which no one has ever listened to save the counsel that defended me—you will perhaps think better of poor Paul de Charruel."

"You are innocent," she cried, looking up at him with eyes full of tenderness and curiosity. "You have shielded some one?"

M. de Charruel shook his head. "I am not innocent," he said. "I am no martyr, Mademoiselle—not, at least, in the sense you are good enough to imply. I was fortunate to get transportation for life; doubly fortunate to obtain this modified liberty after only three years. You may, however, congratulate yourself that your friend is a model prisoner; his little farm has been well reported on by the Chef de l'Administration Pénitentaire; it compares favorably with Leclair's, the vitriol thrower of Rue d'Enfer, and his early potatoes are said to rival those of Palitzi, the famous poisoner."

His companion shuddered.

"Pardon me," he continued. "God knows I have no desire to be merry; my heart is heavy enough, in all conscience."

"You will tell me everything," she said, softly.

He walked along in silence for several minutes, moody and preoccupied, staring on the ground before him.

"I suppose I ought to begin with my father and mother, in the old-fashioned way," he said, at last, with a sudden smile. "There are conventionalities even for convicts! My father (if we are to go so far back) was the Comte de Charruel, one of the old *noblesse;* my mother an American lady from whom I got the little English I possess, as well as a disposition most rash, nervous, and impulsive. There were two of us children: my sister Berthe and myself; she the younger by six years. My father died when I reached twenty years, just as I entered the 86th Hussars as a sub-lieutenant. Had he survived I might perhaps have been saved many miseries and unhappinesses; on the other hand, he, the soul of honor, might have been standing here in my place, condemned as I have been to a life-long exile.

"I was a good officer. Titled, rich, and well born, there was accorded me the friendship of the aristocratic side of the regiment; a good comrade, and free from stupid pride, I stood well with those who had risen from the ranks and the humbler spheres of society. Many a time I was the only officer at home in either camp, and popular in both. When I look back upon my army life, so gay, so animated, so filled with small successes and com-

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mendations from my superiors, I wish that I had been fated to die in what was the very zenith of my happiness and prosperity.

"My mother, except for a short time each year at our hotel in Paris, lived in our old château at Nemours, entertaining, in an unobtrusive fashion, many of the greatest people in France; for the *entrée* of few houses was more eagerly sought than our own. Though we were not so well born as some, nor so rich as many, my mother contrived to be always in request, and to make her house the centre of all the gayety and wit of France.

"From her earliest infancy my sister Berthe was counted one of the company at the château, and while I was at the Lycée and afterward at St. Cyr, she was leading the life of a great lady at Nemours. Marshals of France were her cavaliers; famous poets and musicians played with her dolls and shared her confidences; men and women distinguished in a thousand ways paid court to her childish beauty. Beauty, perhaps, I ought not to say, for her charm lay most in the extraordinary liveliness and intrepidity of her character, which captivated every beholder. Indeed, she ought to have been the man of the family, I the girl; so diverse were our tastes and aspirations, our whole outlook on life.

"You, of course, cannot recollect the amazing revolution that swept over Europe when I was a young man: that upheaval of everything old, accepted, and conventional, which was confined to no one country, but raged equally throughout them all. Huxley, Darwin, Haeckel, Rénan, and Herbert Spencer were names that grew familiar by incessant repetition; young ladies whom one remembered last in boxes at the opera, or surrounded by admirers at balls and great assemblies, now threw themselves passionately into this new Renaissance. One you would find studying higher mathematics; another geology and chemistry; another still, teaching the children of thieves and cut-throats how to read. Girls you had seen at their father's table, with downcast eyes and blushes in place of conversation, now demanded separate establishments of their own; worked their way, if necessary, through foreign universities; fought like little tigers for the privilege of studying till two in the morning and starving with one another in the gloomiest parts of the town. Nor were the young men behind their sisters; to them also had come the new revelation; this self-denying and austere standard of life; this religion of violent intellectual effort. To many it was ennobling to a supreme degree; and while our girls boldly made their way into avenues hitherto closed to women, there were everywhere young men, no less ardent and disinterested, to support them in the *mêlée*. In every house there was this revolt of the young against the old; this perpetual argument of humanitarianism against apathy and *laissez-faire*.

"To me it all seemed the most frightful madness. I was bewildered to see bright eyes pursuing studies which I knew myself to be so wearisome, taking joy where I had found only vexation and fatigue. Like all my caste I was old-fashioned and thought a woman's place at home. You must not go to the army for new ideas. It was no pleasure to me to see delicately nurtured ladies rubbing shoulders with raw medical students or tainting their pretty ears with the unrestrained conversation of men. You must remember how things have changed in eighteen years; you can scarcely conceive the position of those forerunners of your sex in Europe, so much has public opinion altered for the better. In my day we went to extremes on either side, for it was then that the battle was fought. The elders would not give way an inch; the children dashed into a thousand extravagances. To some it looked as though the dissolution of society was at hand. Girls asked men to marry them, men they had seen perhaps but once, in order that they might gain the freedom accorded to married women and secure themselves against the intolerable interference of their families. Some of them never saw their husbands again or could even recollect their names without an effort. Ah, it was frightful! It was a revolution!

"In spite of all her liberal opinions, her unconventional views, her apparent allegiance to the new religion, my mother soon took her place amid the reactionary ranks, while my sister, the *mondaine*, just as surely joined the rebellion. As I said before, it was the battle of the young against the old;

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age, rather than conviction, assigned one's position in the fight. Our house, hitherto so free from domestic discord, became the theatre of furious quarrels between mother and daughter; quarrels, not about gowns, allowances, suitors, or unpaid bills, but involving questions abstract and sublime: one's liberty of free development; one's duty to one's self, to mankind; one's obligation, in fact, to cast off all shackles and take one's place in the revolution so auspiciously beginning.

"The end of it was that Berthe left Nemours, coming to Paris without my mother's permission to study medicine with a Russian friend of hers, a girl as defiant and undaunted as herself. This was Sonia Boremykin, with whose name you must be familiar. Needless to say, I was interdicted from giving any assistance to my sister, my mother imploring me not to supply the means by which Berthe's ruin might be accomplished. But I could not allow my sister to starve to death in a garret, and if I disobeyed my poor mother, she had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that my sympathies were on her side of the quarrel. My greatest distress, indeed, was that Berthe would accept so little, for she was crazy to be a martyr, and was besides prompted by a generous feeling not to take a sou more than the meagre earnings of her companion. So they lived and starved together, these two remarkable young women, turning their backs on every luxury and refinement. Either, for the asking, could have received a thousand-franc note within the hour; for each a château stood with open doors; for each there was a dowry of more than respectable dimensions, and lovers who would have been glad to take them for their *beaux yeux* alone! And yet they chose to live in a garret; to be constantly affronted as they went unescorted through the wickedest parts of Paris; to subsist on food the most unappetizing and unwholesome. For what? To cut up dead paupers in the Sorbonne!

"I was often there to see them with the self-imposed task of trying to lighten the burden of their sacrifices. I introduced food in paper bags, and surreptitiously dropped Napoleons in dark corners; that is, until I was once detected. Afterward they watched me like hawks. Sometimes they were so hungry that tears would come into their eyes at the sight of what I brought; at others, they would appear insulted, and throw it remorselessly out of the window. Though I had no sympathy whatever with their aims, I was profoundly interested, profoundly touched, as one might be at the sight of an heroic enemy. Their convictions were not my convictions; their mode of life I thought detestable; but who could withhold such admiration for so much courage, so much self-denial, in two beautiful young women? I used often to bring with me my old Colonel, a glorious veteran with whom I was always a favorite; and I feel sure the girls liked to hear our sabres clank as we mounted the grimy stair, and to see our brilliant uniforms in their garret. It reminded them of the *monde* they had resigned; besides they needed an audience of their own caste who could appreciate, as none other, their sacrifices and their fortitude. Mademoiselle Sonia used to look very kindly at me on the occasion of my visits, never growing angry, as my sister did, at my stupidity, or by my failure to understand their high-flown notions of duty. Once, when I was accidentally hurt at the *Salle d'Armes* by a button coming off my opponent's foil, it was she who dressed my wound with the greatest tenderness and skill, converting me for all time as to the medical career for women. Poor Sonia Boremykin, how her eyes sparkled at her little triumph!

"On one of my visits I was thunderstruck to find before me the Marquis de Gonse, a gentleman much older than myself, with whom I had not actual acquaintance, though we had a host of friends in common. Upon his departure I protested vehemently against this outrage of the proprieties; I besought them to show a little more circumspection in their choice of friends, admitting no man to their intimacy who counted not his fifty years. But my protestations were received with laughter; I was told that the Marquis was a friend of Sonia's father, and was trying to effect a reconciliation highly to be desired. Berthe accused me mockingly of wishing to keep the little Russian to myself. Indeed, she said, what could be more demoralizing to her companion than the constant presence of a beautiful

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young hussar. With her saucy tongue she put me completely to the blush; in vain I pleaded and argued; de Gonse's footing was assured. Yet, if they had searched all Paris, they could not have found a man more undesirable, or more dangerous for two young women to know. Ardent, generous, and himself full of aspirations for the advancement of humanity, nothing was better calculated to appeal to him than the struggle in which my sister was engaged. His sympathy, his sincere desire to put his own shoulder to the wheel, were more to be feared than the most strenuous protestations of regard. If he had made love to my sister she was enough a woman of the world to have sent him to the right about; but he adopted, all unconsciously, I am sure, a more subtle plan to win her good opinion. He was converted!

"If I shut my eyes I can see him sitting there in that low garret as he appeared on one occasion which particularly imprinted itself on my mind, such a high-bred, such a distinguished figure, with his silk hat and gloves beside the box which had been given him for a chair, and his face full of wonder and sadness. You have read of Marie Antoinette in prison, of her sufferings so uncomplainingly borne, of her nobility and steadfastness in the squalor of her cell! You have revolted, perhaps, at the picture; clenched your little fists and felt a great bursting of the heart? It was thus with M. de Gonse. Berthe he had often seen at our château at Nemours; Sonia's father he had known in Russia, a general of reputation, standing high in the favor of the Czar. None knew better than he what the young ladies had given up. I could see that he was deeply moved; he asked many questions; at times he exclaimed beneath his breath. He insisted on learning everything; the amount of their income, the nature of their studies, all their makeshifts and contrivances, even to the mantle they possessed in common and wore in turn. The two beautiful, solitary girls, from whom sympathy and appreciation had so long been withheld, unbarred their lives to us without reserve. Berthe told us, amid the passionate interjections of Sonia Boremykin, the story of their struggles at the medical school; the open hostility of the professors; the brutal sneers and innuendoes; the indescribable affronts that had been put upon them. During this terrible recital—for it was terrible to hear of outrages so patiently borne, of insults which bring the blood to the cheek even to remember after all these years—de Gonse rose more than once from his seat, walking up and down like one possessed, uttering cries of rage and pity. It was no feigned anger, no play-acting to win the regard of these poor women. Let me do the man that justice.

"I don't think my sister was prepared for the effect of her eloquence on the Marquis; or could have foreseen, even for a moment, the tempest she had raised within his breast. He swore he would challenge every professor in the school; that he would unloose *spadassins* on the offending students, whose bones should be broken with clubs; that to blight their careers in after life he would make his business, his pleasure, his joy! It was with difficulty that he was recalled to the realities of every-day existence, my sister telling him frankly that such a course as he proposed might benefit woman in general, but could not fail to destroy the future of herself and Sonia Boremykin. To be everywhere talked about, to get their names into the newspapers, to be pointed at on the street as the victims of frightful insults—what could be more detestable, more ruinous to the careers they hoped to make? De Gonse was reluctantly compelled to withdraw his plans of extermination; for who could controvert the logic with which they were demolished or fail to see the justice of my sister's contention? Confessing himself beaten on this point, he sought for some other solution of the problem. Private tutors? Intolerably expensive, came the answer; poor substitutes for one of the greatest schools in Europe; unable besides, to confer the longed-for degree. The University of Geneva, famous for its generous treatment of women? Good; but its diploma would not carry the desired prestige in France. I hazarded boys' clothes and false mustaches, but my remark was greeted with a shout of laughter and a half-blushing confession from Mademoiselle Sonia that one experiment in this direction had sufficed. It was to the Marquis that light finally came.

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"'Fool! Idiot!' he thundered, striking himself on his handsome forehead with his fist. 'Why did I not think of it before? To-morrow I join the medical school myself—the student de Gonse, cousin of the Marquis—a man tired of the hollowness and the trivialities of high life. I do nothing to show I am acquainted with you; nothing to compromise you in the faintest manner. But de Gonse, the medical student, is a gentleman, a man of honor. A companion ventures on a remark derogatory to the dignity of the young ladies—behold, his head cracks like an egg against his desk; another opens his mouth only to discover that *le boxe* (you know I am quite an Anglais) is driving the teeth down his throat, setting up medical complications of an extraordinary and baffling nature. A professor so far forgets his manhood as to heap insults on the undefended; the strange medical student tweaks his nose in the tribune and challenges him to combat! How simple, how direct!'

"Imagine my surprise a few days later to learn that this had been no idle gasconade on the Marquis's part. True to his word, he had appeared at the school elaborately attired for the part he was to play, even to a detestable cravat and a profusion of cheap jewelry! Unquestionably there must have been others in the plot, for no formalities anywhere tied his hands or opposed the least obstacle to his audacity. As one would have expected from a man so eager and so full of resource, the object for which he came was soon achieved. Mingling with the students as one of themselves, he singled out those who went the farthest in persecuting the women, and insensibly cajoled them into a better way of conduct. The minority, too, those that still kept alive the chivalry of young France, were strengthened and encouraged by the force of his example, so that the crusade, once authoritatively begun, went on magnificently of itself. Not a blow was struck; not a wry word said; and behold, de Gonse had accomplished a miracle! From that time the position of women was assured; protectors arose on every side as though by magic; in a word, gallantry became the fashion. When professors ventured on impertinences, hisses now greeted them in place of cheers; they changed color and were at pains to explain away their words. The battle, indeed, was won.

"Had de Gonse contented himself with this victory, which saved my sister and Mademoiselle Sonia from countless mortifications, how much human misery would have been averted, how great a tragedy would have remained unplayed. But evil and good are inexplicably blended in this world, a commonplace of whose truth, Mademoiselle, you will have many opportunities of verifying. Having acted so manly a part, one so calculated to earn the gratitude and esteem of these poor girls, he turned from one to another, wondering with which he should reward himself. I have reason to think his choice first fell on Sonia Boremykin, who had the whitest skin and the prettiest blue eyes in the world; how can I doubt, to judge from her wild tragic after-life, but that he could have persuaded her to her ruin. But he must have paused half way, struck by the incomparable superiority of my sister. In beauty she was not perhaps the equal of her companion, though to compare *blonde* and *brune* is a matter of supererogation. In other ways, at least, there never lived a woman more desirable than Berthe de Charruel. She possessed to a supreme degree the charm that springs from intelligence—I might say from genius—which, when found in the person of a young and beautiful woman, is almost irresistible to any man that gains her favor. Jeanne d'Arc was such another as my poor sister, and must have been impelled on her career by something of the same fire, something of the same passionate earnestness. To break a heart like hers seemed to de Gonse the crown to a hundred vulgar intrigues and *bonnes fortunes*.

"Of course, I knew nothing of this gradual undoing of my sister, though during the course of my visits to the little garret I often found the Marquis in the society of Berthe and her friend. I disliked to see him there, but I was powerless to interfere. I was often puzzled, indeed, by the ambiguous conduct of Mademoiselle Sonia, who had the queerest way of looking at me, and whose eyes were always meeting mine in singular glances, whether of warning or appeal I was at a loss to tell. Her words, too, often left me uneasy, recurring to me constantly when I was in the saddle

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at the head of my troop or as I lay awake in bed awaiting the reveillé. I wondered if the little Russian were making love to me, for, like all hussars, I was something of a coxcomb, though, to do me justice, neither a lady-killer nor a pursuer of adventures. It was in my profession that I found my only distraction, my only mistress. I am almost ashamed to tell you how good I was, how innocent; how in me the Puritan stock of my mother seemed to find a fresh recrudescence. Some thought me a hypocrite; others, a coward. But I was neither.

"I learned the truth late one afternoon from Sonia Boremykin, who came to my quarters closely veiled, in a condition of agitation the most frightful. I could not believe her; I seemed to see only another of her devices to win my regard. My sister! My Berthe! It was impossible! I said to her the cruelest things; I was beside myself. She went on her knees; she hid nothing; it was all true. My anger flamed like a blazing fire; I rushed out of the barracks regardless of my duties—of everything except revenge. A lucky *rencontre* on the street put me on de Gonse's track, and I ran him down in the *Salle* of the Jockey Club. He was standing under one of the windows reading a letter by the fading light, a note, as like as not, he had just received from Berthe. I think he changed color when he saw me; at least he drew back with a start.

"I lifted my glove and struck him square across his handsome face.

"'You will understand what that is for, Monsieur le Marquis de Gonse,' I cried.

"He turned deadly white, and with a quick movement caught my wrists in both his hands.

"'*Mon enfant!*' he exclaimed, in a loud voice, which he tried to invest with a tone of jocularity, 'you carry your high spirits beyond all reason; I am too old to enjoy being hit upon the nose.' Then in a lower key he whispered: 'Paul, calm thyself; for the love of God do not force a quarrel. Come outside and let us talk with calmness.'

"But I was in no humor to be cajoled. I fiercely shook off his restraining hands. '*Messieurs,*' I cried, as the others, detecting a scene, began to close round us. '*Messieurs,* behold how I buffet the face of the Marquis de Gonse,' and with that I again flicked my glove across his face.

"De Gonse slunk back with a sort of sob.

"'Captain de Charruel and I have had an unfortunate difference of opinion,' he cried, recovering his aplomb on the instant. 'It seems we cannot agree upon the Spanish Succession. Monsieur le Comte, my seconds will await on you this evening.'

"I turned and left the Club, my head in a whirl, my face so distraught and haggard that I carried consternation through the jostling street, the people making way for me as though I were a madman. To obtain seconds was my immediate preoccupation, a task of no difficulty for a young hussar. My Colonel kindly condescended to act; and with him my friend Nicholas van Greef, the military attaché of the Netherlands Government; to both I told the same story of the Spanish Succession and the quarrel of which it had been the occasion. But my Colonel smiled and laid a meaning finger against his nose; the Dutchman said dryly it was well to keep ladies' names out of such affairs. I am convinced, however, that neither of them had the faintest glimmering of the truth. Having thus arranged matters with my seconds, I attempted next to find my poor sister, hastening up her interminable stairs with an impatience I leave you to imagine. Needless to say, she was not in the garret, which was inhabited by Mademoiselle Sonia alone, her pretty face swollen with weeping, her humor one of extraordinary caprices and contradictions. She blamed me altogether for the catastrophe; I ought not to have given Berthe a sou; I ought to have starved her back into servitude. Women were intended for slaves; to make them free was to give them the rope to hang themselves. For her part, said Mademoiselle, she thought a convent the right place for girls, and crochet work the best occupation! At any other time I might have stared to hear such sentiments from my sister's friend, but for the moment I could think of nothing but Berthe. To find her was my one desire. In this, however, Sonia would afford me no assistance, frankly asking what would be the good.

"'The harm is done, my poor Paul,' she said, looking at me sorrowfully.

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"Why should I expose you or her to an interview so unpleasant. How could it profit anyone?'

"I could not altogether see the force of this acquiescence in evil. I said that the honor of one of the oldest families in France was at stake; that if my sister did not leave the Marquis I should kill her with my own hands and fly the country. I implored Mademoiselle Sonia, with every argument I thought might move her, to betray my sister's hiding-place. But she kept putting me off, mocked at my impatience, and tried to learn, on her side, whether I meant to fight de Gonse.

"'If you really wish to find out where she is,' she cried at last, 'why don't you make me tell you? Why don't you take me by the throat and pound my head against the wall, as they do downstairs with such admirable success? Those women positively adore their men.' As she spoke she threw back her head and exposed her charming neck with a gesture half-defiant, half-submissive! Upon my soul, I felt like carrying her suggestion into effect and choking her in good earnest, for I had become furious at her contrariety. But, restraining the impulse, I saw there was nothing left for me save to retire.

"'Mademoiselle Boremykin,' I said, 'you are heartless and wicked beyond anything I could have imagined possible. You have helped to bring a noble name to dishonor, and in place of remorse your only feelings seem those of levity. I have the honor of wishing you good-day.'

"De Gonse and I met the following morning in the Bois de Boulogne. His had been the choice of arms and he selected rapiers, knowing, like all men of the world, that a pistol has the knack of killing. I ground my teeth at his decision, for he had the reputation of being a fine fencer, while I could boast no more than the average proficiency. He appeared to great advantage on the field; so cool, so handsome, such a *grand seigneur*—in every way so marked a contrast to myself. It was not unnatural, however; he was there to prick me in the shoulder; I to kill him if I could. Small wonder that my face was livid; that my eyes burned like coals in my head; that I was petulant with my own seconds, insulting toward my adversary's. I looked at these with scorn, the supporters of a scoundrel, themselves, no doubt, betrayers and libertines like him they served. My dear old Colonel chid me for my discourtesy; bade me be a *galant homme* for his sake if not for mine. I kissed his wrinkled hand before them all. I said I respected men only who were honorable like himself. Everyone laughed at my extravagance; at the poor old man's embarrassment. It was plain they considered me a coward; they said things I could not help overhearing; but I cared for nothing. My God, no! I was there to kill de Gonse; not to pick quarrels with his friends.

"We were placed in position. Everything was *en règle*. The doctors, of whom there were a couple, lit cigarettes and did not even trouble to open their wallets. They knew it to be an affair of scratches.

"The handkerchief fell. We set to, warily, cautiously, looking into each other's eyes like wild beasts. More than once he could have killed me, so openly did I expose myself to his attack, so unconscionably did I force him back, hoping to give lunge for lunge, my life for his. But in his adventurous past de Gonse must often have crossed swords with men no less desperate than myself; it was no new thing to him to face a determined foe, or to guard himself against thrusts that were meant to kill. His temper was under admirable control; he handled his weapon like a master in the school of arms, and allowed me to tire myself out against what seemed a wall of steel. Suddenly he forced my guard with a stroke like a lightning flash; I felt my left arm burn as though melted wax had been dropped upon it; someone seized my sword; someone caught me in his arms!

"My dizziness, my bewilderment, were the sensations of a moment, and in a trice I was myself again. The wound was nothing, a nicely calculated stroke through the fleshy part of the arm. I laughed when they talked of honor satisfied and of our return to barracks. I said I never felt better in my life. It was true, for I was possessed with a Berserker rage, as they call it in the old Norse sagas; a bullet through my heart could not have hurt me then. The seconds demurred; they told

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me that I was in their hands; that I was over-ruled; repeated, like parrots, that honor was satisfied. This only made me laugh the more. I went up to the Marquis and asked him were it necessary for me to strike him again? I called him a coward, and swore I would post him in every salon and club in Paris. I slapped him in the face with my bare hand—my right—for my left felt numb and strange. There was a great scene. De Gonse appeared discomposed for the first time; the seconds were pale and more than perturbed. One had a sense of death in the air. There were consultations apart; appeals to which I would not listen; expostulations as idle as the wind. De Gonse, trembling with wrath, left himself unreservedly to his seconds, walking up and down at a little distance like a sentinel on duty. I also strolled about to show how strong and fit I was: the angriest, the bitterest man in France.

"At length it was decided that we might continue the combat. De Gonse solemnly protested, bidding us all take notice that he had been allowed no alternative. My Colonel was almost in tears. Repeatedly, as a favor to himself, he besought me to apologize for that second blow and retire from the field. But I was adamant. '*Mon Colonel*,' I said to him in a whisper, 'this is a quarrel in which one of us must fall. Let me assure you it is not about a trifle.'

"Again we ranged ourselves; again we grasped our rapiers, saluted, and stood ready for the game to begin. The Marquis's coolness had somewhat forsaken him; the finest equanimity is ruffled by a buffet in the face; one cannot command calm at will. His friends said afterward that he showed extraordinary self-control, but I should rather have described it as extraordinary uneasiness. No duellist cares for a Berserker foe; de Gonse was, moreover, of a superstitious fancy; there are such things, besides, as presentiments; I think he must have had one then. God knows, perhaps he was struggling with remorse. The handkerchief fell; we crossed swords, and the combat was resumed with the utmost vivacity. The air rang with the shivering steel; the doctors smoked no longer, but looked on with open mouths; a duel in grim earnest is seldom seen in France, though I venture to say there was one that morning. It lasted only a minute; we had scarcely well begun before I felt a stinging in my side, and saw, as in a dream, my enemy's triumphant face, red with his exertions. The exasperation of that moment passes the power of words to describe. This was my revenge, this a villain's punishment on the field of honor! He would leave it without a scratch, to be lionized in salons, to relate in boudoirs the true inwardness of the quarrel! Remember I felt all this within the confines of a single second, as a drowning man in no more brief a space passes his entire life in review. Imagine, if you can, my rage, my uncontrollable indignation, my unbounded fury. What I did then I would do now, by God, I would—if need be a dozen times. I caught his rapier in my left hand and held it in the aching wound, while with my unimpeded right I stabbed him through the body—again and again, with amazing swiftness—so that he fell pierced in six places. There was a terrible outcry; shouts of 'murder,' 'coward,' 'assassin;' on every side looks of horror and detestation. One of the Marquis's seconds beset me like a maniac with his cane, and I was like to have killed him had not the old Colonel run between us.

"The other second was supporting de Gonse's head and assisting the surgeons to stanch the pouring blood. But it was labor lost; anyone could see that he was doomed. From a little distance I watched them crowding about him where he lay on the grass, for I had drawn apart, sick and dizzy with my own wounds, conscious that I was now an outcast among men. At last one came toward me; it was Clut, the doctor; he said nothing, but drew me gently toward the group he had just quitted. They opened for me to pass as though I were a leper. A second later I stood beside the dying man, gazing down at his face.

"'He wishes to shake hands with you,' said the other doctor, solemnly, guiding the Marquis's hand upward in his own. 'Let his death atone; he says he wishes to part in amity.'

I folded my arms.

"'No, Monsieur,' I said. 'What you ask is impossible.' With that I walked

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away, not daring to look back lest I might falter in my resolution. I can say honestly that de Gonse's death weighs on me very little; yet I would give ten years of my life to unsay those final words—to recall that last brutality. In my dreams I often see him so, holding out the hand, which I try to grasp. I hear the doctor saying, 'He wishes to part in amity.'

"I fainted soon after leaving my opponent's side; I lay on the ground where I fell, no one caring to come to my assistance. When consciousness returned I saw them lifting the Marquis's body into a carriage, and I needed no telling to learn that he was dead. My Colonel and van Greef assisted me into another cab, neither of them saying a word nor showing me the least compassion. I suppose I should have been thankful they did so much. Was not I accursed? Were they not involved in my dishonor? They abandoned me, wounded, faint, and parching with thirst, to find my own way to Paris. Alone? No, not altogether. On the seat beside me my Colonel laid a flask of brandy and a loaded pistol! The first I drank; the revolver I pitched out of window. I never thought to kill myself. For cheating at cards, for several varieties of dishonor, yes. But not for what I had done; never in all the world. My conscience was as undisturbed as that of a little child. Excepting always that—why had I not taken his hand!

"I was arrested, of course, and tried. Tried for murder. You see, there were too many in the secret for it to be long kept. It was a *cause célèbre*, attracting universal attention. The quarrel owed its cause to the Spanish Succession; on that they could not shake me. There were many surmises, many suspicions, but no one stumbled on the truth. To a single man only was it told, Maître Le Roux, my counsel. Him I had to tell, for at first he would not take up my case at all. There was a great popular outcry against me, the army furious and ashamed, the bourgeoisie in hysterics. I was condemned; sentenced to death; reprieved at the particular intercession of the Marquise de Gonse, the dead man's mother, who threw herself on her knees before the Chief Executive. Reprieved to transportation for life!

"You will be surprised I mention not my mother. Ah, Mademoiselle, there are some things which will not permit themselves to be told—even to you. She went mad. She died. My military degradation is another of those things unspeakable. The epaulets were torn from my shoulders, the *galons* from my sleeves, my sword broken in two; all this in public before my regiment in hollow square. Picture for yourself, on every side, those walls of faces, scarcely one not familiar; my Colonel choking on his charger, the agitated master of ceremonies; my former friends and comrades trying not to meet my eye. In the ranks many of my own troopers burst out crying, and I could hear the officers swearing at them below their breath. My God, it was another Calvary!

"At Havre they kept me long in prison, waiting for the transport to carry me to New Caledonia. It was there I heard of my sister's death, the news being brought to me by a young French lady, a friend of Berthe's. My sister had poisoned herself, appalled at what she had done. There was no scandal, however, no sensational inquiry. She was too clever for that, too scientific; it was by no vulgar means that she sought her end. Assembling her friends, she bade them good-by in turn and divided among them her little property, her money, jewels, and clothes. She died in the typhus hospital to which she had volunteered her services, a victim to her own imprudence, said the doctors: a martyr to duty, proclaimed the world. She was accorded the honor of a municipal funeral (though her actual body was thrown into a pit of lime). The Maire and Council in carriages, the charity children on foot, the *pompiers* with their engine, a battalion of the National Guard and the band of the Ninth Marine Infantry! What mockery! What horror!

"Here in New Caledonia I looked forward to endure frightful sufferings, to be herded with the dregs of mankind I had made enforced acquaintanceship with on board the transport. But, on the contrary, I was received everywhere with kindness; the rigors of imprisonment were relieved by countless exemptions; I found, as I had read before in books, that the sight of a great gentleman in misfortune is one

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very moving to common minds. And if he bears his sorrows with manly fortitude and dignity, he need not fear for friends. To my jailers I was invariably 'Monsieur;' they apologized for intruding on my privacy, for setting me the daily task; they would have looked the other way had I been backward or disinclined. I was neither, for I was not only ready to conform to the regulations, but something within me revolted at being unduly favored.

"At the earliest moment permissible by law I left the prison to become a serf—the initial stage of freedom—hired out at twelve francs a month to anyone who required my services. I fell into the hands of Fitzroy here, the mine-owner, who treated me with a consideration so distinguished, so entirely generous, that when I earned my right to a little farm of my own I begged and received permission to settle near him. The government gave me these few acres on the hill, rations for a year, and a modest complement of tools and appliances, exacting only one condition: My *parole d'honneur*. It is only Frenchmen who could ask such a thing of a convict, but, as I told you before, I was regarded as an exception, a man whose word might safely be taken.

"Never was one less inclined to escape than myself; my estates, which are extensive and valuable, would have instantly paid the forfeit; and though I am prohibited from receiving a sou of their revenues, I am not disallowed to direct how my money shall be used. You will wonder why I weigh possessions so intangible against a benefit which would be so real. But the traditions of an old family become almost a religion; to jeopardize our lands would be a sacrilege of which I am incapable; we phantoms come and go, but the race must continue on its ancestral acres; the noble line must be maintained unbroken. So peremptory is this feeling that you will see it at work in families that boast no more than three generations. The father's château is dear; the grandfather's precious; the great grandfather's a thing to die for! Think what it is among those like ourselves whose lineage and lands go back to Charlemagne! Though I can never return to France myself, though I shall die on my little hillside farm and be buried by strangers, still it is much to me that the estates will pass to those of my blood. I have cousins, children of my uncle, who will succeed me; manly, handsome boys, whose careers are my especial care. Their children will often ask, their children's children perhaps, of that portrait of a man in chains, in the stripes of a convict, that hangs in our great picture gallery at Nemours, beneath it this legend: 'Paul de Charruel, painted in prison at his own request.' At the prompting of vanity, of humility—I scarcely know which to call it—I had this done before I quitted France forever, the artist coming daily to study me through the bars, and ordered it hung amid the effigies of my race. I suppose it hangs there now, slowly darkening in that empty house. It shall be my only plea to posterity; my only cry.

. . . . . .

"It is nearly sixteen years ago since these events took place. For more than twelve I have lived like a peasant on my little farm, the busiest of the busy; up at dawn, to bed by nine o'clock. Blossoming under a care so sedulous and undivided, it has yielded me a rich return for my labor. My heart it has kept from breaking; my hands it has never left empty of a task to fill. There is a charm in freedom and solitude, a solace to be found in the society of plants, beyond the power of words to adequately express. Our government is right when it gives the convict a piece of land and a spade, leaving him to work out his own salvation. I took their spade; I found their salvation. On that hillside there I have passed from youth to middle age, my hair has turned to gray; my talents, my strength, all that I have inherited or acquired in mind or body, have been expended in hoeing cabbages, in weeding garden-beds, in felling the forest trees which encumbered my little estate. Yet I have not been unhappy—if you except one day each year, a day I should gladly see expunged from my calendar. Once a year I receive from the Marquise de Gonse a letter in terms the most touching and devout, written in mingled vitriol and tears. This annual letter is, to her, I know, a supreme sacrifice; every line of it breathes anguish and revolt; to forgive me has become the touchstone of her religion, a test to which she submits herself with agony.

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I cannot—I do not—blame her for hating me; I would not have her learn the truth for anything on earth; but is it a pleasure for me to be turned the other cheek? Is it any consolation to be forgiven in terms so scathing? It is terrible, that piety which deceives itself, which attempts to achieve what is impossible. And she not only forgives me; she sends me little religious books, texts to put upon my walls, special tracts addressed to those in prison. She asks about my soul, and tells me she wearies the President with intercessions for my release. Poor, lonely, old woman, bereft of her only son! In the bottom of her heart does she not wish me torn limb from limb? Would she not love to see me in the fires of Hell?

"This, Mademoiselle, concludes my story. To-morrow, in your father's beautiful yacht, you leave our waters never to return. You will pursue your adventurous voyage, encircling the world, to reach at last that far American home, receiving on the way countless new impressions that will each obliterate the old. Somewhere there awaits you a husband, a man of untarnished name and honor; in his love you will forget still more; your memories will fade into dreams. Will you ever recall this land of desolation? Will you ever recall de Charruel the convict?"

He had not looked at the girl once during the course of his long narrative. He felt that she had been affected; how much or how little, he did not know; a certain delicacy, a certain fear withholding him. When at last he sought her face he saw that she had been crying.

"I shall never forget you," she said.

They walked along in silence until at a parting of the paths he said: "This one leads to my little cabin. Come, it will interest you, perhaps—the roof that has sheltered me for twelve irrevocable years. You are not afraid?" he asked.

She made a motion of dissent, drawing closer to him as though to express her confidence.

A few hundred yards brought them to a grassy paddock fenced with limes, through which they passed to reach a grove of bread-fruit and orange-trees beyond. On the farther side the house itself could be seen, a tumble-down shanty embowered in a bougainvillea of enormous size. It looked damp, dark, and uninviting; not a breath stirred the tree-tops above nor penetrated into the deep shade below; except for the drone of bees, and a sound of falling water in the distance, the intense quiet was untroubled by a sound. De Charruel led the way in silence, with the preoccupation of a man who had too often trod that path before to need his wits to guide him. Reaching the hut, he threw open the door and stood back to allow his companion to enter before him. The little room was bare and clean; a table, a book-shelf, a couple of chairs, the only furniture; the only ornaments a shining lamp and a vase of roses. Miss Amy Kinnear took a seat in the long canvas chair which the convict drew out for her; the air seemed hot and suffocating; the perfume of the orange-blossoms almost insupportable. She was possessed, besides, with a thought, a fancy, that bewildered her; that made her feel half-ashamed, half-triumphant; that brought the tears to her eyes repeatedly. De Charruel did not speak. He was standing in the doorway, looking down at her with a sort of awe, as though at something sacred, something he wished to imprint forever in his mind.

"I wish to remember you as you are now," he exclaimed, "lying back in my chair, your face a little in profile, your eyes sad and compassionate. When you are gone I shall keep this memory in my heart; I shall cherish it; it shall live with me here in my solitude."

"I must go," she said, with a little thrill of anger or agitation in her voice. "I have stayed too long already."

He came toward her.

"I want first to show you this," he said, drawing from his pocket a jewel-case, which he almost forced into her hands. "You will not refuse me a last favor—you, who have accorded me so many?"

She avoided his glance and opened the box, giving as she did so an exclamation of astonishment.

It was full of rings.

"They were my poor mother's," he explained. "By special permission I was allowed to receive them there; I feared they might go astray."

There were, perhaps, ten rings in all, everyone the choice of a woman of re-

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finement and great wealth—diamonds, rubies, pearls, and opals, sparkling and burning in the hollow of the girl's hand. No wonder she cried out at the sight of them, and turned them over and over and over with fascinated curiosity.

"Each one has its history," said de Charruel. "This and this are heirlooms; this was a peace-offering from my father after a terrible quarrel, the particulars of which I never learned; this he gave her after my birth—are the diamonds not superb? This ruby was my mother's favorite, for it was her engagement ring, and endeared to her by innumerable recollections. She used to tell me that at her death she wished my wife to wear it always, saying it was so charged with love that she counted it a talisman."

Miss Kinnear held it up to the light, turning it from side to side the better to study its fine color.

"It is like a pool of fire," she said.

"Won't you try it on?" he said.

She did so and held out her hand for him to see. The ring might have been made to the measure of her finger.

"You will never take it off again," he said. "You will keep it for a souvenir—for a remembrance."

She shook her head. "Indeed, I will not," she returned, with a smile. "Besides, is it not to be preserved for your *fiancée?* You cannot disregard your mother's wish."

"Why should we pretend to one another?" he broke out. "You know why I offer it to you, Mademoiselle. It would be an insult for me to say I love you—I, a convict, a man disgraced and ruined past redemption; but I can ask you to keep my poor ring; wear it as you might that of someone dead, someone of whom you once thought with kindness, someone who had greatly suffered."

The girl looked away.

"What you ask is impossible," she said, at length, in a voice so low and sweet that it was like a caress. "I don't think you understand."

"It is your pride that prevents," he cried. "I understand very well. If I left it you in a testament you would not scruple to take it; you would see a difference! Yet, am I not dead? Is this not my grave you see around me? Am I not the corpse of the man I once was? Trample on your pride for once, for the sake of one that loves the very ground you tread upon. Take my ring, although it is worth much money, although the *convenances* forbid. If questions are asked say that it belonged to a man long ago passed away, whose last wish it was that you should wear it."

"I shall say it was given me by the bravest and most eloquent of men, the Comte de Charruel," she exclaimed, with a deep blush. "You have convinced me against my will."

He cried out in protest, but even as he did so he heard the sounds of footsteps on the porch, turning in time to see the door flung open by Fitzroy. Behind the Irishman strode the tall figure of General Kinnear, his face overcast with anxiety.

"Thank God," he cried when he saw his daughter. "You've been gone an age, my dear, and I've been uneasy in spite of Fitzroy here. It's very well to say 'It's all right; it's all right;' but in an island full of con——"

"I felt quite safe under Mr. de Charruel's protection," interrupted Amy, striking that dreadful word full in the middle. "I thought you knew I was with this gentleman."

"I don't know that that made me feel any more——" began the General, recollecting himself in the nick of time. "Why, Amy, child, what are you doing with that ring?"

"Mr. de Charruel has just presented it to me, papa," she returned. "Is it not beautiful?"

"Good God!" cried the General, "it is a ruby! I could swear it is a ruby! It must be worth a fortune!" Between each of these remarks he stared de Charruel in the face with mingled suspicion, anger, and surprise.

"I am told that it is worth about twelve thousand francs," said the Frenchman.

The General started. Fitzroy hurriedly whispered something into his ear. "You don't say so!" the former was overheard to say. "In a duel, was it? I didn't know anybody was ever killed in a French—— Oh, I see—yes—lost his head——"

This little aside finished, the General came back again to the attack, more civil,

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however, and more conciliatory in his tone.

"You must be aware," he said, addressing de Charruel, "that no young lady can accept such a present as this from anyone save a member of her family or the man to whom she is engaged. I can only think that my daughter has taken your ring in ignorance of its real value, forgetful for the moment that the conventionalities are the same whether in New Caledonia or New York. You will pardon me, therefore, if I feel constrained to ask you to take back your gift."

"It rests entirely with Miss Kinnear," returned de Charruel.

"In that case, there can certainly be no question," said the General.

"I shall not give it back, papa," said Amy.

Her father stared at her in amazement, and from her distrustfully to de Charruel.

"Is he not a—convict?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you are going to accept a present from a convict?"

"Yes."

"A present said to be worth twelve thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"My God!" he cried, "I could not have believed it possible."

At this she burst out crying.

The General put his arm round her. "Come away, my daughter," he said. "For once in my life I am ashamed of you."

"I must first say good-by to M. de Charruel," she said, through her tears, holding out her hand—the left hand—on which the ruby glowed like a spot of blood.

The convict raised it slowly to his lips. Their eyes met for the last time.

"Good-by," he said.

. . . . . .

The next day, from a rocky cliff above his head, de Charruel saw the yacht hoist her white sails and steal out to sea. He watched her as long as she remained in sight, and when at last she sank over the horizon he threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of despair. For an hour he lay in a sort of stupor, rising only at the insistent whistle from the mine. This told him that it was twelve o'clock, and brought him back to the realities and obligations of life. Descending to the farm, he once more took up the threads of his existence, for the habits of twelve years are not to be lightly disregarded. But it was with difficulty that he brought himself to perform his usual tasks; his heart seemed dead within his breast; he wondered miserably at his former patience and industry as he saw on every side the exemplification of both. How could he ever have found contentment in such drudgery, in such pitiful digging and toiling in the dirt! What a way for a man to pass his days, an earth-stained peasant, ignobly sweating among his cabbages! Oh, the intolerable loneliness of those years; how grim they seemed as he looked back at them, those tragic, wasted years.

Tortured by the stillness and emptiness of his hut, he spent the night at Fitzroy's, lying on the bare veranda-boards till daylight. But he returned home before the household was astir, lest he should be invited to breakfast and be expected to talk. He shrank from the thought of meeting anyone, and for days afterward kept close within the limits of his little farm, shunning every human being near him. Every convict has such phases, such mutinies of the soul. The malady runs its course like a fever, and if it does not kill or impair the victim's reason, it leaves him at last too often a hopeless sot. But, fortunately for himself, it was work, not cognac, that cured Paul de Charruel. He came to himself one day in his garden as he was digging potatoes. He stood up, drew his hand across his face, and realized that the brain sickness had left him. He went into the house and looked at himself in the glass, shuddering at the scarecrow he saw reflected there. He examined his clothes, his rooms, his calloused hands, with a strange, new curiosity, studying them all with the same speculation, the same surprise. He stood off, as it were, and looked at himself from a distance. He walked about his tangled, weedy farm and wondered what had come over him these past weeks. He had been starving, he said to himself many times over; starving for companionship.

He sought out Fitzroy at the mine. It was good again to hear the Irishman's honest laugh, to clasp his honest hand, to

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think there was one person, at least, that cared for him. He hung about Fitzroy all that day as though it would be death to lose sight of him—Fitzroy, his friend. He repeated that last word a dozen times. His friend! He talked wildly and extravagantly for the mere pleasure of hearing himself speak; he was convulsed with laughter when an accident happened to a truck, and could scarcely contain himself when Fitzroy had a mock altercation with the engineer. No one could be more humorous than Fitzroy, and the engineer was a fellow alive with fun. What a fool he had been to sulk these weeks on his farm. His farm! It made him tremble to think of it, so unendurably lonely and silent it had become. It was horrible that he must return to it, his green prison, with its ghosts and memories.

He went back late, but not to sleep. He sat on the dark porch of his hut and thought of the woman he had lost. Like a shadow she seemed to pass beside him, and if he shut his eyes he could feel her breath against his cheek and almost hear the beating of her heart. He closed his arms on the empty air and called her name aloud, half hoping that she might come to him. But she was a thousand miles at sea, and every minute was widening the distance between them. The folly and uselessness of these repinings suddenly came over him. She was a most charming girl; but would not any charming girl have captivated him after the life he had been leading? Was he not hungry for affection? Was he not in love with love? He rose and walked up and down the porch, greatly stirred by the new current of his thoughts. Yes, he was dying for something to love, something, were it only a dog. For twelve years he had sufficed for himself, but he could do so no more.

By dawn he was at Fitzroy's begging the Irishman for a black boy and a horse. A little later his messenger was galloping along the Noumea road, charged with a letter to the Chef de l'Administration Pénitentaire, to request that "le nommé de Charruel" be permitted to leave the farm for seven days. The permission was accorded almost as a matter of form, for it was not the custom to refuse anything to "le nommé de Charruel."

The Count went straight to the convent and asked to see the Mother Superior. She was a stately old lady, with silvery hair, an aristocratic profile, and a voice like an ancient bell. She at once cut short his explanations, closing her ears to his official number and other particulars of his convict life.

"*M. le Comte*," she said, "I knew your mother very well, and your father, also, whom you favor not a little. I have often thought of you out there by the Strait. Ah, Monsieur, believe me—often."

De Charruel thanked her with ceremony.

"Your errand cannot be the same as that which brings the others," she went on, half smiling. "*Mon Dieu*," she exclaimed, as she saw the truth in his reddening face. "You, a noble! a *chef de famille!* It is impossible."

"I am only the convict de Charruel," he answered.

The old woman looked at him with keen displeasure.

"You know the rules?" she said in an altered voice. "You can take your choice of three. If you are not satisfied you can return in six months."

"Oh, Madame," he said, "spare me such a trial. I stipulate for two things only: give me not a poisoner nor a thief. But give me, if you can, some poor girl whose very honesty and innocence has been her ruin."

"I can very easily supply you with such a one," said the Mother Superior. "Your words apply to half the female criminals the government sends me to marry to the convicts. When I weigh their relative demerits I almost feel I am giving angels to devils, so heavy is the scale in favor of my sex. I have several young women of unusual gentleness and refinement who could satisfy requirements the most exacting. If you like," she went on, "I shall introduce you first to a poor girl named Suzanne. In the beginning it was like caging a bird to keep her here, but insensibly she has given her heart to God and has ceased to beat her wings against the bars."

"Does she fulfil my conditions?" asked the Count.

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" exclaimed the Mother Superior. "Shall I give orders for her to be brought?"

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"If you would have the kindness," said de Charruel.

There was a long waiting after the command had gone forth. All the womanliness and latent coquetry of the nuns came out in this business of making ready their charges for the ordeal. And when it was whispered that the wooer was the Comte de Charruel himself, a personage with whose romantic history there was not a soul unfamiliar, great was the excitement and preparation. At last, with a modest knock, the door opened and let in a young girl clothed in conventual gray. She had a very pretty face, a touch hardened by past misfortunes, a figure short, well-knit, and not ungraceful, and wild black eyes that shrank to the ground at the sight of the Count.

The Mother Superior motioned her to take a seat.

"This is Suzanne," she said.

De Charruel rose to his feet and bowed.

There was a dead silence.

"Can you not say something?" said the old lady, turning to the Count with some asperity.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a sensation of extreme embarrassment, "I have the honor to ask you to marry me."

"You need not commit yourself," interrupted the Mother Superior. "You can have the choice of two more."

"If I saw a hundred, Madame," he replied, "I could find no one I preferred to this young lady."

There was another prolonged silence.

"You must answer, Suzanne," said the old lady. "Yes or no."

The girl burst into tears.

"Yes or no?" reiterated the Mother.

"I weep at Monsieur's extraordinary goodness," said the girl. "Yes, Madame, yes."

. . . . . .

Ten days later de Charruel was resting in the taro-field where he had been at work, when he felt Suzanne's arm round his neck, and her warm lips against his forehead. He leaned back with a smile.

"Paul," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "you have hidden nothing from me? You have done nothing wrong, Paul?"

"Wrong!" he exclaimed. "Have I not told thee repeatedly that I am the model convict, the hero of a hundred official commendations, the shining star of the penal administration? Wrong! What dost thou mean?"

"The authorities . . ." she answered. "There has been a messenger from the mine with a blue official letter. Oh, Paul, it frightens me."

"Thou need'st not fear," he said. "It is only some matter of routine. I could paper my house (if it would not be misunderstood) with blue official letters about nothing."

"I am so happy, Paul," she said. "So happy that I tremble for my happiness."

He smiled at her again as he reached his hand for the letter. Nonchalantly he tore it open, but turned deadly pale as he ran his eyes down the sheet inside.

"You must go back to prison?" she cried, in a voice of agony.

He could only shake his head.

"Speak," she cried again. "Paul, Paul, I must know if it kills me."

He gave her a dreadful look.

"I am pardoned," he said. "I am free!"

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THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN

By Edward N. Pomeroy

In the secluded, sleepy town
A little world his will obeys,
As when his ships went up and down
On the wide ocean ways.

So long he trod the reeling decks
With watchful eye and wary feet,
As though he still of danger recks
He walks the stable street.

So well he scanned by day and night
The veering clouds and fickle sea,
His vision, like the eagle's sight,
Seems strange to you and me.

So long he felt the jar and fret
Of storm, and calm, and tidal roll,
The strength and weakness these beget
Have passed into his soul.

He does not know the landsman's art
To plead, and please, and overreach;
Unfenced as ocean's fields his heart,
As fraught with storms his speech.

Though sometimes through his eyes there gleams
A love-light, soft as flame refined,
In his severer moods he seems
A stranger to his kind.

When evening's sombre curtains fall
And lights from heavenly casements leap
He hears the sea-birds' cry and all
The noises of the deep.

The welkin fails to comfort him
Whose boundary our vision bars:
He longs to pass its girdling rim
And raise the alien stars.

When slumber seals his wakeful ears
His voyages he makes once more,
By reefs that erst have wrecked him steers
And hears their breakers roar.

The good ships, once his joy and pride
But long the drift-wood of the seas,
He guides where fleets and navies ride
That nations feed and tease.

His crews are those he shipped of old;
They grumble still, and sing, and swear;
Their bones are mixed with pearls and gold
That pave the kraken's lair.

His gaze fixt on the warning glass,
The guiding stars, the needle's poise,
He keeps all watches as they pass—
Till dawn the dream destroys.

Of the long voyage oft he thinks
Across a water never passed,
And trusts, whatever floats or sinks,
To make the port at last.

Think not his deeper self to know;
His handshake thine, his smile, his bow;
But his companions long ago
Are his companions now.

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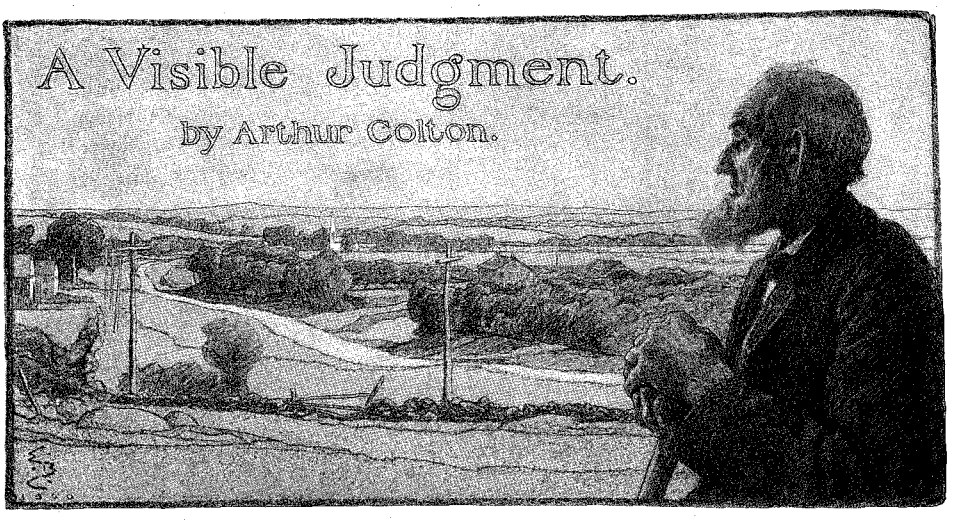
A Visible Judgment.

by Arthur Colton.



HE bore the name of Adam Wick. There seemed to be something primitive in his temperament to fit it. By primitive we mean of such times as may have furnished single-eyed passions that did not argue. He was a small, thin, stooping man, with a sharp nose and red-lidded eyes. Sarah Wick, his daughter, was a dry-faced woman of thirty, and lived with him.

His house stood on a hill looking over the village of Preston Plains, which lay in a flat valley. In the middle of the village the church-steeple shot up, tapering and tall.

It was a bickering community. The church was a centre of interest. The outlines of the building were clean and shapely, but in detail it stood for a variety of opinions. A raised tracery ran along the pseudo-classic frieze of its front, representing a rope of flowers with little cupids holding up the loops. They may have been cherubs. The community had quarrelled about them long ago when the church was building, but that subject had given way to other subjects.

The choir gallery bulged over the rear seats, as if to dispute the relative importance of the pulpit. That was nothing. But it needed bracing. The committee decided against a single pillar, and erected two, one of them in the middle of Adam Wick's pew.

Adam looked at things simply. It seemed to his simplicity that the community had conspired to do him injustice. The spirit of non-conformity stirred within him. He went to the minister.

"Andrew Hill, nor any other man, nor committeeman's got no rights in my pew."

The minister was dignified.

"The pew, Mr. Wick, belongs to the church."

"No such thing! I sat twenty-four years in that pew."

"But that, though very creditable——"

"No such thing! I'll have no post in my pew, for Andrew Hill nor no minister neither."

"Mr. Wick——"

"You take that post out o' my pew."

He stumped out of the minister's green-latticed doorway and down the gravel path. His eyes on either side of his sharp nose were like those of an angry hawk, and his stooping shoulders, seen from behind, resembled the huddled back of the hawk, caged and sullen.

The minister watched him. Properly speaking, a primitive nature is an unlimited monarchy where ego is king, but the minister's reflections did not run in these terms. He did not even go so far as to wonder whether such primitive natures did not render the current theory of a church inaccurate. He went so far as to wonder what Adam Wick would do.

One dark, windy night, near midnight, Adam Wick climbed in at the vestibule window of the church, and chopped the

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pillar in two with an axe. The wind wailed in the belfry over his head. The blinds strained, as if hands were plucking at them from without. The sound of his blows echoed in the cold, empty building, as if some personal devil were enjoying the

He sat silently through the proceedings in the pew with the hacked pillar, his shoulders hunched, his sharp eyes restless.

"Mr. Wick," said the minister sternly, "have you anything to say?"

Adam rose.

Chopped the pillar in two with an axe.

sacrilege. Adam was a simple-minded man; he realized that he was having a good time himself.

It was three days before the church was opened. What may have been Adam's primitive thoughts, moving secretively among his townsmen? Then a sudden rumor ran, a cry went up, of horror, of accusation, of the lust of strife. Before the accusation Adam did not hesitate to make his defiance perfect. The primitive mind was not in doubt. With a blink of his red eyelids, he answered:

"You tell Andrew Hill, don't you put another post in my pew."

A meeting was held; a majority voted enthusiastically to strike his name from the rolls for unchristian behavior and to replace the pillar. A minority declared him a wronged man. That was natural enough in Preston Plains. But Adam Wick's actions at this point were thought original and effective by everyone.

"I put fifty-six dollars into this meetin'-house. Any man deny that?"

No man denied it.

"Humph!" said Adam.

He took the hymn-book from the rack, lifted the green cushion from the seat, threw it over his shoulder, and walked out.

No man spoke against it.

"There's no further business before this meeting," said Chairman Hill.

It was a Sunday in August and nearly noon. From the side-porch of Adam Wick's house on the hill the clustered foliage of the village below was the centre of the landscape. The steeple and ridge-pole of the church rose out of the centre of the foliage.

The landscape could not be fancied without the steeple. The dumb materials of the earth, as well as the men who walk upon it, acquire habits. You could read on the flat face of the valley that it had

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grown accustomed to Preston Plains steeple.

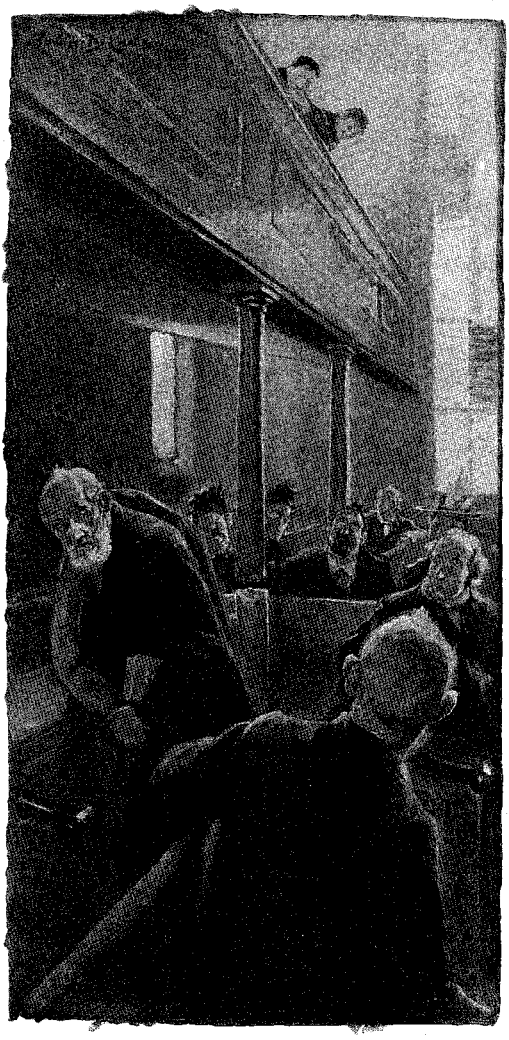
On the side porch stood a long, high-backed bench. It was a close imitation of the pews in the church below among the foliage, with the long green cushion on the seat and a chair facing it with a hymn book on it. Adam sat motionless on the bench. His red-lidded eyes were fixed intently on the steeple.

A hen with a brood of downy yellow chickens pecked about the path. A turkey strutted up and down. The air was sultry, oppressive. A low murmur of thunder mingled with the sleepy noises of creaking crickets and clucking hen.

Adam Wick's bench and rule of Sabbath observance had been common talk in Preston Plains. But it had grown too familiar, for subjects of dispute ever gave way there to other subjects. Someone said it was pathetic. The minority thought it a happy instance to throw in the face of the bigoted majority, that they had driven from the church a man of religious feeling. The minister had consulted Andrew Hill, that thick-set man with the dry mouth and gray chin-beard.

"Not take out that pillar!" said Andrew Hill.

"Ah," said the minister, "I'm afraid that wouldn't do. It would seem like——"



He . . . lifted the green cushion from the seat, threw it over his shoulder, and walked out.—Page 482.

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Adam sat motionless on the bench.—Page 483.

"I wouldn't move that pillar if the whole town was sidin' with him."

"Oh, now——"

"Not while I'm alive. Adam Wick, he's obstinate."

Mr. Hill shut his mouth grimly.

"Religious! Humph! Maybe he is."

The minister moved away. They were a stiff-necked people, but after all he felt himself to be one of them. It was his own race. He knew how Andrew Hill felt, as if something somewhere within him were suddenly clamped down and riveted. He understood Adam too, in his private pew on the side porch, the hymn-book on the chair, his eyes on Preston Plains steeple, fixed and glittering. He thought, "We don't claim to be altogether lovely."

Adam was in his own eyes without question a just man suffering injustice. His fathers in their Genesis and Exodus had so suffered, faced stocks, pillory, the frowning edge of the wilderness, and possessed their souls with the same grim congratulation. No generation ever saw visions and sweat blood, and left a moderate-minded posterity. Such martyrs were not surer that the God of Justice stood beside them than Adam was sure of the injustice of that pillar in that pew, nor more resolved that neither death nor hell should prevail against the faithfulness of their protest.

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And the turkey strutted in the yard, the chickens hurried and peeped, the thunder muttered at intervals as if the earth were breathing heavily in its hot sleep.

The church-bell rang for the end of the morning service. It floated up from the distance, sweet, plaintive. One would think it might be to ears that had heard it often a beloved sound, laden with intimate memories.

Adam rose and carried the cushion, chair, and hymn-book into the house.

The storm was rising, darkening. It crouched on the hills. It seemed to gather its garments and gird its loins, to breathe heavily with crowded hate, to strike with daggers of lightning right and left.

Adam came out again and sat on the bench. The service being over, it was no longer a pew.

Carriages, one after another, drove out of the foliage below, and along the five roads that ran out of Preston Plains between zigzag fences and low stone walls. They were hurrying, but from that distance they seemed to crawl.

The Wick carriage came up the hill and through the gate — creaking wheels, a shambling white horse, Sarah jerking the reins with monotonous persistence. She stepped down and dusted off her cotton gloves. Adam walked out to take the horse.

"Wherefore do ye harden your hearts as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts?"

Adam seemed puzzled, blinked his eyes, seemed to study carefully the contents of his own mind.

"I do' know," he said at last.

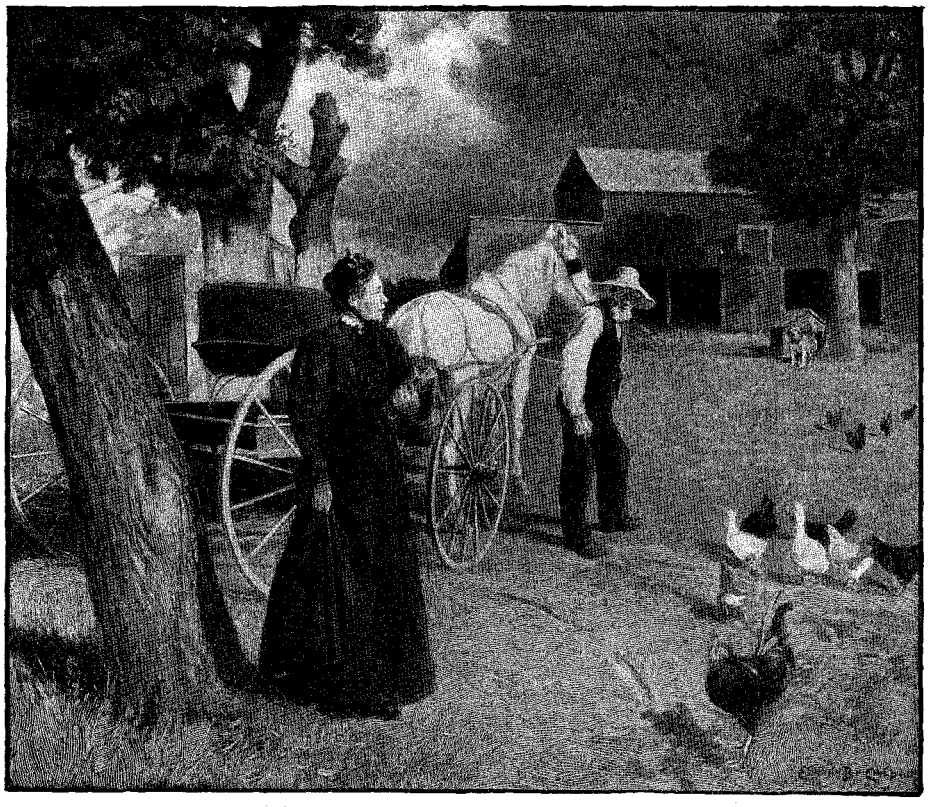
"First Samuel, seven, six," said Sarah.

Adam led the horse away despondently. Half way to the barn he stopped and called out:

"Did he preach at me?"

"No."

The minister had chosen a text that Adam did not know, and made no refer-



"Did he preach at me?"

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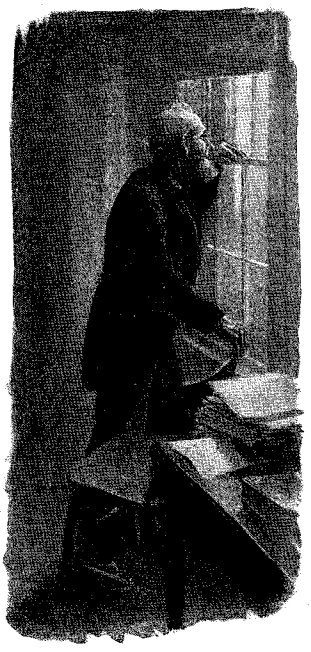
ence to him, although the text was a likely one. Adam felt both slights in a dim way, and resented them. He came back to the house and sat in the front room before the window.

The valley was covered with a thick veil of gray rain. The black cloud above it cracked every moment with sudden explosions, the echoes of them tumbling clumsily among the hills. Preston Plains steeple faded away and the foliage below it became a dim blot. A few drops struck the window-pane at Adam's face, then a rush and tumult of rain. Dimmer still the valley, but the lightning jabbed down into it incessantly, unseen batteries playing attack and defence over Preston Plains steeple.



His face was close to the rain-washed window-pane.

It was a swift, sudden storm, coming and gone like a burst of passion. The imminent crack and crash of the thunder ceased, and only rumblings were heard, mere memories, echoes, or as if the broken fragments of the sky were rolling to and fro in some vast sea-wash. The valley and the village trees came slowly into view.

"Dinner's ready," said Sarah, in the next room.

She had a strident voice, and said dinner was ready as if she expected Adam to dispute it. There was no answer from the window.

"Pa! Aren't you comin'?"

No answer. Sarah came to the door.

"Pa!"

His face was close to the rain-washed window-pane. Something rattled in his throat. It seemed like a suppressed chuckle. He rested his chin on his hand and clawed it with bony fingers.

"Pa!"

He turned on her sternly.

"You needn't be shoutin' on the Lord's day. Meetin'-house steeple's a-fire."

From Adam Wick's nothing could be seen but the slow column of smoke rising and curling around the slender steeple. But under the foliage Preston Plains was in tumult.

By night the church was saved, but the belfry was a blackened ruin within. The bell had fallen, through floor, cross-beams, and ceiling, and smashed the front of the choir gallery, a mass of fallen pillar, railing, and broken plaster on the floor.

Andrew Hill called a meeting. Adam Wick came, entered his cluttered pew and sat on the pillar that lay prostrate across it. He perched on it like a hawk, with huddled back and red-lidded eyes blinking. It was the sense of the meeting that modern ideas demanded the choir should sit behind the minister. The ruined gallery must be removed. Adam Wick rose.

"You've got no place in this meetin'," said Andrew Hill. "Set down."

Adam kept his place scornfully.

"Can't I subscribe twenty dollars to this church?"

The chairman stroked his beard and a gleam of acrid humor lit his face for a moment.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I suppose you can."

And the eyes of all present looked on Adam Wick favorably.

The minister rose to speak the last word of peace.

"My friends, the Lord did it. He is righteous——."

"That's my idea!" said Adam Wick, like a hawk on his fallen pillar, red-lidded, complacent. "He did what was right."

The minister coughed, hesitated and sat down. Andrew Hill glowered from his chair.

"There's no further business before this meetin'."

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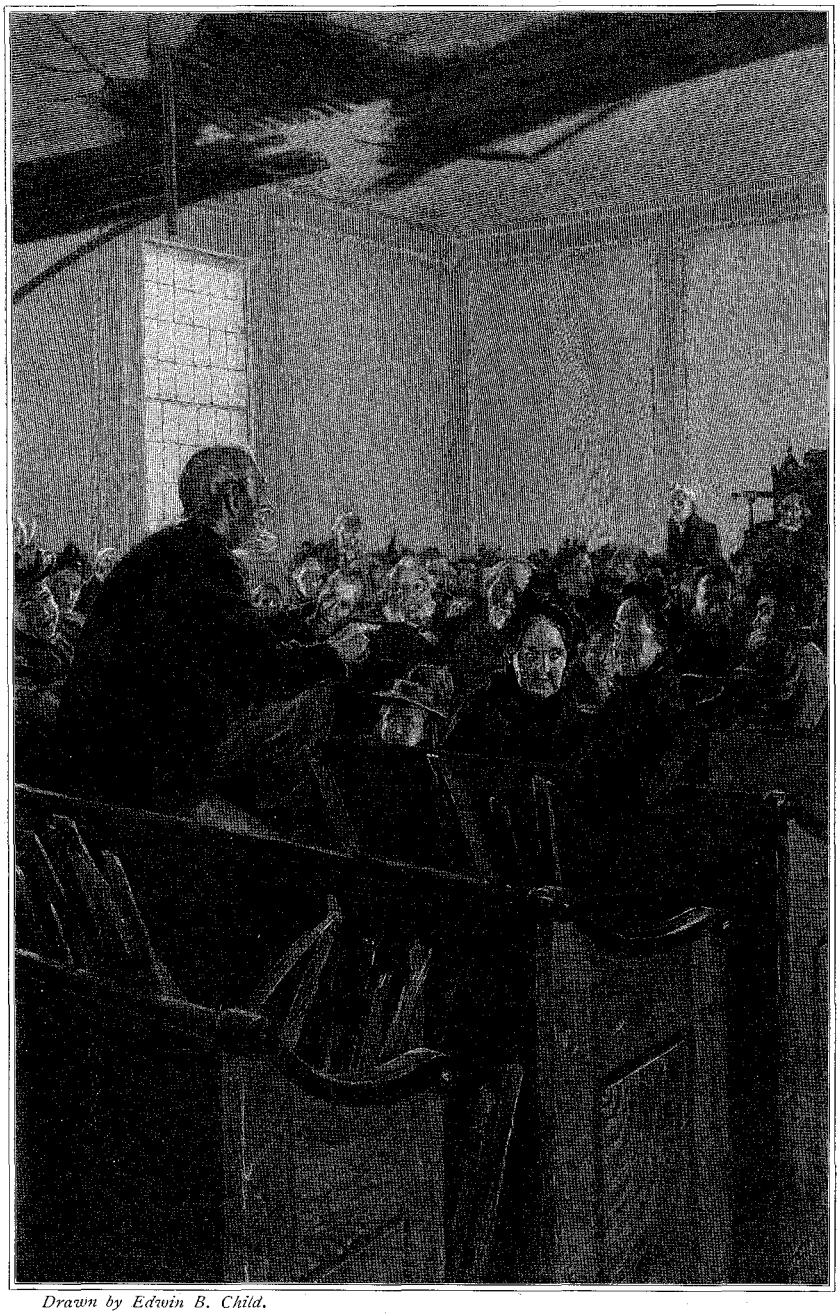

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Like a hawk on his fallen pillar.—Page 486.

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A PETITION

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison

HERE among your poppy fields,
Idleness, I pray you,
Let me wander lazy-eyed,
Slow of thought and pace;
Empty-handed, light of heart,
Eager to obey you,
To loaf and make a madrigal
Tuned to fit your face.

Sick am I of strife and toil,
I would seek your daisies,
Count the clouds and doze and dream
Through drowsy afternoons.
Prithee, take me by the hand—
Show me where the way is—
Let me change the clink of gold
For your linnets' tunes.

Idleness! Oh, Idleness,
Smile a welcome for me.
Here's a minstrel out of voice,
A weary heart to rest.
Soothe me with the pipes of Pan,
Hum his music o'er me,
Rock me like a tired child
Sleepy on your breast.

G.A.P. 1900

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THE SHERMAN-JOHNSTON CONVENTION

By Jacob D. Cox

TO understand Sherman's negotiations with Johnston we must recall the general's attitude toward the rebellious States and his views on the subject of slavery. Originally a conservative Whig in politics, deprecating the anti-slavery agitation, as early as 1856 he had written to his brother: "Unless people, both North and South, learn more moderation, we'll 'see sights' in the way of civil war. Of course the North have the strength and must prevail, though the people of the South could and would be desperate enough." In 1859 he was still urging concessions instead of insisting on the absolute right, saying, "Each State has a perfect right to have its own local policy, and a majority in Congress has an absolute right to govern the whole country; but the North, being so strong, in every sense of the term, can well afford to be generous, even to making reasonable concessions to the weakness and prejudices of the South." He returned to the same thought in 1860, saying, "So certain and inevitable is it that the physical and political power of this nation must pass into the hands of the free States, that I think you all can well afford to take things easy, bear the buffets of a sinking dynasty, and even smile at their impotent threats."

The world is familiar with the ringing words with which he threw away his livelihood and turned from every attractive outlook in life, when, secession having actually come, he said to the Governor of Louisiana, "On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the United States." But he was also one of the clearest-sighted in seeing that when slavery had appealed to the sword it would perish by the sword. In January, 1864, he expressed it tersely: "The South has made the interests of slavery the issue of the war. If they lose the war, they lose slavery." At the end of the same month he said: "Three years ago, by a little reflection and patience, they could have had a hundred years of peace and prosperity: but they preferred war. Last year they could have saved their slaves, but now it is too late—all the powers of earth cannot restore to them their slaves, any more than their dead grandfathers." And in the same letter, written to a subordinate, with express authority to make it known to the Southern people within our lines, he said of certain administrative regulations, "These are well established principles of war, and the people of the South, having appealed to war, are barred from appealing for protection to our Constitution, which they have practically and publicly defied. They have appealed to war, and must abide *its* rules and law."

Two years later Thaddeus Stevens, as radical leader in Congress, announced the same doctrine in no more trenchant terms. Sherman was explicit in regard to its scope, but he differed from Stevens in the extent to which he would go, as a matter of sound policy and statesmanship, in applying the possible penalties of war when submission was made. It is clear that he insisted there could be no resurrection for slavery, and that the freedmen must be protected in life, liberty, and property, with a true equality before the law in this protection; but he held that they were as yet unfit for political participation in the government, much less for the assumption of political rule in the Southern States.

In a friendly letter which General Halleck wrote to Sherman immediately after the capture of Savannah, he said, with a freedom that long intimacy permitted: "Whilst almost everyone is praising your great march through Georgia and the capture of Savannah, there is a certain class, having now great influence with the President and very probably anticipating still more on a change of cabinet, who are decidedly disposed to make a point against you—I mean in regard to 'inevitable Sambo.' They say that you have manifested an almost *criminal* dislike to the negro, and

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that you are not willing to carry out the wishes of the Government in regard to him, but repulse him with contempt." In short it was said that his march through Georgia might have been made the means of a general exodus of the slaves, and ought to have been.

Sherman made a humorous reply, saying he allowed thousands of negroes to accompany his march, and set no limit but the necessities of his military operations. "If it be insisted," he said, "that I shall so conduct my operations that the negro alone is consulted, of course I shall be defeated, and then where will be Sambo? Don't military success imply the safety of Sambo, and *vice versa?* They gather round me in crowds, and I can't find out whether I am Moses or Aaron or which of the prophets. The South deserves all she has got for her injustice to the negro, but that is no reason why we should go to the other extreme. I do and will do the best I can for the negroes, and feel sure that the problem is solving itself slowly and naturally. It needs nothing more than our fostering care."

The Secretary of War was broadly hinted at in Halleck's letter, but when Mr. Stanton visited Sherman at Savannah the latter understood that his mind was disabused of any unfavorable impressions he may have had. Mr. Stanton had assembled a score of the leading colored preachers as the most intelligent representatives of their race, and examined them by written questions respecting their hopes and desires, their attitude in regard to military service, and in regard to living among the whites or separately. He learned that they generally preferred to try life in a separate community of their own, and that they were strongly opposed to the methods by which State agents were trying to enlist them as substitutes for men drafted in the Northern States. He even went so far as to ask these men whether they found Sherman friendly to the colored people's rights and interests or otherwise! The answer was that they had confidence in the General, and thought their concerns could not be in better hands. Some of them had called upon him on his arrival, and now said that they did not think that he could have received Mr. Stanton with more courtesy than he showed to them. Sherman's order relating to the allotment of sea-island lands to the freedmen for cultivation, and to the methods of procuring their enlistment as soldiers, was drafted while Mr. Stanton was with him, and he affirms that every paragraph had the Secretary's approval.

In his feelings toward the men chiefly responsible for secession and the war, Sherman had never measured his words when expressing his condemnation and wrath. In a letter to General Robert Anderson, written only a few days before meeting Johnston in negotiation, he had spoken with deepest feeling of his satisfaction that Anderson was to raise again the flag at Fort Sumter on April 14th (the fatal day on which also Lincoln died), saying he was "glad that it falls to the lot of one so pure and noble to represent our country in a drama so solemn, so majestic, and so just." To him it looks like "a retribution decreed by Heaven itself." Reminded by this thought of those who had caused this horrid war, he exclaimed: "But the end is not yet. The brain that first conceived the thought must burst in anguish; the heart that pulsated with hellish joy must cease to beat; the hand that pulled the first lanyard must be palsied, before the wicked act begun in Charleston on the 13th of April, 1861, is avenged. But 'mine, not thine, is vengeance,' saith the Lord, and we poor sinners must let him work out the drama to its close." Such was the man who went to meet General Johnston on April 17th, and in considering what he then did we must take into the account the principles, the convictions, and the feelings which were part of his very nature.

Still further, we must remember that he had, less than two weeks before, a personal conference with the President at City Point, and had obtained from him personally the views he held with regard to the terms he was prepared to grant to the several rebel States, as well as to the armies which might surrender, and the method by which he expected to obtain an acknowledgment of submission from some legally constituted authority, without dealing in any way with the Confederate civil government. General Sherman is conclusive authority as to what occurred at a conference which was in the

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nature of instructions to him from the commander-in-chief, and the more carefully we examine contemporaneous records the stronger becomes the conviction that he has accurately reported what occurred at that meeting.

"Mr. Lincoln was full and frank in his conversation," says Sherman, "assuring me that in his mind he was all ready for the civil reorganization of affairs at the South as soon as the war was over; and he distinctly authorized me to assure Governor Vance and the people of North Carolina that as soon as the rebel armies laid down their arms and resumed their civil pursuits, they would at once be guaranteed all their rights as citizens of a common country; and that to avoid anarchy, the State governments then in existence, with their civil functionaries, would be recognized by him as the government *de facto* till Congress could provide others."

When the general met Mr. Graham and others, he was aware that General Weitzel at Richmond had authorized the Virginia State government to assemble, Mr. Lincoln being on the ground. The views expressed in the famous interview at City Point had taken practical shape. In correspondence with Johnston, whilst they were awaiting action on the first convention, Sherman referred to Weitzel's action as a reason for confidence that there would be "no trouble on the score of recognizing existing State governments."

With the burden of the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination, Sherman went up to Durham Station to meet the Confederate general on April 17th. His grief was mingled with gloomy thoughts of the future, for it was natural that he as well as the authorities at Washington should at first think of the great crime as part of a system of desperate men to destroy both the civil and the military leaders of the country, and to disperse the armies into bands of merciless guerillas, who would try the effect of anarchy now that civilized military operations had failed. We did injustice to the South in thinking so, but it was inevitable that such should be the first impression. As soon as we mingled a little with the leading soldiers and statesmen of the South we learned better, and the period of such apprehensions was a brief one, though terrible while it lasted.

But we must here consider what were the motives and purposes which, on his part, Johnston represented, when he came from Greenesborough to meet his great opponent. To understand these we must trace rapidly the course of events within his military lines. When Petersburg was taken and Richmond evacuated, Mr. Davis, with the members of his cabinet, went to Danville, where he remained for a few days, protected by a small force under General H. H. Walker. Beauregard was at Greenesborough, collecting detachments to resist an expedition which General Stoneman was leading through the mountains from Tennessee. Johnston was at Smithfield with the main body of his forces, watching our army at Goldsborough and preparing to retreat toward Lee as soon as the latter might escape from Grant and give a rendezvous at Danville or Greenesborough. The retreat from Petersburg made a union east of Danville probably impracticable.

Grant's persistent and vigorous pursuit soon turned Lee away from the Danville road at Burkeville, pushed him toward Lynchburg, and destroyed all hope of union with Johnston. Davis had no direct communication with Lee after reaching Danville, and his position there being unsafe after Grant had occupied Burkeville he went to Greenesborough. From Danville, on the 10th, he telegraphed Johnston that he had a report of the surrender of Lee, which there was little room to doubt. He also asked Johnston to meet him at Greenesborough to confer as to future action. The despatch was, by some accident, prevented from reaching Johnston on the 10th, and Davis repeated it on the 11th, so that the news reached the Confederate head-quarters only a day before we got it on our march from Smithfield. On the same day (11th) Davis informed Governor Vance of the disaster and suggested a meeting with him also. He also forwarded to Johnston the suggestion of Beauregard (which he approved) that all the Confederate forces north of Augusta should concentrate at Salisbury.

The best evidence that Vance regarded the cause of the Confederacy as lost is found in his resolve to send a deputation to meet Sherman without waiting to confer

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with Davis. Johnston issued on the 11th his orders for the continued march of his army westward from Raleigh along the railroad, and himself proceeded to Greenesborough by train to have the appointed conference. Whilst Davis and he were together on the 12th Stoneman's cavalry, which had been in the vicinity the day before and had made a break in the Danville road, was heard of at Shallow Ford on the Yadkin, about thirty miles west. Part of the troops at Greenesborough were at once sent to Salisbury, which was about the same distance from the Yadkin ford. At the same time came a cipher despatch from Colonel Anderson of Johnston's staff, whom the latter had left at Raleigh, saying that Governor Vance was sending Messrs. Graham and Swain to meet Sherman, presumably by permission of Hardee who was senior officer in Johnston's absence. Colonel Anderson had taken the responsibility of asking Hampton not to let them pass his cavalry outposts. By Davis's direction, Johnston at once telegraphed Hardee to arrest the delegation and to permit no intercourse with us except under proper military flag of truce. Vance was of course informed by Hardee, and replied that he intended nothing subversive of Davis's prerogative or without consulting him. He also stated that Johnston was aware of his purpose. In saying further, however, that the initiative had been on Sherman's part he was dissembling. The difficulty put in the way of his representatives in getting beyond the Confederate lines is thus accounted for, as well as his failure to remain in Raleigh on our arrival. Davis found it politic to accept the explanation, but we may safely assume that the matter was discussed between him and Johnston, and that it led to its discussion with his cabinet also; for Johnston remained with him till the 14th, leaving to Hardee the direction of the army on the march, which was ordered to be pressed toward Greenesborough. The troops at Danville were called to the same rendezvous, and General Echols, with those in West Virginia, was ordered to make his way through the mountains to the northwestern part of South Carolina.

In a formal conference with his advisers on the 13th (Thursday), all the cabinet officers except Benjamin declared themselves of Johnston's and Beauregard's opinion that a further prosecution of the war was hopeless, that the Southern Confederacy was in fact overthrown, and that the wise thing to do was to make at once the best terms possible. Davis argued that the crises might rouse the Southern people to new and desperate efforts, and that overtures for peace on the basis of submission were premature. The general opinion, however, was so strong against him that he reluctantly yielded, and, to make sure that he should not be committed further than he meant, he himself dictated, and Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, wrote the letter to Sherman, signed by Johnston, asking for an armistice between all the armies, if General Grant would consent, "the object being to permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." The form of each sentence of the letter is significant in view of its authorship, but most so is the plain meaning of that just quoted, to make a complete surrender upon such terms as the national government should dictate. In like manner the opening sentence, "The results of the recent campaign in Virginia have changed the relative military condition of the belligerents," was a confession in diplomatic form of final defeat. Before sending the letter to Sherman, Johnston copied it with his own hand, in order, no doubt, to have a duplicate for his own protection as well as to preserve secrecy.

Sherman lost not a moment in answering: 1st. That he had power and was willing to arrange a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective commands, indicating a halt on both sides on the 15th. 2d. That he offered as a basis the terms given Lee at Appomattox. 3d. Interpreting Johnston's reference to "other armies" which he desired the truce to include, as referring to Stoneman (whom we had heard of in Raleigh as burning railway bridges on both sides of Greenesborough), he said that Stoneman was under his command, and that he would obtain from Grant a suspension of other movements from Virginia. All this was strictly within the limits of Sherman's military authority and discretion.

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The 15th of April (Saturday) was a day of pouring rain, making the roads almost impassable for wagons, as they were already cut up by the retreating army and by our advance. Sherman expected a reply from Johnston early, for he had directed Kilpatrick on Friday afternoon to send his answer at once to the Confederate lines. He was annoyed at the delay and sent up Major McCoy of his staff to Morrisville on the railway, where Kilpatrick's head-quarters were, taking with him a telegraph operator to open an office there. But Kilpatrick had gone to his own outposts toward Hillsborough, and his staff seem to have been in no hurry to forward Sherman's letter, so that it was delivered to Hampton at sundown of the 15th, instead of the 14th. A locomotive engine was sent to McCoy on Sunday (16th), and with it he went on to Durham, taking his telegrapher along. Some torpedoes had been found on the road below, and McCoy diminished the risk from any others by putting some empty cars ahead of the locomotive to explode them if there should be any. He got through safely, however, found Kilpatrick at Durham, opened telegraphic communication with head-quarters at Raleigh, was authorized to transmit by wire Johnston's reply, and so was able before night to give his impatiently waiting chief the Confederate general's proposal to meet in conference between the lines next morning, and to return Sherman's consent.

Meanwhile Kilpatrick had been sending despatches saying he did not believe Johnston could be trusted, that his whole army was marching on, that the delay was a ruse to gain time, and that no confidence could be placed "in the word of a rebel, no matter what might be his position: he is a traitor at best." Sherman answered: "I have faith in General Johnston's personal sincerity, and do not believe he would use a subterfuge to cover his movements. He could not stop the movement of his troops till he got my letter, which I hear was delayed all day yesterday by your adjutant's not sending it forward." His faith in Johnston's honorable dealing was justified, but the delay had brought the Confederate infantry to the neighborhood of Greenesborough.

On the 15th Sherman had sent, both to Grant and to the Secretary of War, copies of Johnston's overture and his own answer. He added that he should "be careful not to complicate any points of civil policy"; that he had invited Governor Vance to return to Raleigh with the civil officers of the State, and that ex-Governor Graham, Messrs. Badger, Moore, Holden, and others all agreed "that the war is over, and that the States of the South must resume their allegiance, subject to the Constitution and laws of Congress, and that the military power of the South must submit to the National arms. This great fact once admitted," he said, "all the details are easy of arrangement." He directed this to be sent by a swift steamer to Fort Monroe, and from there by telegraph to Washington. As this despatch was sent part of the way by telegraph, it should have reached Washington more than three days ahead of the convention signed on the 18th and carried to the capital by Major Hitchcock, who left Raleigh in the night of that day. But no answer seems to have been made to it, unless it be in a despatch of Grant on the 20th, in which he directed the movement of Howard's and Slocum's armies to City Point in case Johnston surrendered.

On Monday (April 17th), with the burden of the knowledge of Lincoln's assassination on his mind, Sherman went up to Durham by rail, accompanied by a few officers. There he met General Kilpatrick, who furnished a cavalry company as an escort, and led-horses to mount the party. The bearer of the flag of truce and a trumpeter were in advance, followed by a part of the escort, the General and his officers came next, the little cavalcade closing with the rest of the escort in due order. They rode about five miles on the Hillsborough road, when they met General Wade Hampton advancing with a flag from the other side. The house of a Mr. Bennett, near by, was made the place of conference. When Sherman and Johnston were alone, the despatch announcing Mr. Lincoln's murder was shown the Confederate, and as he read it, Sherman tells us, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, his face showed the horror and distress he felt, and he denounced the act as a disgrace to the age. Both realized

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the danger that terrible results would follow if hostilities should be resumed, and both were impelled to yield whatever seemed possible to bring the war to an immediate end. In this praiseworthy spirit their discussion was carried on, Johnston saying that "the greatest possible calamity to the South had happened."

Johnston's first point was that his proposal of the 14th had been that the civil authorities should negotiate as to the terms of peace, while the armistice should continue. Sherman could not deal with the Confederate civil government or recognize it. It could only dissolve and vanish when the separate States should make their submission, and these were the only governments *de facto* with whom dealings could be had. Postponing this matter, they proceeded to the practical one—the terms that could be assured to the armies of the South and to the States.

Here they found themselves not far apart. As to the troops, nothing more liberal could be asked than the terms already given to Lee. Sherman knew of Mr. Lincoln's willingness that the State governments should continue to act, if they began by declaring the Confederacy dissolved by defeat, and the authority of the United States recognized and acknowledged. He had no knowledge of any change in the policy of the Government in this respect, and what he had said to Governor Vance's delegation was satisfactory to both negotiators.

But how as to amnesty? Here Sherman was also able to give Lincoln's own words, declaring his desire that the people in general should be assured of all their rights of life, liberty, and property, and the political rights of citizens of a common country on their complete submission. Lincoln wanted no more lives sacrificed, and would use his power to make amnesty complete. He could not control the legislative or the judicial department of the Government, but he spoke for himself as an executive. An agreement was easy here also.

What then as to slavery? Sherman regarded it utterly dead in the regions occupied by the Confederates at the time of the Emancipation Proclamation (January 1, 1863), and Johnston frankly admitted that surrender, in view of the whole situation, acknowledged the end of the system which had been the great stake in the war. The Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery, had then been accepted by twenty States, Arkansas did so three days later, and the six Northern States which had been delayed in action upon it were as certain to ratify as that a little time should roll round. It was therefore no figure of speech to say that slavery was dead: Sherman, Johnston, and Breckinridge knew it to be true. But Johnston urged that to secure the prompt and peaceful acquiescence of the whole South, it was undesirable to force upon them irritating acknowledgments, even of what they tacitly admitted to themselves was true: further, that the subject was not included in the scope of a military convention. If slavery was in fact abolished by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, it was for Congress and the courts so to declare it, and two soldiers arranging the surrender had no call to assert all the legal consequences which would flow from the act. Sherman yielded to this argument, not from any doubt as to the fact of freedom, but from a certainty of it so complete that he would not prolong dispute to obtain a formal assent to it. He was the more ready to do so as he insisted that he acted simply as the representative of the executive as commander-in-chief, and neither could nor would promise immunity from prosecutions under indictments or confiscation laws. He said also that whilst he agreed with Mr. Lincoln in hoping no executions or long imprisonments would occur, he advised the leading men in the Confederate government to get out of the country.

As to the disposal of the arms in the hands of the Confederate soldiers from North Carolina to Texas, both knew that little of practical moment depended on the form of the agreement. So many arms were thrown away, so many were concealed by soldiers who loved the weapons they had carried, that even in our own ranks no satisfactory collection of them could be made. But a real and present apprehension with both officers was the scattering of armed men in guerilla bands. If the law-abiding were disarmed, and those who scattered and refused to give up their weapons were at

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large, how could the States preserve the peace? To this point Sherman said he attached most importance. This was not an after-thought when defending his action; he wrote it to Grant in the letter transmitting the terms when they were made. The same thought was forced home on the Confederates by their experience at the time. Before the negotiations were finally concluded, bands of paroled men from Lee's army, and stragglers, were able to stop trains on the railroad on which Johnston's army was dependent for supplies, and it would have been intolerable to have the country at the mercy of that class. To keep the troops of each State under discipline till they deposited the arms at the State capitals, where United States garrisons would be, and where the final disposal of them would be, "subject to the future action of Congress," seemed prudent and safe, and this was agreed to.

In the first day's conference it seemed clear that the generals could easily agree upon all they thought essential except the exclusion of Mr. Davis and his chief civil officers from any part in the negotiations, and making the terms of amnesty general. An adjournment to Tuesday was had to give Johnston time to consult with General Breckinridge, the Secretary of War, and for Sherman to reflect further on the amnesty question. As soon as the latter reached Raleigh he despatched to Grant, through a staff officer at New Berne, a brief report of the "full and frank interchange of opinions" with Johnston. "He evidently seeks to make terms for Jeff. Davis and his cabinet," he said. The adjournment was mentioned, with its reason, and to negative any thought that he might neglect military advantages by the delay, he said: "We lose nothing in time, as by agreement both armies stand still, and the roads are drying up, so that if I am forced to pursue we will be able to make better speed. There is great danger that the Confederate armies will dissolve and fill the whole land with robbers and assassins, and I think this is one of the difficulties that Johnston labors under. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln shows one of the elements in the rebel army which will be almost as difficult to deal with as the main armies."

When the two generals met again Tuesday, General Breckinridge was with Johnston's party, and the latter requested that he might take part in the conference, but Sherman adhered to his position that he would deal only with the military officers, and objected to Breckinridge as Secretary of War. Johnston suggested that he might be present simply as a general officer, but added that his personal relations to Mr. Davis would greatly aid in securing final approval of anything to which he assented. With this understanding he was allowed to be present.

Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General, had also come with Breckinridge to General Hampton's head-quarters, but did not proceed farther. He was busy there, Johnston tells us, in throwing into form the terms which the general thought were fairly included in the conversational comparison of views on the previous day, with the exception of the amnesty, which was made general without exceptions. This must, of course, have been from notes written at Johnston's dictation.

Sherman was informed that the Confederate general had authority to negotiate a military convention for the surrender of all the Confederate armies, and that, if the terms could be agreed upon, the Davis government would disband, like the armies, and use the influence of its members to secure the submission of all the several States. Johnston, on his part, would be content with the conclusions informally reached on Monday, except that he wanted the principle inserted of amnesty without exceptions. Mr. Reagan's draft was produced and read. It contained a preamble stating motives for the action proposed, and professed to be no more than a basis for further negotiation. A note appended to it referred to several things necessary to a conclusion of the business which might be subsequently added. The preamble as well as this note was no proper part of the terms, and Sherman entirely objected to any preamble of the kind, wishing to include only the things necessary to an agreement. He therefore took his pen and then and there wrote off rapidly his own expression of the points he had intended to agree to, but explicitly as a "memorandum or basis" for submission to their principals.

They were: *First*, the continuance of

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the armistice, terminable on short notice. *Second*, the disbanding of all the Confederate armies, under parole, and deposit of their arms subject to the control of the national government. *Third*, recognition by the Executive of existing State governments. *Fourth*, re-establishment of federal courts. *Fifth*, guarantee for the future of general rights of person, property, and political rights "so far as the Executive can." *Sixth*, freedom for the people from disturbance on account of the past, by "the executive authority of the government." The *seventh* item was a general *résumé* of results aimed at. The most striking difference between this statement and that which Mr. Reagan had drawn, besides the omission of the preamble, was the express limitation of the proposed action by the powers of the national Executive, with neither promise nor suggestion as to what the courts or Congress might or might not do.

In transmitting the memorandum through General Grant, Sherman wrote that the point to which he attached most importance was "that the dispersion and disbandment of those armies is done in such a manner as to prevent their breaking up into guerilla bands," whilst there was no restriction on our right to military occupation. As to slavery, he said, "both Generals Johnston and Breckinridge admitted that slavery was dead, and I could not insist on embracing it in such a paper, because it can be made with the States in detail." He also referred to the financial question and the necessity of stopping war expenditures and getting the officers and men of the army home to work. Writing to Halleck as chief-of-staff at the same time, he referred to the same topics, expressing his belief, from all he saw and heard, that "even Mr. Davis was not privy to the diabolical plot" of assassination, but that it was "the emanation of a set of young men of the South who are very devils." He told Halleck that Johnston informed him that Stoneman's cavalry had been at Salisbury, but was then near Statesville, which was on the road back to Tennessee, about forty miles west of Salisbury and double that distance west of Greenesborough.

A week now intervened, in which the important papers were journeying to Washington and the orders of the Government coming back. On the 20th Sherman had occasion to inform Johnston of steps he had taken to enforce the details of the truce, and as evidence that he had not mistaken Mr. Lincoln's views in regard to the State governments he enclosed "a late paper showing that in Virginia the State authorities are acknowledged and invited to resume their lawful functions." The convention seemed therefore in harmony with the course actually pursued by the administration at Washington, and the negotiators were justified in feeling reassured.

Another day passed, and as other incidents in the relations of the armies needed to be communicated to Johnston, Sherman recurred again to the encouraging feature of the leave to assemble the Virginia Legislature, but added some reflections on points which he thought might require more explicit treatment than they had given, and he suggested Johnston's conference with the best Southern men, so that he might be ready to act without delay if modifications should be required in the final convention. "It may be," he said, "that the lawyers will want us to define more minutely what is meant by the guaranty of rights of person and property. It may be construed into a compact for us to undo the past as to the rights of slaves, and 'leases of plantations' on the Mississippi, of 'vacant and abandoned' plantations. I wish you would talk to the best men you have on these points, and, if possible, let us in the final convention make these points so clear as to leave no room for angry controversy. I believe if the South would simply and publicly declare what we all feel, that slavery is dead, that you would inaugurate an era of peace and prosperity that would soon efface the ravages of the past four years of war. Negroes would remain in the South and afford you abundance of cheap labor which otherwise will be driven away, and it will save the country the senseless discussions which have kept us all in hot water for fifty years. Although strictly speaking this is no subject of a military convention, yet I am honestly convinced that our simple declaration of a result will be accepted as good law everywhere. Of course I have

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not a single word from Washington on this or any other point of our agreement, but I know the effect of such a step by us will be universally accepted."

On the same day (21st) he was replying to a letter from an acquaintance of former days, residing at Wilmington. In this reply he spoke out more vigorously his own sentiments. "The idea of war to perpetuate slavery in the year 1861 was an insult to the intelligence of the age." War being begun by the South, "it was absurd to suppose that we were bound to respect that kind of property or any kind of property.—The result is nearly accomplished, and is what you might have foreseen."

On the 23d he sent a bunch of newspapers to Johnston and Hardee, giving the developments of the assassination plot, and the hopes that the Sewards would recover. In the unofficial note accompanying them he said: "The feeling north on this subject is more intense than anything that ever occurred before. General Ord at Richmond has recalled the permission given for the Virginia Legislature, and I fear much the assassination of the President will give a bias to the popular mind which, in connection with the desire of our politicians, may thwart our purpose of recognizing 'existing local governments.' But it does seem to me there must be good sense enough left on this continent to give order and shape to the now disjointed elements of government. I believe this assassination of Mr. Lincoln will do the cause of the South more harm than any event of the war, both at home and abroad, and I doubt if the Confederate military authorities had any more complicity with it than I had. I am thus frank with you, and have asserted as much to the War Department. But I dare not say as much for Mr. Davis or some of the civil functionaries, for it seems the plot was fixed for March 4th, but delayed awaiting some instructions from Richmond."

The whole tenor of this letter speaks most clearly the faith which personal intercourse with Johnston had given Sherman in his honor and his sincerity of desire that the war should end. The same had been expressed in an official note of the same date in which Sherman had said, in regard to his directions to General Wilson in Georgia, "I have almost exceeded the bounds of prudence in checking him without the means of direct communication, and only did so on my absolute faith in your personal character." The faith was not misplaced and was not disappointed.

The correspondence thus quoted reveals to us Sherman's thoughts from day to day, the real opinions and sentiments which he intended to embody in the convention, and his recognition of the probability that its provisions would need more explicit definition before the final acts of negotiation. It shows, too, how frank he was in warning Johnston that the terrible crime at Washington had changed the situation. It seems indisputable that this open-hearted dealing between the generals made it much easier for them to come together on the final terms, by having revealed to Johnston the motives and convictions which animated his opponent in seeking the blessing of peace as well as in applying the scourge of war.

As further evidence of what Sherman told us, his subordinates, of the terms agreed upon, I quote the entry in my diary of what I understood them to be, on the 19th, the day following the signature of the convention, after personal conversation with the general. "Johnston's army is to separate, the troops going to their several States; at the State capitals they are to surrender their arms and all public property. Part of the arms are to be left to the State governments, and the rest turned over to the United States. The officers and soldiers are not to be punished by the United States Government for their part in the war, but all are left liable to private prosecutions and indictments in the courts."

In the evening of the 23d Sherman heard of the arrival at Morehead City of Major Hitchcock, his messenger to Washington, and he at once notified Johnston that the despatches would reach him in the morning. He asked the latter to be ready "to resume negotiations when the contents of the despatches are known." When Major Hitchcock came up on a night train, reaching Raleigh at six in the morning, to Sherman's great surprise General Grant came also, unheralded and unannounced.

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When Grant reached Sherman's headquarters on the morning of April 24th, Johnston had not yet been notified of the action of the Confederate government as to the agreed basis of surrender. Having got Sherman's despatch of the evening before, he telegraphed to General Breckinridge, the Secretary of War at Greensborough, that there must be immediate readiness to act. Breckinridge, however, had gone to Charlotte, about eighty miles down the road, near the South Carolina line, where Mr. Davis held the last meeting of his cabinet, and procured from each of them his formal, written opinion and advice. Davis himself now telegraphed the result to Johnston, saying: "Your action is approved. You will so inform General Sherman, and if the like authority be given by the Government of the United States to complete the arrangement, you will proceed on the basis adopted." He added that further instructions would be given as to the subordinate details which, by common consent, must be added to the basis to perfect it.

The cabinet opinions were unanimous in favor of approving the basis. Benjamin's, Reagan's, and Attorney-General Davis's were dated the 22d; Breckinridge's the 23d; and Mallory's the 24th. In varying words they all admitted what Mallory put most tersely in saying, "the Confederacy is conquered." Several of them discussed the possibility of carrying on a guerilla warfare, but could see in it no useful result. They agreed that if Johnston retreated to the Gulf States, the troops would disperse spontaneously, Virginia and North Carolina would separately withdraw from the Confederacy, and the other States would follow. Benjamin expressed the common opinion that the terms of the convention "exact only what the victor always requires, the relinquishment by his foe of the object for which the struggle was commenced." He also well formulated their judgment that, as political head, Davis could not make peace by dissolving the Confederacy; but as commander-in-chief he could ratify the military convention disbanding the armies. "He can end hostilities. The States alone can act in dissolving the Confederacy and returning to the Union, according to the terms of the convention. Reagan alone spoke of hopes that by submission the States might procure advantages not mentioned in the basis, and found comfort in the fact that it contained "no direct reference to the question of slavery." Taken together, these important documents contain the strongest possible admissions of the utter ruin of the Confederacy and of the simple truth that there was nothing left for them but to surrender at discretion, with such dignity as they might. Of themselves, the cabinet opinions changed the situation, and made it impossible to resume plans of further resistance after the convention was rejected at Washington. With them the Confederate government vanished.

For it was a disapproval that Grant had brought. On receiving the "memorandum or basis" from Sherman on the 21st, he had at once seen that the latter had acted in ignorance of the fact, first, that Mr. Lincoln had himself, two days before his death, withdrawn the permission for the Virginia Legislature to assemble, and second, that he had, a month before Lee's surrender, directed that military negotiations should not treat of any subject of civil policy. In view, therefore, of the tendency to severity which followed the assassination, it was evident that the convention would not be approved, and, as soon as action had been taken by the President in cabinet meeting, Grant wrote a calm and friendly letter to Sherman in explanation of the rejection of the basis, enclosing Stanton's formal notice and order to resume hostilities. These were intrusted to Major Hitchcock, but, as we have seen, Grant accompanied the messenger in person.

Sherman, having only the day before learned of the change of policy with regard to Virginia and notified Johnston of its probable effect, was prepared in part for the disapproval, and was personally glad to be rid of political negotiations. He made no objection or remonstrance, but, even before discussing the subject with Grant, wrote his notice to Johnston of the termination of the truce within forty-eight hours as agreed. With this he sent a note stating his orders "not to attempt civil negotiations," demanding surrender of Johnston's own army "on the same terms as were given General Lee at Appomattox." These despatches were dated

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at six in the morning of the 24th, a few minutes after Grant's arrival.

Sherman then explained to the general-in-chief the military situation, the position of the several corps, his readiness to make the race with Johnston for Charlotte, the completed repair of the railroad through Raleigh to Durham, the accumulation of supplies, and the improved condition of the country roads. The truce had worked him no disadvantage from a military stand-point, but the contrary. The only thing which annoyed him in the despatches from Washington was the last sentence in Mr. Stanton's communication to Grant, saying, "The President desires that you proceed immediately to the head-quarters of General Sherman and direct operations against the enemy." The implication in this was a distrust of him which was wholly unjust, and he replied to it, "I had flattered myself that by four years' patient, unremitting, and successful labor I deserved no such reminder." In a letter to Grant of the same date he put upon record the fact that he had reason to suppose that his memorandum accurately reported Mr. Lincoln's ideas and purposes, and that he was wholly uninformed of the instructions in regard to negotiating upon civil questions. He stood by his opinions on the propriety of using the *de facto* governments in the separate States as agents of submission for their people. He pointed out that the military convention did not meddle with the right of the courts to punish past crimes, and stated that he admitted the need of clearer definition as to the guaranty of rights of person and property. The points he thus discussed were those he got from Grant orally, for he had, as yet, no other knowledge of the criticisms made by President Johnson or his cabinet.

Grant's sincere friendship and his freedom from the least desire to exhibit his own power, had made him act as a visitor rather than a commander. He appreciated Sherman's perfect readiness to accept the methods dictated by the civil authorities, and saw that his zeal was as ardent as it was at Atlanta or Savannah. The results of the honest frankness of the dealings between Sherman and Johnston were speedily seen. The Confederate general perfectly understood the meaning of the notice to end the truce, and that his great opponent would do his military duty to the uttermost. Whilst ordering his army to be ready to move at the expiration of the truce, he also declared to Mr. Davis, in asking for instructions, that it were better to yield than to have Sherman's army again traverse the country. Davis suggested, through Breckinridge, that the infantry and artillery might be disbanded and the cavalry and horse-batteries brought off to accompany the high civil officers who would try to reach the Southwest. Johnston replied that this would only provide for saving these functionaries from captivity. This might be done by Mr. Davis moving with a smaller cavalry escort without losing a moment. To save the people, the country, and the army, an honorable military capitulation ought to be made before the expiration of the armistice. He said that his subordinate commanders did not believe their troops would fight again, and that news was received of the fall of Mobile with three thousand prisoners, and the capture of Macon with a number of prominent generals. Early on the 25th Breckinridge assented to the capitulation, but directed that General Wade Hampton, with the mounted men who chose to follow him, might join the President. Upon this Johnston wrote Sherman, asking that instead of a surrender and disbanding in the field, his army might have the arrangement for going home in organizations which had been made by the memorandum of the 18th, giving as a reason that Lee's paroled men were already afflicting the country, collecting in bands which had no means of subsistence but robbery. Sherman then appointed a new conference at Durham for the 26th, at noon. He had learned from Grant that it was believed at Washington that Davis had with him a large treasure in specie, making for Cuba by way of Florida, and he sent at once a despatch to Admiral Dahlgren, naval commander at Charleston, asking that officer to try to intercept him.

General Grant's complete satisfaction with Sherman's personal attitude and readiness to accept the action of the President, was shown in his wish to re-

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turn at once to Washington. He prepared to start from Raleigh on the morning of the 26th, taking a steamer from New Berne on arriving there. He expected, of course, that the surrender would be completed and the result telegraphed him by the time his vessel was ready to start, but he was also moved by delicacy toward Sherman, and the desire to relieve him from every appearance of supervision which his stay at Raleigh might give. Sherman, however, was also chivalrous, and requested Grant not to leave till he should see the capitulation finally signed. All this, it must be remembered, was in entire ignorance of the follies perpetrated at the War Department during those days.

The hour fixed for the new conference at Durham was the same at which the armistice would expire; but Sherman, having the troops in readiness to start at a moment's notice, ordered that no movement should be made till his return. An accident to his railroad delayed Johnston two or three hours, but on his arrival a brief conference satisfied him that the only course to pursue was to surrender on the terms given to Lee and to trust to Sherman's assurance that such arrangements would be made in executing the capitulation as would guard against the evils of the dispersion of his army without means of subsistence, which both officers justly feared. As in Lee's case the language used avoided terms which implied being prisoners of war, even momentarily, but provided that after delivering the arms to an ordnance officer at Greenesborough (excepting side-arms of officers) and giving an "individual obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the United States—all the officers and men will be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligation and the laws in force where they may reside."

At half past seven in the evening Grant was able to write his despatch to Stanton, Secretary of War, that the surrender was complete, and by using the telegraph to New Berne and Morehead City, and from Fort Monroe to Washington, the news reached Washington at ten in the morning of the 28th. The same evening and by the same means of transmittal he also informed Halleck at Richmond of the surrender, and recalled all his troops out of Sherman's theatre of operations. After hearing the details of Sherman's conversations with Johnston, and approving the suggestions of liberal arrangements looking to getting the Confederate troops quickly and quietly back to peaceful industry at their homes, Grant parted with us at Raleigh on the 27th and returned as rapidly as possible to Washington, where the influence of his calm judgment and executive ability was sorely needed.

The orders for national forces in North Carolina to march homeward, except Schofield's troops, were issued on the 27th. Kilpatrick's division of cavalry was attached to Schofield's command, and the Army of the Ohio thus reinforced was left to garrison the Department of North Carolina. To General Schofield was also intrusted the preparation of the printed paroles for all the troops included in the capitulation, so that there might be uniformity. To him also was committed the conclusion of the supplcmentary terms needed for the liberal execution of the convention, as had been discussed at the personal meeting of the commanders, at which he had been present. Johnston sent in a draft of what he had understood to be thus informally arranged, the most important items of which were the "loan" to the Confederates of their army animals and wagons for farming purposes, the retention of a portion of their arms to enforce order and discipline till the separate organizations should reach their homes, and the extension of the privileges of the convention to naval officers of the Confederacy. With slight modifications these were accepted by General Schofield and carried out. A large issue of rations to Johnston's troops had been voluntarily added without any request or stipulation. Both parties understood that Johnston's command included all Confederate troops east of the Chattahoochee, though this is not stated in the terms. At the earnest request of the Confederate general, none of our troops were sent up to Greenesborough, where his head-quarters and principal camp were, until the printing of the paroles was completed and staff officers sent to issue them on April 30th.

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Sherman wrote a farewell letter to Johnston on the 27th, telling of his instructions to General Schofield to give ten days' rations for twenty-five thousand men, "to facilitate what you and I and all good men desire, the return to their homes of the officers and men composing your army." He spoke also of his directions to "loan" to them enough animals fit for farming purposes to insure a crop. Concluding, he said: "Now that war is over, I am as willing to risk my person and reputation as heretofore, to heal the wounds made by the past war, and I think my feeling is shared by the whole army. I also think a similar feeling actuates the mass of your army, but there are some unthinking young men who have no sense or experience, that, unless controlled, may embroil their neighbors. If we are forced to deal with them, it must be with severity, but I hope they will be managed by the people of the South." His Field Order No. 65, announcing the end of war east of the Chattahoochee, referred to the same purpose, "to relieve present wants and to encourage the inhabitants to renew their peaceful pursuits and to restore the relations of friendship among our fellow-citizens and countrymen." He directed that "great care must be taken that all the terms and stipulations on our part be fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity, whilst those imposed on our hitherto enemies be received in a spirit becoming a brave and generous army."

A copy of this order was enclosed in Sherman's letter to Johnston, and the latter replied in a similar noble tone. "The enlarged patriotism manifested in these papers," he said, "reconciles me to what I had previously regarded as the misfortune of my life—that of having had you to encounter in the field. The enlightened and humane policy you have adopted will certainly be successful. It is fortunate for the people of North Carolina that your views are to be carried out by one so capable of appreciating them. I hope you are as well represented in other departments of your command; if so, an early and complete pacification may be expected. The disposition you express to heal the wounds made by the past war has been evident to me in all our interviews. You are right in supposing that similar feelings are entertained by the mass of this army. I am sure that all the leading men in it will exert their influence for that object."

Down to this moment, the progress of events had been full of satisfaction to Sherman, and of gratification to his noble ambition. If the implication contained in the order sending Grant in person to his head-quarters had pained him, Grant's perfect handling of the situation had prevented the wound being deep, and Sherman was pleased, on the whole, to be relieved of negotiations on all civil questions. But the day after Grant had left him—when he had issued his admirable order No. 65, and exchanged chivalrous sentiments with Johnston—when he had completed his work in his great campaign and, leaving to Schofield the finishing of the administrative task in North Carolina, was turning his face homeward full of anticipation of rejoining family and friends, with his great career in a retrospect which was altogether gratifying—at this culmination of his glory as a soldier and his pride as a patriot, he received the sorest blow and the deepest wound he ever knew.

The mail, on the 28th, brought a copy of the New York *Times* containing Mr. Stanton's now famous despatch to General Dix, dated the 22d, sent for the purpose of general publication, in which he made known the fact that Sherman had entered into a convention with Johnston, that it was disapproved by the President, and that Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities. Had the newspaper publication stopped here, it would still have been a grave indiscretion, for the news of what was done in Washington usually reached the enemy more promptly than it came to our officers at the front, and the enterprising spies at the capital would have thought their fortunes made by getting on the 22d orders which did not reach Sherman in fact till the 24th, with official comments of which the general was ignorant till the 28th.

But this was the least of the faults of this curious document. It said that Sherman had entered into "what is called a basis of peace." No such name was given the paper, and the manner of attributing it misled the public as to its

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character. It suppressed the fact that the "memorandum" was by its terms wholly without binding effect if not approved by the President. Without saying so, it persuasively led the reader to believe that Sherman had violated instructions issued by Mr. Lincoln on March 3d, which in fact were never published till it was done in this despatch, and were wholly unknown to the general, who believed he was acting in accordance with President Lincoln's wishes given him orally at the end of March. It spoke of orders sent by Sherman to Stoneman "to withdraw from Salisbury and join him" as opening "the way for Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe with his plunder, which is reported to be very large." Only complete ignorance of the actual military situation could account for so erroneous a statement. Davis was in the midst of Johnston's whole army, most of which was halted by the truce at Greenesborough. Stoneman, on a brilliant cavalry raid, passed rapidly from the north near Greenesborough a week before, had struck Salisbury on the 13th and immediately marched northwest, on his return to East Tennessee, whence he had started. He was at Statesville, forty miles on his way, when Sherman and Johnston made the armistice on the 18th, of which he did not hear a word till he was over the mountains on the 23d. Sherman first heard of Davis's "plunder" from Grant on the 24th, and immediately asked the navy to frustrate any efforts to take it out of the country. Davis did not leave the protection of Johnston's army till he knew that Stoneman was far away and his road was clear. In fact it was only when, after the rejection of the first convention, Johnston had begun negotiations for the separate surrender of his own forces, and further delay would have made him a prisoner. As to the "plunder of the banks" thus published by the Secretary, it turned out that officers of Carolina banks who had taken their assets to Richmond for protection against the perils of war, had taken advantage of the protection of Mr. Davis's escort to carry them home when Richmond fell. As to the specie treasure, rumored to be many millions, about forty thousand dollars was at Greenesborough paid to Johnston's soldiers at the rate of $1.17 to each, and the remainder, except a small sum, seems to have been distributed to the cavalry escort, about three thousand strong, which protected Mr. Davis to the Savannah River and then dispersed: the sum was thirty-five dollars per man, given as part of their arrears of pay. The statement in Mr. Stanton's despatch regardingt his "plunder," copied from one received from Halleck, which in turn was based on anonymous rumor, was so couched as to give credence to the imputation that Sherman was to be duped or bribed to allow Davis with his effects, "including this gold plunder," to escape. Not only did the form of the publication give this impression, but that it was in tact so understood and treated is simple matter of history.

Even this was not all. There were appended to this, nine enumerated criticisms, most of which were baseless. The detailed examination of these would carry us beyond the limits of this article and must be postponed. They included implied charges of wilful departure from known rules laid down by the Executive, and a deliberate sacrifice of results for which the war had been waged. It was inevitable that such a manifesto to the public should be greatly exasperating to Sherman. Seeing also the manner in which it was interpreted by the newspapers, he believed that it was purposely so worded as to imply what it did not explicitly assert, and to hold him up to the nation as one little better than a traitor. He was very emphatic in saying that being overruled did not trouble him, it was the public perversion of what he had done, attributing to his memorandum what the publication of its text would have contradicted, which outraged his feelings. Grant frankly adhered to his opinion that in the actual condition of affairs he could not himself advise the ratification of the terms proposed; yet he saw the injustice done Sherman, and condemned it. Their relations continued as cordial as ever, and his influence was potent in preventing further ill results from following the quarrel.

The publication was followed by other acts of Mr. Stanton which increased the irritation. On April 27th he informed

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Halleck, Canby, and Thomas that "Sherman's proceedings" were disapproved, and asked them to direct their subordinates "to pay no attention to any orders but your own or from General Grant." This was a day after Johnston had made his final surrender under the second convention, and when Grant had been two days with Sherman. It led to Halleck's ordering Meade to pay no attention to the truce, even after the surrender of Johnston was signed, and might have caused serious results if Grant had not been very prompt in giving counter-orders to Halleck. All the department commanders naturally understood Stanton's language in sending Grant to North Carolina, as superseding Sherman in command, though in fact this was not done. They concluded that if any new terms were made with Johnston the action would be in Grant's name, and his signature would verify the truce. But as Grant did not do this, and everything remained in Sherman's hands as before, the actual surrender was ignored and credit refused, by order of the Secretary of War, to the armistice declared while the paroles were being issued! Stanton took no steps to correct this, and for two weeks the strange muddle continued in the Southwest. This came to such a pass that on May 8th Sherman inquired of Grant whether "the Secretary of War's newspaper order" had taken Georgia out of his command. Grant replied, "I know of no order which changes your command in any particular," and, in his patient rôle of peacemaker, suggested that the necessity of prompt communication, when Sherman was not in telegraphic communication with Washington, had caused some irregularities.

One of the minor incidents in Stanton's course of action throws so strong a light on his methods, and was so irritating an example of the *suppressio veri*, that it must be mentioned. Immediately after his interview with Sherman in the early morning of the 24th, Grant had sent a despatch to Stanton, which the latter sent to General Dix for publication in the following form: "A despatch has just been received by this department from General Grant, dated Raleigh, 9 A.M., April 24th. He says: 'I reached here this morning, and delivered to General Sherman the reply to his negotiations with Johnston. Word was immediately sent to Johnston, terminating the truce, and information that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between army commanders.'" Taken in connection with the previous publication, this was naturally interpreted to mean that Grant had sent the "word" to Johnston, and it strengthened the current against Sherman. The despatch as sent by Grant was this: "I reached here this morning and delivered to General Sherman the reply to his negotiations with Johnston. *He was not surprised, but rather expected their rejection.* Word was immediately sent to Johnston, terminating the truce, and information that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between army commanders. *General Sherman has been guided in his negotiations with Johnston entirely by what he thought was precedent authorized by the President. He had before him the terms given by me to Lee's army and the call of the rebel legislature of Virginia authorized by General Weitzel, as he supposed with the sanction of the President and myself. At the time of the agreement General Sherman did not know of the withdrawal of authority for the meeting of that legislature. The moment he learned through the papers that authority for the meeting had been withdrawn, he communicated the fact to Johnston as having bearing on the negotiations had.*" I have italicized the omitted parts to show how absolutely essential they were to a true statement of Sherman's attitude, and how grave was the offence against fair dealing to suppress them after the appeal to the public had been made by the first publication. The despatch is also historically important as proof of the ideal character of Grant's disinterestedness and frank friendship for Sherman in this juncture.

Mr. Stanton's habit of impetuous action without reflection, upon first impressions and imperfect knowledge, was notorious, as was his constitutional inability to admit that he had been in the wrong. Once aroused, he was a fierce combatant, using any weapon that came to hand, inquiring only whether it would hurt his opponent. When obliged to see that he had judged

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wrongly, his silence was the only confession—he was seldom equal to a candid apology. If a tacit retreat was accepted by the other party, he might endeavor to compensate for the wrong in some other manner.

Sherman was not the man to submit to what he considered and called an outrage, and when made aware of it he struck back with all his force. He exposed and denounced the perversions of fact and misstatements of what he had done, and demanded the publication of the original memorandum with his statement of its relations to Mr. Lincoln's policy and wishes as stated by the dead President himself. Grant advised him to omit some of the expressions of his official report, but he refused and courted an official investigation, whilst he clearly stated his duty and his purpose to obey without question such orders as were given by competent authority. He was quite too large a man to be made the victim of a manifest wrong, and when once the case was fairly presented, the purity of his motives and the reasonableness of his belief that he was acting under highest authority were generally acknowledged, even by those who supported a severer policy toward the Southern States. The President and nearly all the members of the cabinet assured him that the published bulletins had been without their knowledge, and cordially strove to soothe his wounded feelings. The genuineness of character, the patriotism and subordination tempered by proper self-respect which he exhibited, did not diminish the public regard, but rather heightened it. As to the debatable questions of policy involved in his first convention, he proudly left them to the judgment of time.

The breach of friendship between Sherman and Halleck, which was also caused by Mr. Stanton's bulletins, was especially to be regretted. Their early relations as young officers going "round the Horn" to California had been very close, and were continued in the warm personal correspondence between them during the Atlanta campaign. Sherman had shown sympathy in Halleck's natural disappointment when Grant became general-in-chief, and had never failed to act the part of a true friend. He had been grateful also for Halleck's friendly conduct toward him in his period of depression in 1861, and expressed it strongly in a long letter when Atlanta had fallen and he had won his commission as major-general in the regular army. "I confess I owe you all I now enjoy of fame," he said, "for I had allowed myself in 1861 to sink into a perfect 'slough of despond.'" Halleck's friendship and encouragement had put him in the way of recovering from this. But now his faith in human nature was rudely shocked by finding, apparently, this friendly hand joining in the hardest blows at his fame and honor.

Stanton made no public explanation of his conduct, but in a conversation with General Howard he asserted that Sherman's order to his troops announcing the armistice, by saying that when ratified it would "make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande," had put the Government on the defensive, and made it seem proper to publish reasons for disproving the terms. This does not touch the question of the wisdom or folly of the matter published, or of its form. Sherman's reason for mentioning the prospect of a general and speedy peace was that the condition of his army, under the news of Lincoln's assassination, was such that he felt it necessary to soothe his excited soldiery with the hope of soon marching home in triumph, thus turning their thoughts from the vengeance which would have been inevitable if fighting were to be resumed. Instead of appreciating this, Mr. Stanton seems to have jumped to the conclusion that it was an act of vanity or of political ambition which was to be squelched *per fas aut nefas*, and in his passionate and hasty action he compromised the whole administration.

We who were Sherman's subordinates in the field knew so well his integrity and patriotism that we sympathized strongly with his indignation at the appeal to popular sentiment against him. Yet the sense of duty to the country and to the Government prevented thoughtful men from being blind partisans of our chief. Without full means of judging of the possible effect of the first convention if carried out, some of us were disposed to believe that there must have been a mistake on his part, since we were not

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able to believe that the Secretary of War would publish his "nine reasons" if they had no solid support, and were not approved by the President and cabinet. My personal opinion I wrote in my diary at the time, and I reproduce it to show the contemporaneous sentiment of one who was both a warm supporter of the Government and a warm friend of the general. What I have written above will also show how far further investigation and further knowledge have modified my judgment.

"FRIDAY, April 28th.—Some of the Northern papers are very bitter on Sherman for the terms first offered by him, and it is manifest from the despatches sent by the Secretary of War to New York to be published there, that the new administration is willing to give Sherman a hard hit. He made a great mistake in offering to Johnston the terms he did, but he has done the country such service that the administration owed it to him to keep the thing from the public and to come kindly to an understanding with him, instead of seeming to seek the opportunity to pitch upon him as if it desired to humble him. In conversation this morning he showed that he felt their conduct very sorely, but I hope he will keep out of controversy with them in regard to it. He complains with justice that they have refused to give any instructions to guide military officers as to the policy to be adopted, and then, when these are forced to act, seem to take pleasure in repudiating what the officers have done, and in humbling them or exposing them to popular odium."

GOOD-NIGHT

By Josephine Preston Peabody

GOOD-NIGHT my burden. Rest you there,
The working-hours are over;
Poor weight, that had to be my care,
—And why, let time discover!
The Evening Star sheds down on me
The dearer look than laughter,
At whose clear call I put by all
Forbids me follow after,
Free, free—to breathe First Breath again, the breath of all Hereafter!

Good-night, heart's grief; and rest you there
Until your sure to-morrow;
Here's only place for that wide Air
More old, more young, than sorrow.
And though I hear, from far without,
These caging winds keep revel,
Oh, yet I must bestow some trust
Where Water seeks her level——
Where wise-heart Water seeks and sings, until she reach the level.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"Teutonizing" in Education.

THAT was a useful set of verbs that Matthew Arnold invented, and applied at times not without plenty of malice: To Hebradize, to Hellenize, to Newmanize, to Teutonize. Did he really invent or employ this latter? Whether he did or not, no reader of "God and the Bible" can have omitted to notice that a large part of its purport is a solemn warning against Teutonizing. And perhaps it is from Arnold that we get our clearest notion, except from our own personal observations, of what it is to Teutonize, to let learning swamp common sense, tact, the sense of proportion, the sense of humor. These things are the drawbacks of the admirable German thoroughness, particularly of the German professorial thoroughness. Carlyle defined it in his way by saying that the defect of the German quality was an inability "to eliminate rubbish." And of course, where things German are concerned, Carlyle's gibes were the wounds of a friend. It was Coleridge who said, a generation before, that the defect of German writing, as compared with French, or even with English, was that the German writer was a hermit in a cell and the French or English writer was at least by comparison a man of the world. Hence French and English writing was colloquial, a reflection of talk, while German writing resembled no conversation, and, if it had any oral model, it was that of a professor or a preacher laying down the law to a congregation which could not escape, and hence not minding in the least how much he bored them. That monster of linguistic acquisition, the late Karl Hillebrand, who used to write articles in all the reviews of Europe, to each in its own language, by way of *tour de force*, was greatly wroth with some Briton who casually remarked that there was not such a thing as a well-written book in the German language. Even if the critic overstated his case, one knows what he meant, but the German pundit did not know, and that was what made his wrath more amusing than formidable.

Now that American higher education is undergoing a transformation, in the ostensible direction of German methods, it may be worth while to call attention to the danger of imitating German pedagogy, if not too closely, yet in the wrong way, by imitating its faults. To be sure Mr. Hugo Muensterberg (in a very witty and clever paper, which shows that a German does not necessarily write in a mandarin dialect, at least when he writes English) has been explaining, gently but firmly, ostensibly to the teachers in secondary schools, but really to his colleagues in the Harvard faculty, that they are not imitating the German method successfully, and that German youth do not begin to specialize until they have a grounding in the old-fashioned humanities which would enable them to take an A.B. in an American college. The new notion of scholarship, by which the degree means so much Latin and Greek, or the equivalent of them in botany or blacksmithing, finds no favor at all in what is supposed to be the native soil of "the elective system." This announcement is likely, one would suppose, to spread a gloom over several of the institutions which have been most actively "Teutonizing."

However that may be, there are signs that we are Teutonizing in the undesirable sense and way. The production of "Theories marked by vigor and rigor" is the Teutonizing of which Arnold complains in the German Biblical critics. What we may take it to mean, for the present purpose, is a production of theories not only hard and fast, but to the common sense of the reader transparently absurd, and in any case not worth the labor that has been spent upon them. Senator Hoar, in his delightful reminiscences of Harvard, gives a crucial instance in the German scholar who was admired by the professor of Latin for reading Cicero through once a year for fifty years, to be rewarded at last by the discovery that, while "necesse est" might take the subjunctive with an accusative, "necesse erat" invariably required "ut" with the subjunctive. Of this, Joseph Miller's legend of the too ambitious German pedagogue who had attempted the noun, when he should have restricted himself to the dative

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case, is not an exaggeration. And the wonderful German discoveries of mares' nests cannot be exaggerated, unless we assume that that German editor of "Virgil," referred to in Mr. Myers's essay upon the bard, who found it a grave poetical error of his author to have endowed Dido with yellow locks, she being a widow, was the child of Mr. Myers's own invention. Something of this tactlessness seems to be creeping into our own pedagogical literature, as everybody knows who has occasion, for his sins, to examine a "scientific" treatment of a literary question. It was not long ago, in the course of a newspaper discussion about the qualities which a professor of English literature ought to possess, that a native American professor "Teutonized" to the extent of severely reminding the newspaper that it seemed to be unaware that there was such a thing as "a science of English literature," which it was the first requisite of a professor of the same to possess. To be sure, he was a professor of German. Evidently the German had "rubbed off" on him, for the dictum was in the finest mandarin style. And lately the *Evening Post* has fallen upon a "scientific" scholar who had written, not for the world an "essay," but a "monograph" on society and solitude, analyzing the lives of some twenty or fifty solitaries, and concluding that the social state was natural to man. With him the journal had some ruthless but just fun. This is an extreme instance of Teutonization doubtless, but there are too many instances that go to show the feasibility of an American scholar Teutonizing to the extent of divesting himself of his native tact. It is not desirable that a man should sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, even if he gets the pottage. If he does not get it, as Mr. Muensterberg intimates, of course his state is even worse.

The Talk of R. L. Stevenson.

ALL comment on the Stevenson Letters made by the near friends of the author centred sooner or later in the statement that they were, though incomparable as letters, no better than his talk; that they indeed represented just his talk. And when we are told that that talk was the delight of his intimates we can believe it without difficulty. It might in fact be said that, among the thinking, the sum of the effect produced by these letters, and their chief value, was to draw attention to how very good a thing good talk is, and also to bring about a realization of how rare, in our English-speaking world, such talk is getting to be. If Mr. Stevenson had been a Frenchman, and if the public to which his letters were ultimately given had been French, the discovery, by that public, that he was wont so spontaneously to pour himself forth in his friendships, reserving himself so little, touching so fearlessly upon all the things of life that are near the quick, would probably have caused little surprise. But with the appreciation of the English-reading world a certain surprise has undoubtedly been mingled. We have had other letters of eminent writers given to us in recent years, but they contained no intimations of an ability or a willingness to communicate thought on all subjects, personal or universal, with anything approaching Mr. Stevenson's abundance.

The poverty of the letters of Matthew Arnold in respect of these things was a disappointment of which some of his votaries, and these of the most faithful, have never been cured. Here was a wonderful record of a carefully up-built character, true in all the relations of life; but a scant outward registration of the suggestive mood, the fructifying inspiration, the doubts and speculations, that make the free talk from day to day of a man of mind so stimulating to his hearers.

It was indeed seldom asserted that Matthew Arnold did talk well. He apparently gave not much more of the best that was in him, mentally, in intercourse face to face than he gave in his letters. And really on such thrifty diets have we been put, in this sense, by many of our men of letters that we have become accustomed to the stint, and sometimes unconscious of it. Not that we have not had some great monologists. But it is not from the monologists that the truly good talk comes. In France, that country of good talk, where respect for the great mass is deep, celebrity often speaks as from a pedestal to an attentive circle; but even in France the act can awaken an ennui, and any candid man, after a Victor Hugo monologue, would probably have averred that half a dozen obscure persons of his acquaintance, persons of intelligence, having knowledge of life, could, in a running comment on events, in swift-glancing criticisms of things, and in apt phrase, have demonstrated the national power of verbal expression to more gracious advantage than the great poet. For the French masses if they talk well also listen well. And the

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one faculty is inseparable from the other. The orb, if the one half be missing, is not perfect. Your copious yet light-footed talker, from whom your greatest satisfactions flow, will give not only but also take, renewing himself thereby. But of this the monologist, whatever his race and country, knows nothing. To walk at times in the shadow of the talk of Carlyle or Tennyson must have been like a climb through a mountainous region of imposing grandeur and aridity. But to hear a talker of the order of R. L. Stevenson course on without solemnity—"take it or leave it"—without pontifical unconsciousness of the interlocutor's identity, is to stroll along the curves of a sea-washed shore, where at every promontory the sky flushes with another color and the earth wears a different face, and where you pursue the suffused and fleeting horizons one after another, not thinking of your body and lifted above fatigue, because you too are a part of all this beauty, because you may make your own comments upon it, because, in short, it is not all listening for you, all the time, but some talking also.

Commercial economy is the explanation offered for the parsimony with which many writers give of their thought to their friends, either with tongue or pen. But it is an insufficient explanation. A French man of letters is assuredly as greedy of his "ideas," and as eager to patent them before they can be stolen from him, as any one else. And yet there is no end to French literary talk. Besides, the question is larger; it is not to be confined to matters literary. Our literary talk in English-speaking countries may trickle forth from a rather dry fountain-head, but the talk of the intelligent generally does not on the interesting things of the world gush out more freely.

Indeed we have grown so to fear the weakness of too many words, our whole mode of communication in our industrial type of society has become so telegraphic, that we have lost, in a great measure, the right sense of the bearings of this matter. To talk well, turning one's inner thoughts to the light, and making a demand upon others to show something of the inner stuff that is in them in return, is, to a large proportion of our English-speaking communities, to be an object of suspicion. The man of the middle-type has a phrase which denotes his resentment before those who express themselves readily. He says that they are "slick talkers," and his tone indicates that, at their approach, he buttons his pockets tighter. And the feeling differently shown goes farther than the uneducated class which is made uncomfortable by the presence of ideas. So much have we dwelt upon the daw's business with the heart worn in view that we have forgotten that such wearing may occasionally serve other purposes. It is our Saxon self-consciousness that renders us such distrait and sour listeners to the little good talk that lives among us. We make no atmosphere for it. We desire that conversation should keep to the outward and conventional; and embarrassment takes too many of us when it strikes anywhere at the more vital topics. And yet, when we come to think of it, we know very well that it is only in untrammelled talk that mankind ventilates that part of itself which we are the greatest gainers by discovering; and it is well when some such experience as that of the Stevenson letters forces us, unknown to ourselves, to the admission that, while the loquacious races are so often at a disadvantage before our taciturnity, speech also is of God, and that the man who is not afraid to use it may sometimes be a royal dispenser of the very wine of life.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ARCHITECTURAL STYLE

I

THERE is an incipient movement in the Middle West toward a certain agreement among architectural artists. Some of them feel, as many in the East and in Europe feel strongly, that nothing serious will come of architectural fine art until there is a consensus of opinion among a certain considerable number of men as to what style of work they should seek to further. They see that, with no agreement among artists as to what their art should express, or as to the manner of its expression, there is little hope of advance in the path of artistic excellence. They see, moreover, that there must be continuity of purpose as well as a common purpose: for otherwise there will still be, as there have been, mere fashions which change instead of a traditional style which grows. The single artist must not change his mind, nor yet his style, with each new undertaking; nor the school with each decade.

The present conditions have existed through eighty years; and there are no signs of radical change. There has been no content, and no peaceful working times for the building designer, since that unlucky day when memory replaced impulse, when imitation began to be not of your contemporary but of your long dead predecessor, and men began to ask, "What style shall we follow?" A few buildings, or parts of buildings, stand here and there which are the work of exceptionally gifted men; and we look at them with more thought of what they might have been than with joy in what they are. Beyond this, certainly no admirer of the present, no believer in our "institutions" or our physical civilization, no *laudator temporis in præsentia*, can go in his laudation. Whatever grandiose undertakings there may be in a pecuniary sense, in the way of engineering, or in the way of rapid and dexterous combining together of materials into a structure, the touch of the artist is not upon their resulting forms; they are not bad, so much as artistically non-existent; feeble things which the next age will be, we may hope, wise enough to abolish rapidly or to alter out of recognition.

Really, that seems to be the trouble—that lack of agreement among the men who might save the situation. We have lost, not the traditions of the past, but the habit of going by tradition. The men who go by tradition work in unconscious cheerfulness, in satisfaction with their own methods, and without going far afield for suggestions of design: but the modern man has the traditions only in books; they are Latin to him, or Coptic, not his mother tongue; he has no vernacular in architectural design, and he goes on picking up scraps of ancient wisdom from books and photographs. Books and photographs are good for the archæologist; and the study of old art is too fascinating—its subject too delicious—for any lover of art to wish the photograph and the scientific method away. But it is not so that a living art is built up or maintained. Human experience is other than that. We have "no way of judging of the future but by the past," as Patrick Henry said, or is assumed to have said; and "judging by the past," we can only infer that the primary condition of success is that we shall all be fairly agreed, and mainly of one mind, as to our artistical undertakings. Certainly, the study of old art and the practice of modern art may go on side by side. Every painter who has a *kakemono* or a fifteenth-century panel in his studio knows that! We are not bound to build as the Greeks built because we admire their buildings and worship their sculpture.

II

AND yet it is probable that, in despite of previous failures, we must adopt an ancient style and work in it until we can work out of it. Let the reader consider the new house in Milan, discussed in the Field of Art for July, 1899, together with the Paris house described in the number for July, 1900, and he will see the contrast between something even too closely copied from the past and something wholly

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fresh in design. Discussion of that existing movement in decorative art, in the spirit of which the Paris house is conceived, must be deferred to another time; but it is easy to see that the designer of such a building has immense difficulties to struggle with. No one of his forms—his windows, his balconies, his columns—is a well-worked-out, well-understood element of design. His new fashion of design may possibly grow into a system, a permanent style; but until it has done so he has a reluctant set of units to combine into Architecture. Then look at the corresponding parts of the Italian building; how obvious they are, how acceptable, and how easy to fit together! Or consider the Georgian buildings in this country which we used to call "Old Colonial." Consider how thin and slight is the artistical merit of that style—a style devoid of freshness, a decadent style if there ever was one: and then consider how beautiful to us are those old buildings, both in city and in country, how much better we like them than anything that has been built since.

So that it appears to be generally true that a design made on wholly new lines—made deliberately, as something untraditional—will always fail to attract general respect. Some allusion was made above, in the first division, to the few buildings which show a desire and an ability in the artist thus to design on wholly unfamiliar lines. For such buildings do exist, although so few that there is but one name well known among our American architects which can be attached to any number of them. There are more of them in France. In England, ever since 1850, there has been a tendency that way. Such buildings exist; but it is little to say that they have no copyists—no followers—no students who take up the thread and follow it through whatever windings it may take, in hopes of finding a treasure in the heart of the labyrinth. And that is the more surprising when it is noted that these novel designs are suggested more than other modern things, and just as old work was suggested, by the construction and the requirements. They alone are the theoretically good things: and yet how lonely they are! Consider the Guarantee Building in Buffalo and the Bayard Building in Bleecker Street, New York—how little are they followed, how little likely are they to attract followers; and yet they seem to be conceived in the right spirit, designed in the right way, almost exactly what they should be as attempts at casing the steel cage. Or go back to the first attempts at sensible realism in these lofty buildings: the Monadnock in Chicago was such an attempt, and its very bareness ought to have made clear the conditions. There was the inevitable: how to treat it artistically? Nobody is expected to like the Monadnock: but it will be hard hereafter to design a rational outside of a lofty, steel-framed business building without recalling its forms and its character. You can still build a very high and solid looking tower, making-believe, as the children say, that it is a massive wall of masonry you are piling so high: but that is not designing.

It is really one of the most astonishing things in the phenomena of human intelligence, the incapacity of the mind to create anything worth having, except as the slow result of other men's experience. It is tacitly accepted as true that nothing really new is ever invented. With all its vast gains in physical science, and still more in the scientific method of study, the present epoch is, with regard to that which is as yet unthought of, much as the sixteenth century was toward that which had not yet crossed the boundaries of its conception; and an invention or a pretended invention which does or claims to do something not yet asked for—not sought for—not on the note-books of would-be investors or aspiring inventors, is as if it were non-existent. Invent to-day a new system of imparting power to driving-wheels and gearing-wheels and you will make a fortune perhaps, or, at least, the exploiters of your invention will grow rich: but invent a means of propulsion without wheels, somewhat on the lines of the Martian imagination of Mr. Wells, and you will find the public so lacking in interest that you will live and die unrecognized. And this is right enough; for no first inventor ever yet made anything work, or few are the exceptions. The public is right enough in disregarding the very new things. The first inventor is he who struggles with his thought and dies disappointed with its inadequate expression: and then, how many are the failures! how many the thoughts which never prove expressible!

III

So it is with design. The maker of a quite new thing is as if he had made nothing; for, in the first place, a design seldom amounts to

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much when it has not behind it the tradition of years which have slowly led up to it; and secondly, the world cares little for this outbreak in a wholly new direction, and prefers wisely to ask for something a little better, or at least a little different, in the old way. If, indeed, a small fraction of the world, a single rich family or the enthusiastic folk of one third-rate city — Antwerp or Brussels — be agreed in trying to work out something new, an interesting result may come from the interesting new departure: that has happened! It is so rare, however, that the general rule obtains, and the truth that fine art is tradition, slowly developing from shape to shape. The Greek worker-out of the Doric-temple idea as we find it embodied for us, in that ghost of the dead Parthenon which we raise up from its crumbling bones, had an unascertained number of centuries of "proto-Doric" work to go upon. When his style was complete, in 440 B.C., or thereabout, it took strong hold on the Hellenic mind, and this partly because of the long and slow preparation and development of the idea. The style lasted five hundred years, for even the portico of Athena Archegetis is Grecian Doric in style, in spite of failures in detail. Egyptian history would give us better instances still, but they are so hard to trace and to chase! How of the sudden invention of the Gothic structure and of Gothic art? That sprang into being when, after two hundred and fifty years of busy building following upon indefinite ages of feebler and less earnest striving, the long-sought and evasive secret became manifest to men, and the poor and scattered communities of Anno Domini twelve hundred found that they could produce something which well replaced the vaulted monuments of the all-powerful, all-embracing Empire. Then it lasted four hundred years; for glorify your primitives as much as you like, the men of the prime and of the slow decadence were great artists too.

The present age is as much of a building age as any of those to which allusion has been made. We build differently, but we build as much; and we have a command of materials and of labor which even the architects of Trajan's time would have been unable to imagine. If we have less of one thing we have more of another. Our application of scientific methods to ways of building is enough of itself to make up for many shortcomings. Granted that only one building epoch is interposed among longer durations of less fruitful time; granted also that there are only a few great building races known to history; that is to say, races capable of inventing something great in building; certainly this present epoch and our race should be thought capable of building in a way worthy of a lasting evolution and a permanent fame; only we need, we need absolutely, that which other building races have had, agreement as to what shall serve as our tradition for the artistic dress of structures.

IV

HENCE it is that this paper, asking, What style shall we use? precedes any future discussion as to how agree upon the way of using it. It will generally be accepted as a truth that we must start to build in some ancient style; and to this North American public there is nothing on the whole so grateful as the level lintel and the upright post. The only additional feature that the popular taste craves is the round arch, the large span of which with only that slight rise which the semi-circle gives, appeals also to the popular taste for the quiet and the grave. The designers of the buildings on the Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, though it is hard to forgive them for having spent so much money without trying to improve the opportunity and to embody in their work some of the new possibilities, showed their sense of what the American public would like when they agreed that, all things considered, they must really put into staff the school problems of their own early days. The long-continued colonnade and the long-drawn horizontal cornice, the sequence of uniform parts, the smooth round shaft and the fluted shaft, these were rightly felt to make up the architecture most attractive to the American multitude; and these were given. But the style consisting entirely of colonnades or of colonnades and flat walls with square windows, or of these with occasional round arches and a large cupola here and there, will not suffice for all purposes; and least of all will it suffice for the clothing of our new structures of steel.

If this neo-classic style will not, unaltered, serve our turn, neither will any mediæval style serve our turn. No arcuated style, no system of building and of design which depends almost wholly upon the vaulted roof

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and the arched opening, can answer the requirement of a system of building which is absolutely and exclusively one of posts and ties. For what is the modern vault? It is a thin masonry shell intended to produce a pretty ceiling and one of traditional form and one which will not burn. Its points of support are of metal, it is tied together by metal and so kept from spreading, it is the filling in of the interstices of a metal framework, and is a vault without influence upon the rest of the structure. There are good strong brick vaults here and there, and nobody knows that better than the present writer, whose duty it has been to try to destroy them, or, at least, to see what they would bear without being destroyed. But these vaults are, one and all, without reason for their existence, and (here is the vital point) absolutely without effect upon the architecture of which they seem to form a part. The New Building is of uprights and horizontals, completed by upright fillings which take the place of walls, and horizontal ceilings filled in between the ties. And yet these parts are so different in their nature and in their arrangement from those of the earlier trabeated structure that we seek in vain for any means of applying the strictly colonnaded designs of antiquity to the new structures. Moreover, there is the demand for the small window, the small door, the plain wall surface in which window and door are cut, all of which is non-existent in Greek work.

Nor will the Italian Renaissance with its beautiful and tranquil buildings, dating from the half-century following the year 1430, nor yet will the *classicismo* next succeeding, answer our purpose. The buildings are tranquil and calm and even charming; abstractly they are all that could be asked; the designer of those buildings had what no modern man seems to have, the power of truly monumental design and of creating a structure beautiful in itself without regard to its physical necessities. There is, as La Farge says in one of his letters from Japan, "the difficulty, I had almost said the impossibility, of finding a designer to-day capable of making a *monument*; say, for instance, a tomb or a commemorative, ideal building—a cathedral or a little memorial. There is no *necessity* in such forms of art, nothing to call into play the energies devoted to usefulness, to getting on, to adaptation, to cleverness." The Italians, however, had that gift. They could design a monument; also they could design, better than we can hope to do for many generations to come, the sculptured group, the painted wall, the inlaid band and panel. What they could not do was to build greatly. Their building was almost never skilful, never complete, never truly economical. But for Brunellesco, they built, in full Renaissance, as if they were still in the childhood of a race, without boldness, without conviction. Never has the Italian been a great builder except during that one moment, two centuries long, including Augustus and Trajan—the one moment when the industries and the inventiveness of all antiquity were poured into the Roman treasure-house exactly as the wealth of the Mediterranean world was gathered there. Then there were great builders; but they were great builders of a highly taught, sophisticated, over-civilized class, who could think everything out but could invent nothing. They were the world's great adapters, and in that capacity they built magnificently, but never before nor since has Italy contained a race of great builders. But she had, during the early years of the neo-classical art, an army of magnificent artists, of whom now one and now another gave his attention casually to building. Not such was the builder of Egypt, or of Greece, or of northwestern Europe in the twelfth or in the thirteenth century. Then there were builders, indeed; men who knew how to think in their building and to express ideas of masonry structure as the Italians expressed ideas in terms of the painter's art.

And now there are builders, indeed; if only they had, with their skill and their calculated boldness, some slight notion of the artist's methods. But they, the engineers, have learned to despise or at least to disregard the artist's way of going to work—and that is fatal. The architects know of the artist's methods, respect them, and sigh over their inability to follow them.

It seems as if careful study of the French Renaissance, of the buildings and the designs of the seventy years following A.D. 1500, would be the best thing we could do. Who knows? It may be worth while to work that out in detail; it is surely worth while to think about it.

R. S.

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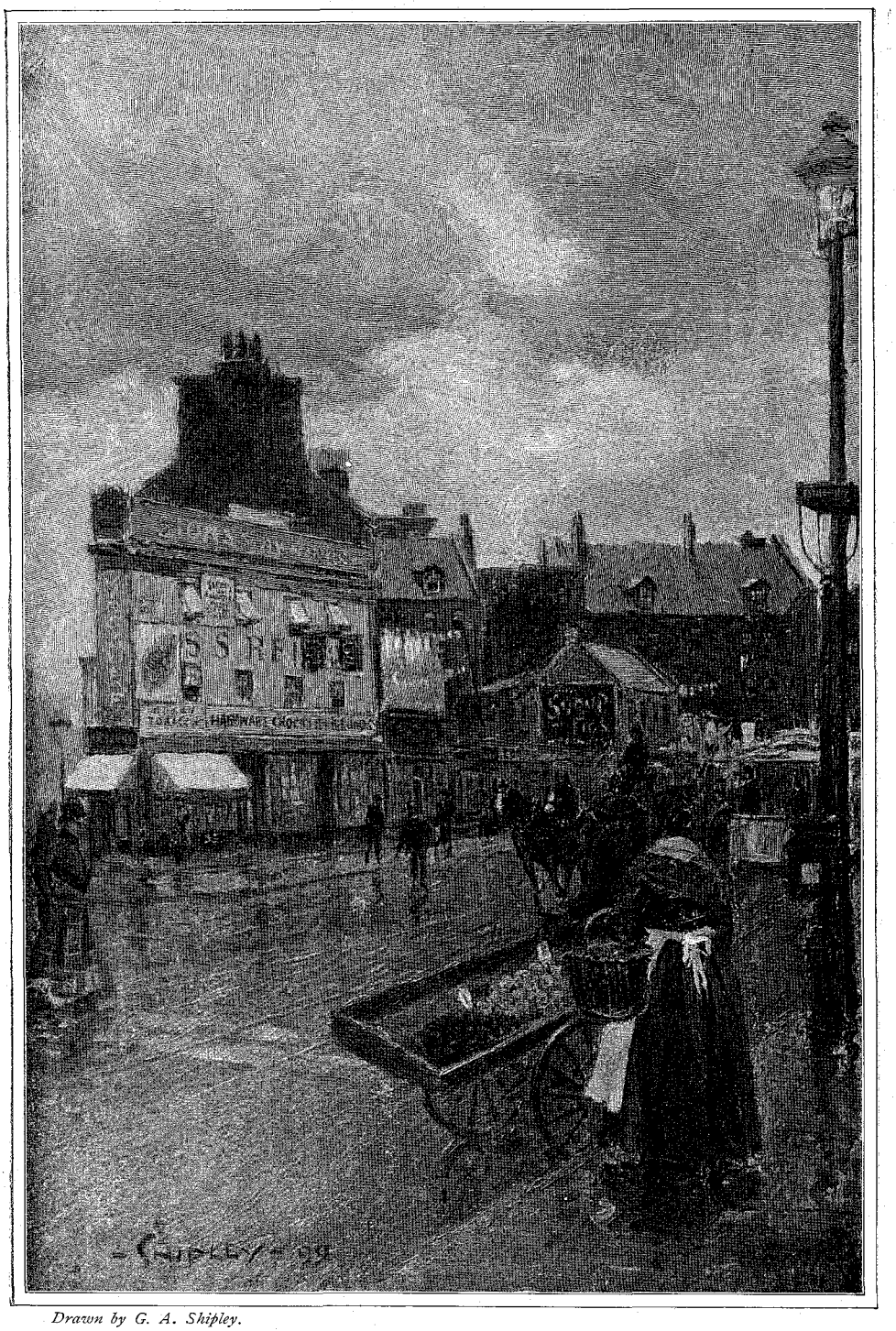

Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

AN OLD LANDMARK ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE.

(Junction of Canal and Laight Streets.)

—"The Cross-streets of New York."

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